★ Mar. 31, 1956

THE NEW YORKER

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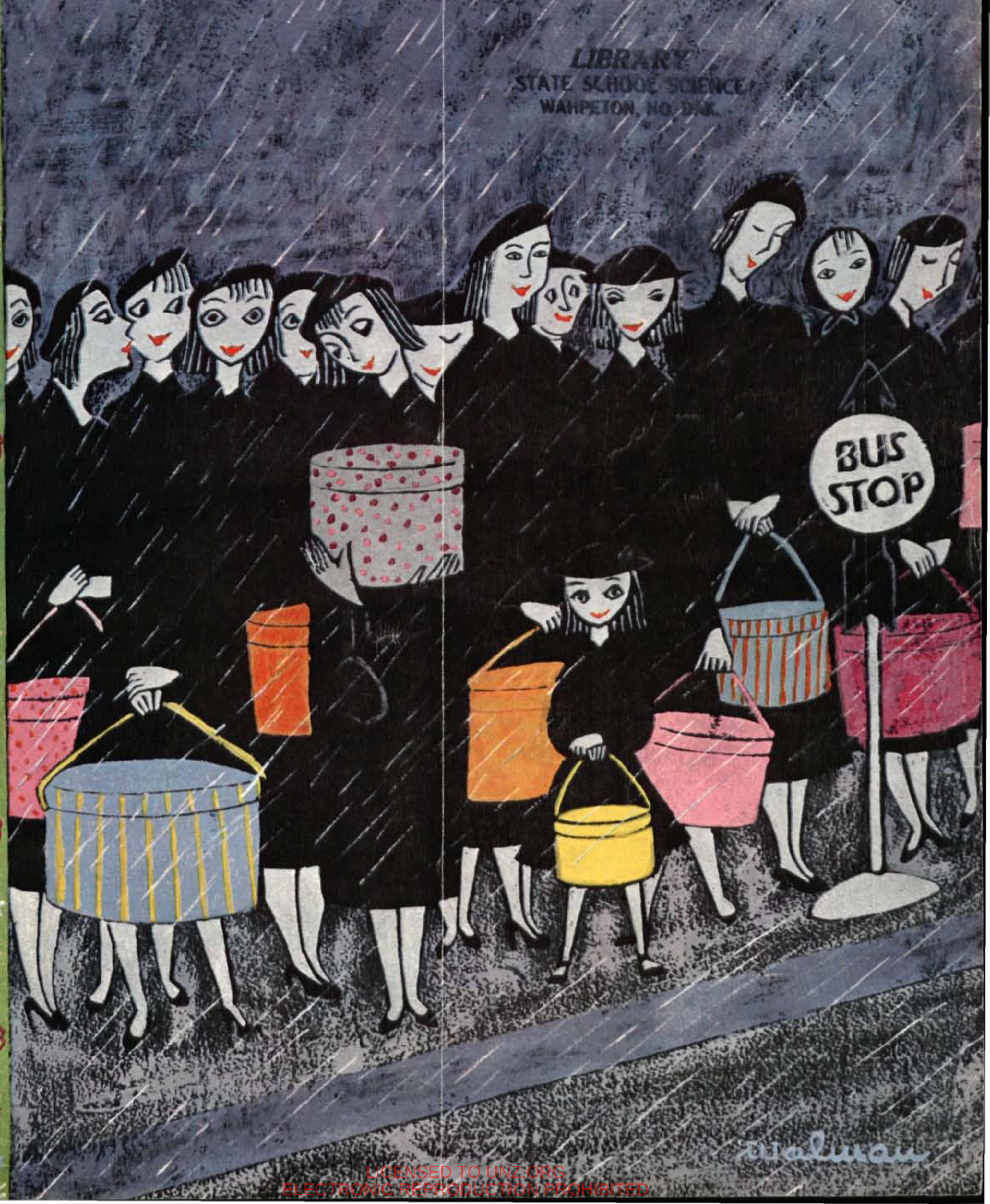

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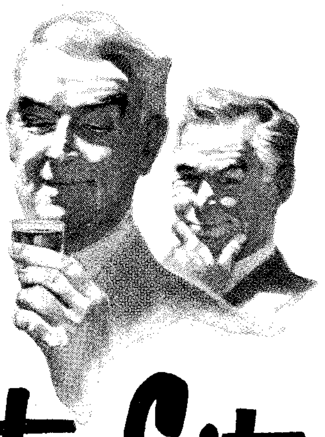

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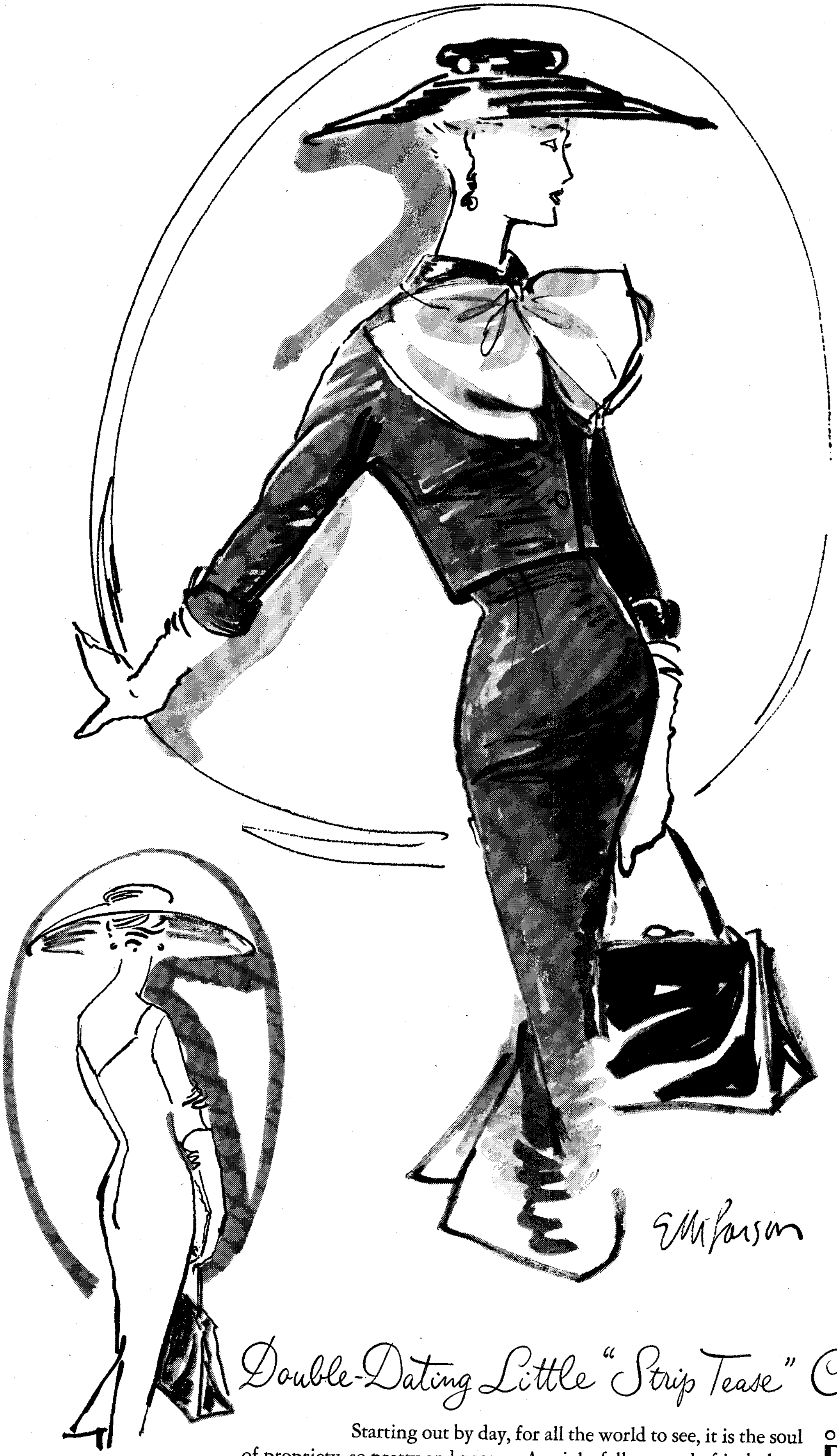

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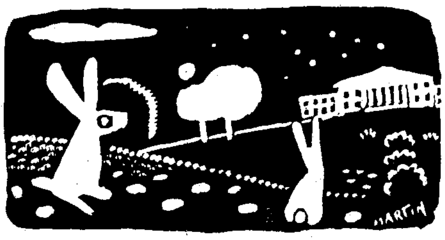

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Chalk Garden—Enid Bagnold's comedy about an extremely peculiar British household may be just the thing for admirers of writers like Evelyn Waugh and Ivy Compton-Burnett. Gladys Cooper heads an accomplished cast that includes Betsy von Furstenberg, Siobhan McKenna, and Percy Waram. Cecil Beaton designed the set and costumes. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 31.)

The Desk Set—Shirley Booth, who can do practically everything in the theatre, is disarmingly funny in William Marchant's rather routine comedy about a woman who outthinks an electronic brain. With Dorothy Blackburn, Frank Milan, Byron Sanders, and Elizabeth Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—This sensitive dramatization of the record left by a young victim of the Nazis is very moving, and the production is superb. Young Susan Strasberg scores a triumph in her first Broadway appearance, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are splendid in other leading roles in Frances Goodrich's and Albert Hackett's play. Garson Kanin's direction and Boris Aronson's set are also of enormous assistance. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fallen Angels—Nancy Walker's ferociously inspired performance gives this revival of Noel Coward's 1925 comedy a much needed lift. She is assisted by Margaret Phillips, Alice Pearce, William Windom, William LeMassena, and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Great Sebastians—There isn't much substance to this Lindsay-Crouse comedy melodrama about the ups and downs of a mind-reading team of democratic persuasion in modern Czechoslovakia, but Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne make it quite tolerable. Ben Astar, Simon Oakland, and Eugenia Rawls are included in the cast. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Hatful of Rain—Although Ben Gazzara and Shelley Winters are both laudable in this melodrama centering on a drug addict and his upstanding wife, the play itself, by Michael V. Gazzo, is not too expertly written. Frank Silvera, Anthony Franciosa, and Henry Silva are also in the cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Janus—Carolyn Green's comedy about the influence of adultery on tax returns is a flimsy affair, but Margaret Sullavan is captivating, and Robert Preston and Claude Dauphin give her commendable support. Claudette Colbert will replace Miss Sullavan starting Monday, April 2. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Lark—Joan of Arc again, this time in Lillian Hellman's adaptation of a play by Jean Anouilh. In the central role, Julie Harris is fascinating in combining businesslike efficiency with charming wistfulness. Boris Karloff, Christopher Plummer, Theodore Bikel, and Joseph Wiseman are also on hand, and very helpful. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Matchmaker—Ruth Gordon is wonderfully comic in Thornton Wilder's fine period farce about a woman who arranges a number of marriages to her own satisfaction. Loring Smith and Eileen Herlie do nobly with co-starring roles, and there are also nice performances by Arthur Hill, Rosamund Greenwood, and Patrick McAlinney. Directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Middle of the Night—Edward G. Robinson gives a solid performance in this play about a romance between a fifty-three-year-old man and a twenty-four-year-old girl, but the play itself—the work of Paddy Chayefsky—is a dull affair. Gena Rowlands, Anne Jackson, and June Walker also figure in the cast. The drama was directed by Joshua Logan. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270 Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

No Time for Sergeants—Ira Levin's stage version of Mac Hyman's novel having to do with a draftee whose kindness almost kills the Army is probably the most hilarious thing you will see this year. Andy Griffith is a delight as the hillbilly hero, and so are Myron McCormick and Roddy McDowall in subsidiary roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Ponder Heart—Eudora Welty's novel about an eccentric gentleman of the magnolia belt has been changed around quite a bit in this adaptation by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, but the humor of the original is still very apparent. David Wayne is masterly as the principal character, and has the support of Una Merkel, Sarah Marshall, Juanita Hall, Don Hanmer, and Will Geer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiger at the Gates—Jean Giraudoux's play, translated by Christopher Fry, uses a variation of the Trojan legend to achieve an eloquent and scintillating satire on warmongers. Michael Redgrave is superlative in the leading role, and the rest of the admirable cast includes Barbara Jefford, Leueen MacGrath, Diane Cilento, and Catharine Lacey. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 7.)

Time Limit!—A play dealing with an American officer who transfers his allegiance to the Chinese Communists. The officer's motivations are not always clear, and the drama is not long on political logic, but the cast, led by Arthur Kennedy and Richard Kiley, performs with considerable skill. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?—A kind of Faustian legend involving a worker in the Hollywood vineyard who sacrifices his soul for assorted emoluments, including a delectable blonde. The George Axelrod comedy wobbles between good fun and regrettable silliness. Orson Bean, Jayne Mansfield, Martin Gabel, and Walter Matthau head the cast. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—bus stop: William Inge has marooned a lot of people in a luncheonette and let them talk about their emotional problems. Currently with Barbara Baxley, Kent Smith, Bibi Osterwald, and Albert Salmi. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 21.) . . . **cat on a hot tin roof:** A drama by Tennessee Williams concerning a tribe of powerful and self-tormented land-owners in the South. Barbara Bel Geddes and Burl Ives have the leading roles. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **inherit the wind:** A rearrangement of the Scopes evolution trial, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **witness for the prosecution:** A mystery melodrama by Agatha Christie, with Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, and Robin Craven featured in a cast of thirty. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Little Glass Clock—Eva Gabor and Reginald Gardiner in a comedy by Hugh Mills that has been imported from London. Staged by Alan Schneider and presented by Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers, in association with Julius Fleischmann. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Mr. Wonderful—Sammy Davis, Jr., is the center of all this disturbance about a nightclub entertainer and his struggle to the top. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the simple-minded book; Jerry Bock, Larry Holofcener, and George Weiss provided the songs; and Jack Donohue directed. Mr. Davis's father and his uncle are in the cast, along with Jack Carter, Pat Marshall, and Olga James. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

My Fair Lady—Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews give two of the season's most enchanting performances in this superb adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics; Frederick Loewe com-

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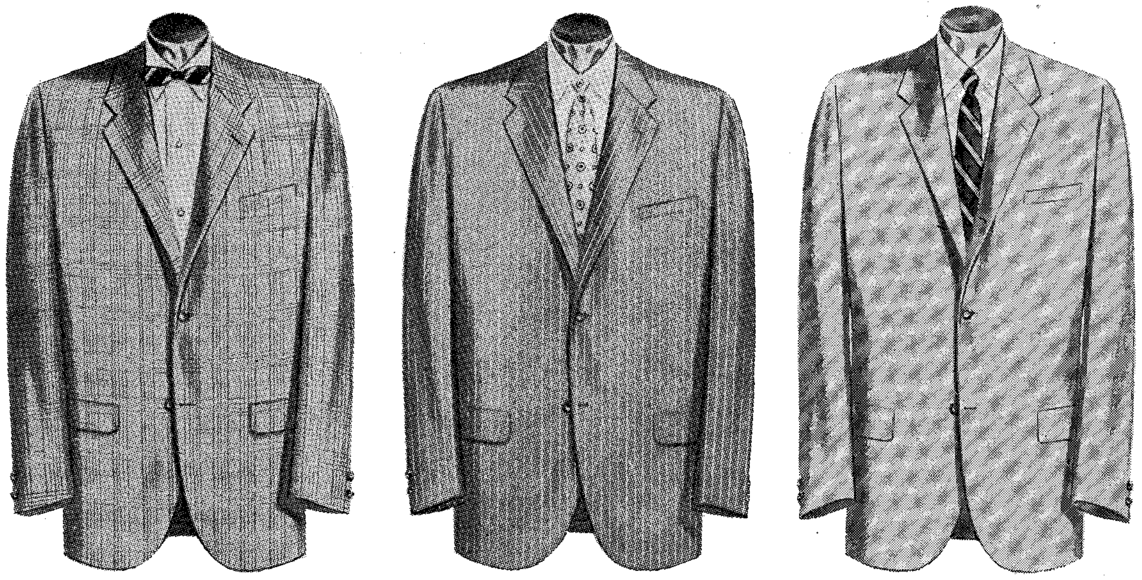

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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posed the music; Oliver Smith and Cecil Beaton, respectively, designed the sets and costumes; Hanya Holm staged the dances; and Moss Hart directed the cast, which also includes Stanley Holloway, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pipe Dream—Oscar Hammerstein II hasn't been able to do much with the Steinbeck novel "Sweet Thursday," from which this musical was adapted, but the songs, on which he collaborated with Richard Rodgers, are often up to the old standard. The capable cast is headed by Helen Traubel, William Johnson, and Judy Tyler. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DAMN YANKEES:** Gwen Verdon plays a demon, Ray Walston her employer, and Stephen Douglass her earthbound suitor in this version of the novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FANNY:** A big plot-and-character musical show based, a little obscurely, on the doings of some poor but tuneful folk in Marseille, two of whom are Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)... **THE PAJAMA GAME:** Love and labor relations in a pajama factory. In the cast are John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher, and Julie Wilson. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SILK STOCKINGS:** A musical interpretation of "Ninotchka," with songs by Cole Porter. Hildegarde Neff and Lawrence Brooks now head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 14.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Mister Johnson—A play adapted by Norman Rosten from Joyce Cary's novel of the same name. Earle Hyman, William Sylvester, Gaby Rodgers, and Josephine Premice are in a cast directed by Robert Lewis. Produced by Cheryl Crawford and Mr. Lewis. Opens Thursday, March 29. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Affair of Honor—Dennis King, Betsy Palmer, and William Prince in a comedy by Bill Hoffman. Presented by the Theatre Guild, in association with Theatre 200, and directed by Robert Douglas. Opens Friday, April 6. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, April 3, at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—A double bill made up of Shaw's "The Admirable Bashville" and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of "The Cradle Song," by Gregorio and María Martínez Sierra, in an English translation by John Garrett Underhill. Lola D'Annunzio and Betty Miller have the leading roles. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Fourth Street Theatre—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," with Franchot Tone, Signe Hasso, George Voskovec, and Clarence Derwent. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—Uta Hagen and Luther Adler in Ivan Turgenev's "A Month in the Country," adapted by Emlyn Williams and directed by Michael Redgrave. Opens Tuesday, April 3. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—"Swiftly the Years," three one-act plays, by John F. Grahame, who also directed them. Previews Thursday through Sunday, March 29-April 1. Opens officially on Thursday, April 5. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Shakespearewrights—"Romeo and Juliet," directed by Brian Shaw. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. The cast is headed by Lotte Lenya and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey will unwrap their newest surprise package on Wednesday, April 4, at 8:30. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Opening performance for the benefit of the Police Athletic League; for tickets, call MU 5-1967. Thereafter, performances weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7, with matinées every day at 2. Extra performance Saturday, April 7, at 9:30 A.M. Through Sunday, May 13.... ¶ The doors open weekdays at 1 and 7, and Sundays at 1 and 6—and at 8:30 A.M. on Saturday, April 7—for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers." For the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 4-7, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 7, at 2:30. For tickets, call BU 8-4712.)

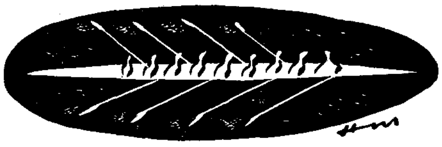
Juilliard Fiftieth Anniversary Festival—The concluding portion of the festival will consist of newly commissioned dance works, set to music by American composers. The first program will be by José Limón and his company, with Pauline Koner, and the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Frederick Prausnitz. For the benefit of the Juilliard Dance Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday through Sunday, April 6-8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club (jewels by Cartier, gowns by Dior) has dinner music until ten, then dance music by the veteran Chauncey Gray's first-string band and a rumba group. Closed Mondays.



Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The cocktail hour in the lounge "under the clock" is one vast finishing school and prep school at this season of the year. The accompaniment is a series of cadenzas on the harp of James Kirk every day but Sunday. Mondays through Fridays, he also plays from seven to nine in the Madison Room. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—It looks like a perpetual Academy Award Night, which may or may not be the end of a perfect day. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band never say die.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Lilo, leader of a fairly roguish *vie de bohème* for a couple of years in "Can-Can," is again being Parisian in the Cotillion Room, where she sings at dinner and supper every week night but Monday, and at dinner on Sundays. Stanley Melba's band and a trio set the pace for any fox-trotters.... ¶ The Café Pierre has dancing every day from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is generally Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Richard Hayman, who spends his evenings with a smile and a harmonica or two on his lips, and Edith Adams, who is essaying a bit more song and comedy than she bargained for, will wind up their series of dinner and supper recitals in the Persian Room on Wednesday, April 4. Next evening, Vicente Escudero and his rout of Spanish singers and musicians will arrive. During all this, Ted Straeter's combination of orchestra and glee club and Mark Monte's music-makers will never miss a beat. Closed Monday, April 2.... ¶ Dining in state is still the order of the evening in the grand old Rendez-Vous Room, where the dreamy dance music of Maximillian Bergere's and Cristof Kayloff's flocks starts at eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's musicians make appropriate sounds at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.... ¶ In the Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group does a reprise at the dinner hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Canadian family Lombardo is still making maple sugar in the Grill, which is closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The halls of Montezuma had nothing on the sumptuous Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's bouncy little bands are in non-stop attendance. After the theatre, Monique Van Vooren sings her siren songs, which in her case is perfect typecasting. Closed Sundays.

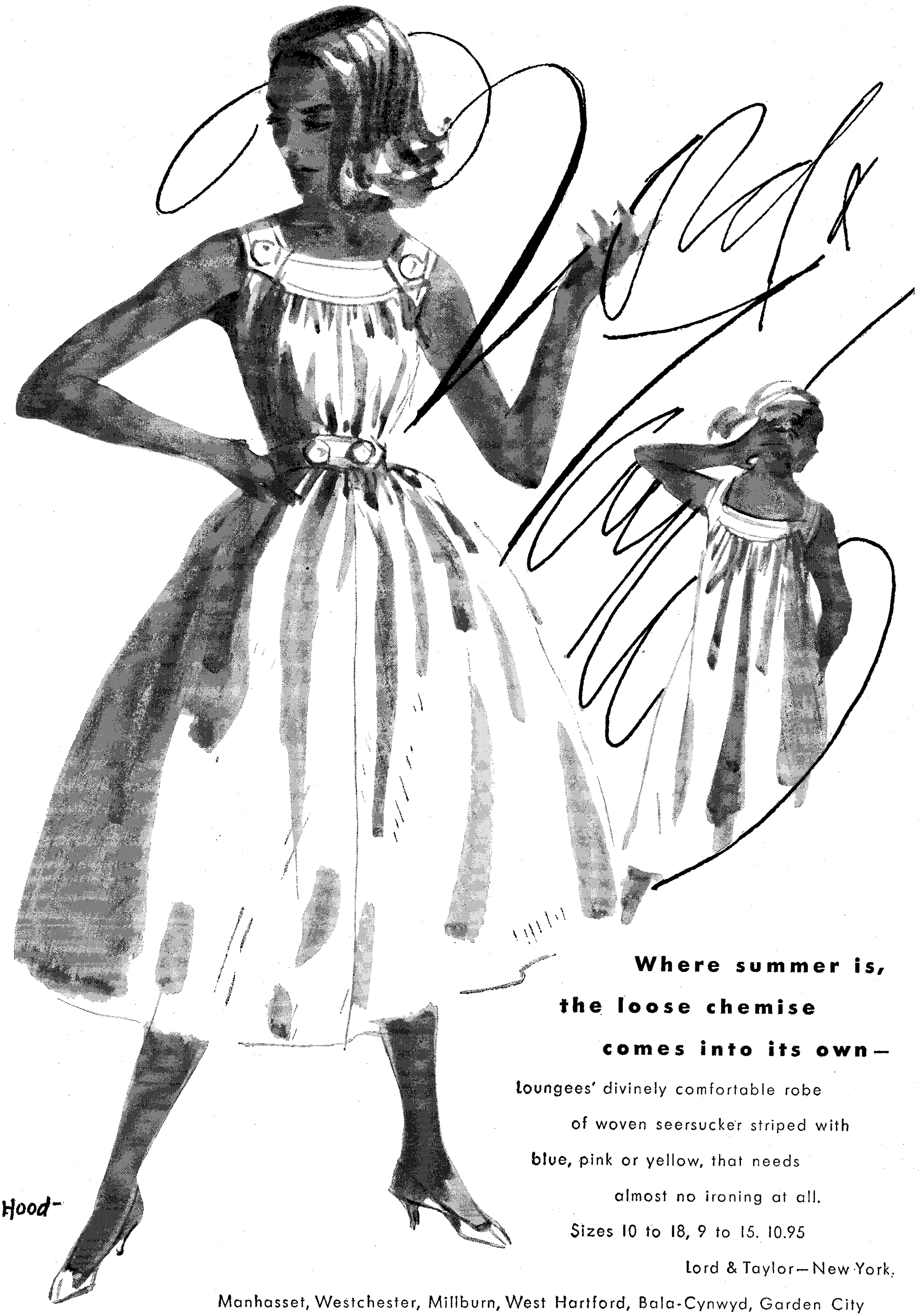
Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—All week long in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra looks after anyone in a mood for motion.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey are filling the vast Café Rouge with the rumblings of a solid band that offers Charlie Shavers and Louis Bellson for lagniappe. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The local giveaway television show has been dwarfed by the lavishness of more recent rivals, but, of course, the show must go on. Dancing in one of the frequent alcoves.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The revue that punctuates dinner and supper purports to be another Arabian Nights, but its problems (male vs. female, show business, and the like) have a curiously contemporary ring. The brightest moments are Larry Daniels, a persuasive talker, and Neile Adams, a singer and dancer impelled largely by jet propulsion. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioè's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room's dance music is setting a whole generation of split-level and ranch-house dwellers, unaccustomed though they are, to unabashed jitterbugging. The barbaric splendor of Benny Goodman's brass section, which includes Urbie Green, Jimmy Maxwell, and Mel Davis, is the chief reason; there is also the valiant work of the old Maestro, Budd Johnson, Hank Jones, and



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Mousie Alexander to thank. All fourteen hands, plus the clear, sweet soprano of Mitzie Cottle, in addition comprise the dinner and supper shows. The lapis-lazuli dance music of Nat Brandwynne's orchestra occupies the rest of the evening. Saturday, March 31, will be the last night for Mr. G. and his crew. On Monday, April 2, Ray Bolger, a by no means tragic clown, will take over the floor. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In one estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, there's dancing weekdays from eight to one. Jozsi Ribari's Viennese group and Joe Harnell's new-deal American trio are there now. The Harnell group gives way to Cy Coleman's trio on Monday, April 2. On Sunday, the only noise is dance music, from eight to twelve, by Mischa Borr's band.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a chalet at the summit of the Rockefeller Range, presents hushed non-dance tunes and cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): In a *grand-luxe* stage set, Addison Bailey, who has a Texas accent but a New York repertoire, muses at the concert-grand piano during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Cocktail, dinner, and supper piano in the bar of a wine-with-each-course restaurant. The salient characteristic of the music is that it's made by Cy Walter, inventor and dean of the genre. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Billy Reed, the old show-business man, is filling his reincarnated omnium-gatherum with approximately the same cast and exactly the same music—Kurt Maier's mixture of Viennese and Broadway piano, from eight to ten, and from eleven to the finish. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins, pianist, newscaster, and Southern gentleman, knows all there is to know about operating a beach club. This one is neat, not gaudy, but the old Rover Boys spirit prevails. The host and Wayne Sanders take turns at the keyboard every night in the week. It opens at five. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): As of Monday, April 2, the exemplary trio of Barbara Carroll will again be expounding, though not in doctrinaire fashion, the gospel of the new music, sometimes softly, sometimes jocosely. The hours are five-thirty to nine, except Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini's educated Spanish guitar alternately swoons and smolders from nine to one in this hall of mirrors. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins in a reasonable replica of their native habitat and indulging in native folkways, such as rose-in-the-teeth singing and dancing. The patrons may join in the latter sport from time to time. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The dusk-to-dawn patrol is now listening, after the theatre, to the eager voices of Broadway understudies. Janet Hayes, of "Damn Yankees," and Kevin Scott, of "Fanny," are there now; on Tuesday, April 3, Reid Shelton, of "My Fair Lady," will replace Mr. Scott. The piano background, partly upbeat and partly romantic, is supplied by Ralph Strain and Carl Norman from seven on. Mr. Strain is absent on Sundays, Mr. Norman on Mondays. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): This European school of cookery is placid, jolly, and (from seven-thirty until the small hours) full of just the music you'd expect. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Old Hungarian specialties, such as goulash and the zimbalon, are served up in a manner that is all quite folksy, all quite amiable. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE VOUVRAY,** 132 E. 61st St. (TE 8-5383): William Adler, whose violin was long an ornament of Park Avenue, now patrols the small bar and dining room here. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis is reviving the pet melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in an extremely relaxed youth hostel.

SUPPER CLUBS

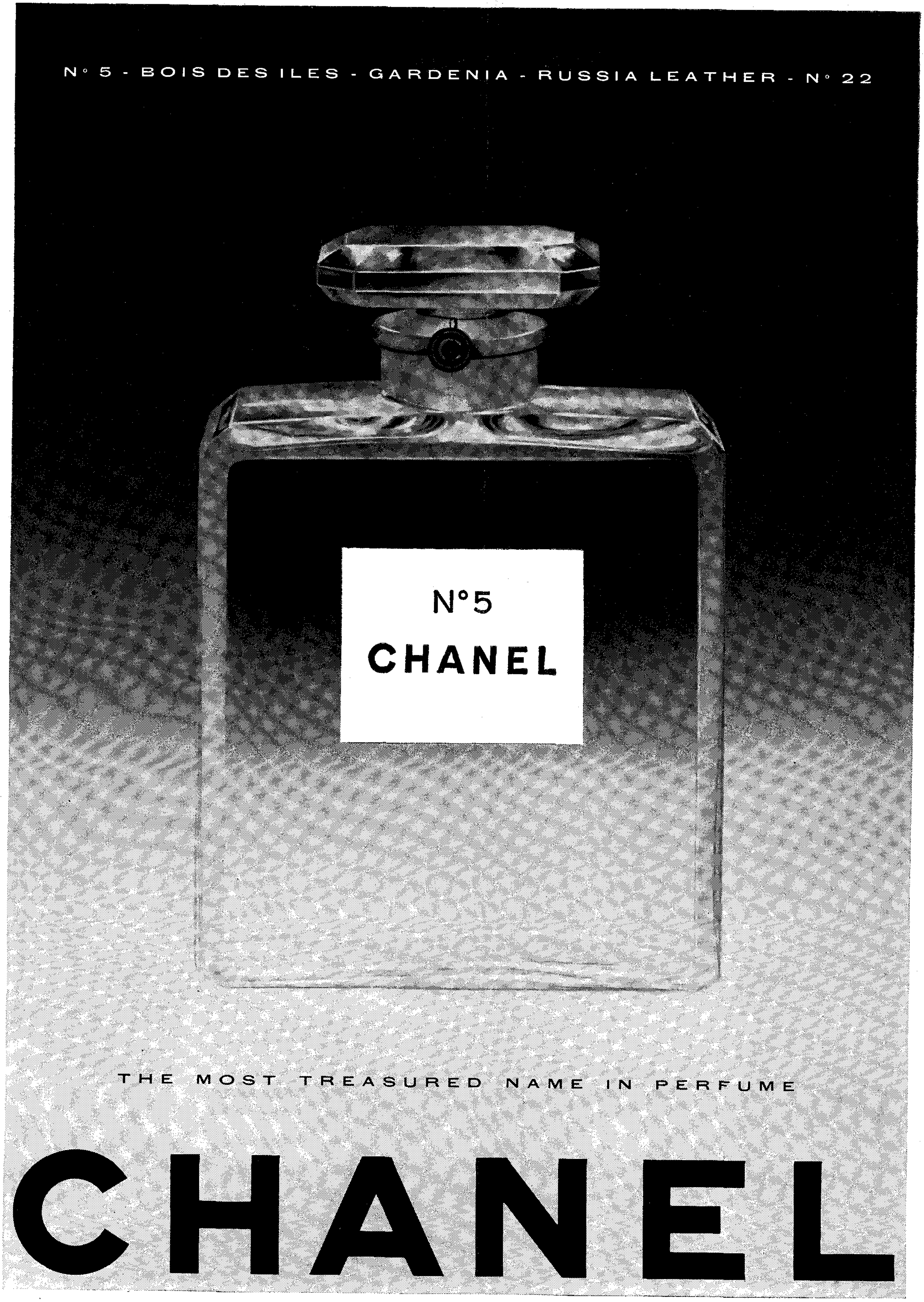
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Enid Mosier and her steel band are blowing up a fair-sized West Indian storm (French, British, American, and island argot) in the rear room. Among the other guests of honor are Joey Carter, an entertaining conversationalist, and Johnny Mathis, a brand-new West Coast jump-tuner. The Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements are the musical backdrop. . . . ¶ Except Saturday nights, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty in the lounge. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maya Angelou, whose big voice has been keeping San Francisco wide awake after dark, is doing a reprise here. Jo Ann Miller, a songbird who's made a small name for herself on the road, has just checked in. For good measure, there are tongue-in-cheek pleasantries by Igor & H., two young men who keep a weather eye on the movies, radio, television, and other permanently infant industries. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Those fighting wildcats—Kaye Ballard, a clown who adds a fourth dimension to the meaning of *enfant terrible*, and Sylvia Syms, virtuoso of sad songs, glad songs, bad songs, mad songs—will wind up their visit on Sunday, April 1. On Tuesday, April 3, Anita Ellis, one of our most lyric nightingales, and Jimmie Komack, a jack-in-the-box with quite a gift of gab, will replace them. No change in the rest of the cast: Phil Leeds, a quiet-spoken funnyman who has his moments; Jimmie Daniels (the ringmaster), Tiger Haines, the Three Flames, and Bruce Kirby, who spend the evening getting into everybody else's act; and Hazel Webster, mayor of Eighth Street, who operates the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Out of the mouths of precocious babes (June Ericson, Dody Goodman, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews) come the words of wisdom, wit, and malice aforethought that animate the ninety-minute revue Julius Monk, an expert at this art form, has erected with a do-it-yourself kit in a tiny cellar. The pit band is the double piano of Murray Grand and Sam Keen. The sport begins at ten-thirty every night but Monday. . . . **CAMEO,** 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): Stan Free's trio is the mainspring in the back room after nine-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Mabel Mercer, whose way with a lyric has made her into a one-woman little theatre, arrives late in the evening at her comfortable new bower, but there's the proper sort of mood piano, by Sam Hamilton and/or Bob Printz, from cocktail time every evening until dawn. Miss Mercer vacations Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DUPLEX,** 55 Grove St. (WA 4-2730): Kindred spirits in a bird cage so small they're almost perched on your shoulder. They are Lovey Powell, whose whispered songs put true love back on its pedestal; Brooks Morton, who ministers wisely and well to the piano; and Tom Roland, who has some funny things to say for himself. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): As always, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville are fooling around at the twin pianos. A couple of times a night, Karen Anders and Stanley Grover sing for their supper. Sundays, silly old silent movies replace Miss Anders; Mondays, amateur nights replace Mr. Grover. . . . **BEVERLY CLUB,** Beverly Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (PL 3-3717): Bobby Short's odes to the midnight sun, especially when they're embellished by his upbeat piano, are an invitation to stay up until daybreak. You may not be as strongly moved by the accordion of Gypsy Markoff. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The muskrats rambling through this hallowed music hall are, in no particular disorder, Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Pee Wee Russell, George Wettling, and Mr. Condon. Between sets, Ralph Sutton and Buzzy Drootin keep the piano and drums warm as toast. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives show up, are often mass madness. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Dorothy Donegan's rambunctious trio and Jonah Jones' slightly more subdued quartet will be taking leave of their old stamping (and clowning) ground on Saturday, March 31. On Monday, April 2, Carmen Cavallaro (yes, Carmen Cavallaro) and his new quartet will make their début. There will still be cocktail and dinner piano every day, and on Sunday nights Jack Elliott's topnotch vanguardist trio will still be in charge. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): On Friday, March 30, this establishment will abandon the weekends-only game and open wide with three of the foremost advocates of progress in music—Oscar Peterson's trio, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and the quintet of Kai Winding and J. J. Johnson. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A hardy collection of veteran Villagers is having a fairly hot time in its old home town. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jazz with the bark left on is played by Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, and Sonny White, all sticklers for tradition. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Sunday, April 1, the Hobart College Seneca Five will be Mr. Frye's sparring partner; Monday, April 2, these undergraduates will square off with the de Paris boys. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Students of the pianoforte can do their field work here. After nine-thirty, Billy Taylor, a happy-go-lucky inventor of latter-day piano, and George Wallington, a serious thinker about latter-day piano, lead their trios into action. The Wallingtons are absent on Sundays, the Taylors on Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, delivers his introspective piano études from six to around nine-thirty every evening but Saturday. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dinah Washington, benign and authoritative enough to be the Mother of Her Country, is singing to beat the band, which consists of Johnny Smith's introspective quartet and Al Belletto's sextet, new to these premises. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Jutta Hipp, a small and picturesque brunette from West Germany, is demonstrating with clarity and precision her concept of modern piano, aided by two American sidemen. The trio reports at ten. No music Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A bumptious shooting gallery that is nevertheless suitable for family parties. A constant stream of tootlers (among whom you are apt to see Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins) ambles on and off the quarter-deck behind the bar from 7 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M., huffing and puffing like mad. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH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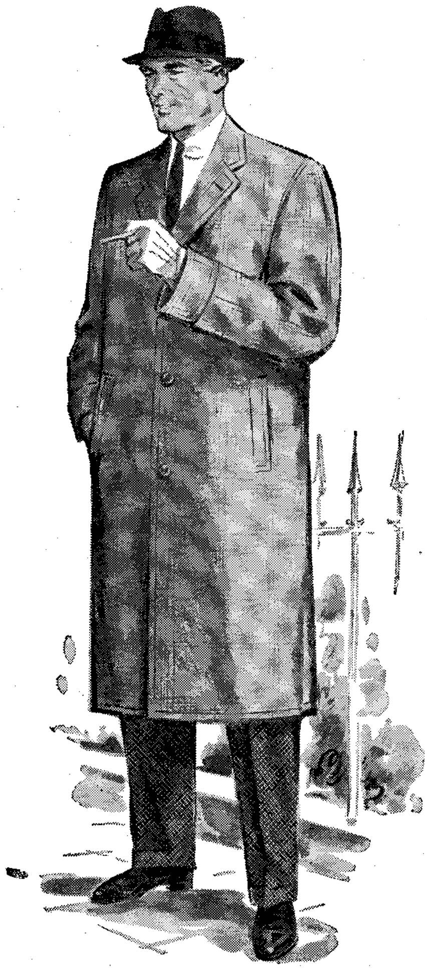

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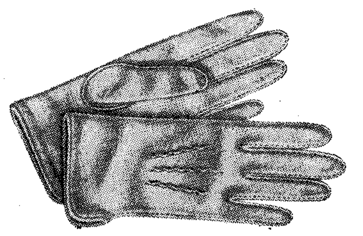

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3-9274): Mainly a sounding board for musicians who are looking for a chance to make themselves heard. Jimmy Smith's trio departs on Thursday, March 29. The Mitchell-Ruff duo, which stays on, will be joined next evening by the trio of Joe Saye, the Scotch pianist, who's taking his bow in these parts. On Friday, April 6, the quartet of Tony Scott, a clarinet man from way back, will replace the Mitchell-Ruff twosome. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): The South rises again every weekend in the Grill. Friday through Sunday, March 30-April 1, the leading rebel yellers may well be Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton, Billy Butterfield, Coleman Hawkins, Bud Freeman, Vic Dickenson, Hank Duncan, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Sonny Greer, and Jimmy Rushing. Nine to two Friday and Saturday; five to nine Sunday. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, the beer pitchers will be vibrating to the *Donner und Blitzen* of Roy Eldridge, J. C. Higginbotham, Eddie Barefield, Don Kirkpatrick, Danny Barker, Panama Francis, and Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five, all of whom consider Memphis way up North.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KENNETH ARMITAGE—Recent pieces in bronze by this English sculptor, whose first show was held here two years ago; through April 14. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

CÉCILE BELLÉ—Birds in flight, field cattle, and other familiar phenomena, done with a nice eye for pictorial patterns; through Saturday, March 31. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

BEN-ZION—A new set of etchings, powerfully conceived and handsomely executed, on the Book of Ruth and other Biblical themes; through Saturday, March 31. (Duveen-Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

PIERRE BONNARD—Twenty-three pictures, covering the fifty years from 1896 to 1946, on loan from private collections and museums; through Saturday, April 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

BYRON BROWNE—His twenty-sixth annual show is built around a still-life-with-newspaper theme; through Saturday, March 31. (Grand Central Moderns, 120 E. 57th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—About half the oils and gouaches on exhibit (the earliest was painted in 1910 and the latest in 1953) have been lent by private collectors, and practically all are having their initial showing in New York; through April 14. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ARTHUR DOVE—The first showing as a group of twenty oils and two pastels (1910-44), recently discovered by the Dove estate; through Saturday, March 31. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

ANTONIO FRASCONI—Cleverly stylized paintings, color woodcuts, and lithographs, ranging from Maine scenes to coastal trawlers; through April 14. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

HOWARD GIBBS—Paintings, sometimes quite witty, in a lightly playful mingling of Surrealism and deliberate naïveté; through April 14. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

JULIO GONZÁLEZ—Running simultaneously with the big González show at the Museum of Modern Art, this contains a group of sculptures, as well as a number of designs for works left unfinished at his death; through Saturday, April 7. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

JUAN GRIS AND HENRI LAURENS—Oils and gouaches by Gris; collages, water colors, and bronze and terra-cotta sculptures by Laurens. Through May 26. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Solidly constructed abstract oils, painted in a compartmented style of considerable originality; through Saturday, March 31. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

PAUL JENKINS—Abstract oils and drawings, rich in color, if a little misty in concept; through Saturday, April 7. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

FRANZ KLINE—Paintings, mainly in black on white, that show a good deal of controlled power; through Saturday, March 31. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

FUMI KOMATSU—A talented young Japanese painter, who is having her second local exhibition within a year; through Saturday, March 31. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

SIDNEY LAUFMAN—Brush drawings on rice paper, in the Japanese manner and principally of trees; through Saturday, April 7. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES LE CLAIR—Nicely stylized landscapes and figure studies, in water color, occasionally reminiscent of Feininger in pattern; through Saturday, April 7. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

HERMAN MARIL—Most of the eighteen oils on view are of landscapes with figures or with animals; through April 14. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.)

SIDNEY NOLAN—Somewhat Surrealistic canvases by a young Australian in his first New York showing; through April 21. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

ALFONSO OSSORIO—Extreme examples of the dribble school of painting, marked by more than usually adroit textural variations; through Saturday, April 7. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO—Ten paintings of women (1932-49), many of which have never been exhibited before, and a couple of sculptures in bronze; through Saturday, April 7. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER—A dozen oils, including interiors and landscapes with figures, by an art critic of *Art News;* through April 24. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

KARL SCHRAG—Landscapes, figures, and self-portraits depicted in various mediums; through April 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JOHN SENNHAUSER—Abstractions in oil (1950-56) by this Swiss-born American painter; through April 14. (Zabriskie, 835 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, noon to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

DAVID SMITH—Sculptures in welded metal (plus some drawings) signalizing some interesting new developments in both style and subject matter; through Saturday, March 31. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

MOSES SOYER—Dancers, painted with a kind of sombre suavity, in his first exhibition in seven years; through Saturday, March 31. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

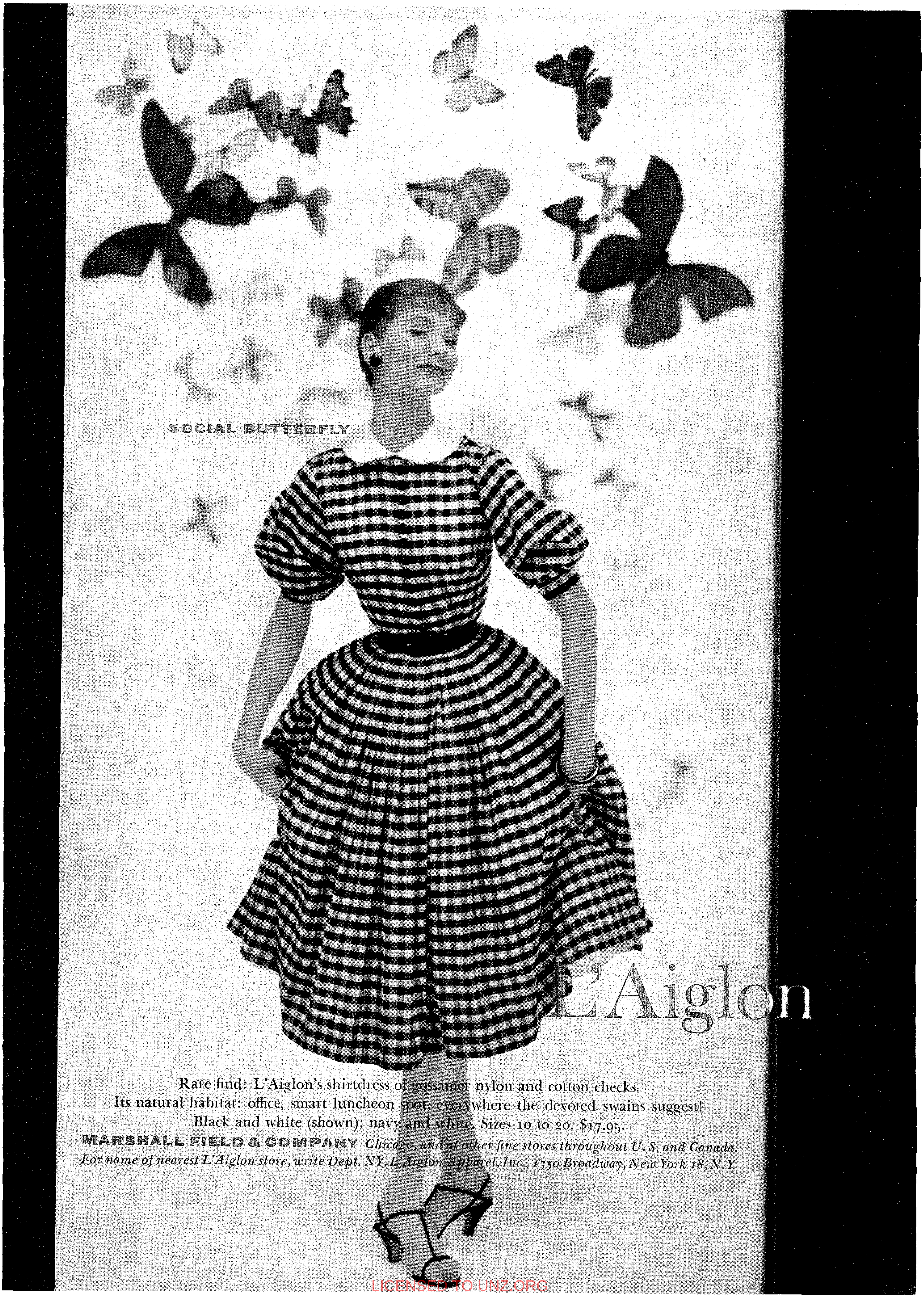
ELIZABETH SPARHAWK-JONES—New paintings, with a curious, generally effective mixture of Expressionism and fantasy; through Saturday, April 7. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

COLLAGES—Eighty-five items make up a survey extending from the first collages by Picasso, Schwitters, and other early modern masters to examples by such younger men as Motherwell and Marca-Relli; through April 14. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, March 30-31.)

DRAWINGS—Works by old and modern masters, ranging from Tintoretto and Callot to Matisse and Modigliani; through Saturday, March 31. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HUDSON GUILD GALLERY**, 436 W. 27th St.: A wide selection of paintings by contemporary Americans, from the M. Joel Freedman collection; through Friday, March 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 3:30 to 6:30; Thursday evenings, 8 to 10.) . . . **STABLE**, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Oils by Edward Dugmore, Marca-Relli, Joan Mitchell, John Ferren, James Brooks, and Giorgio Cavallon; through Saturday, April 7.

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Tromka; starting Monday, April 2. . . . **BARZANSKY**, 1071 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Ruth Gutman and Leslie Powell; starting Monday, April 2. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Charles Sheeler; starting Tuesday, April 3. . . . **DUVEEN-GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Morris Shulman; starting Tuesday, April 3. . . . **GALLERY 75**, 30 E. 75th St.: Roger Bezombes; starting



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Monday, April 2. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 120 E. 57th St.: Fred Conway; starting Saturday, April 7. . . . **HEWITT**, 29 E. 65th St.: Leon Kelly; starting Tuesday, April 3. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Willem de Kooning; starting Monday, April 2. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Gauguin; starting Thursday, April 5.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by five major American artists who have died within recent years—Lyonel Feininger, Walt Kuhn, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, John Marin, and B. J. O. Nordfeldt—taken from the Museum's collection and on loan from several sources, including the artists' estates; through April 29. . . . ¶ An exhibit made up of thirty-six crystal forms designed and engraved by the Steuben Glass people from original paintings and drawings (which are also on view) by present-day artists of sixteen Near and Far East countries; through April 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Julio González (1876-1942), the Spanish sculptor known for his pioneering work in brazed and welded metal; through April 8. (A good complement to the exhibition is the González show at Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.) . . . ¶ A review of paintings, drawings, lithographs, and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec; through May 6. (Weekdays, *11 to 6*; Sundays, *1 to 7*.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints, illustrated books, and other examples of work done during the past four years by advance students in graphic arts at Yale University; through April 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Selection VI," composed of paintings and sculptures by Cézanne, Seurat, Bonnard, and others, mostly from the Museum's permanent collection; through April 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition covering fifty years and including oils, gouaches, temperas, pen-and-ink sketches, lithographs, and woodcuts by Max Weber, in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday; through May 31. (Open Thursday, March 29, from 1 to 5; Sunday, April 1, from 11 to 6; and Wednesday and Thursday, April 4-5, from 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Twenty-eight drawings and twenty-one oil sketches by the seventeenth-century Flemish master Peter Paul Rubens; through April 28. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of a hundred and one oils, temperas, water colors, and drawings by Morris Graves, many of them never shown before in New York; through April 8. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, March 29, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Gino Penno, and Ettore Bastianini. . . . ¶ Friday, March 30, at 1: "Parsifal," with Astrid Varnay, Charles Kullman, Paul Schoeffler, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Licia Albanese, Jussi Bjoerling, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Eleanor Steber, Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Monday, April 2, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Zinka Milanov, Kurt Baum, Leonard Warren, and Luben Vichey. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 3, at 8:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Patrice Munsel, Cesare Valletti, Frank Guarrera,

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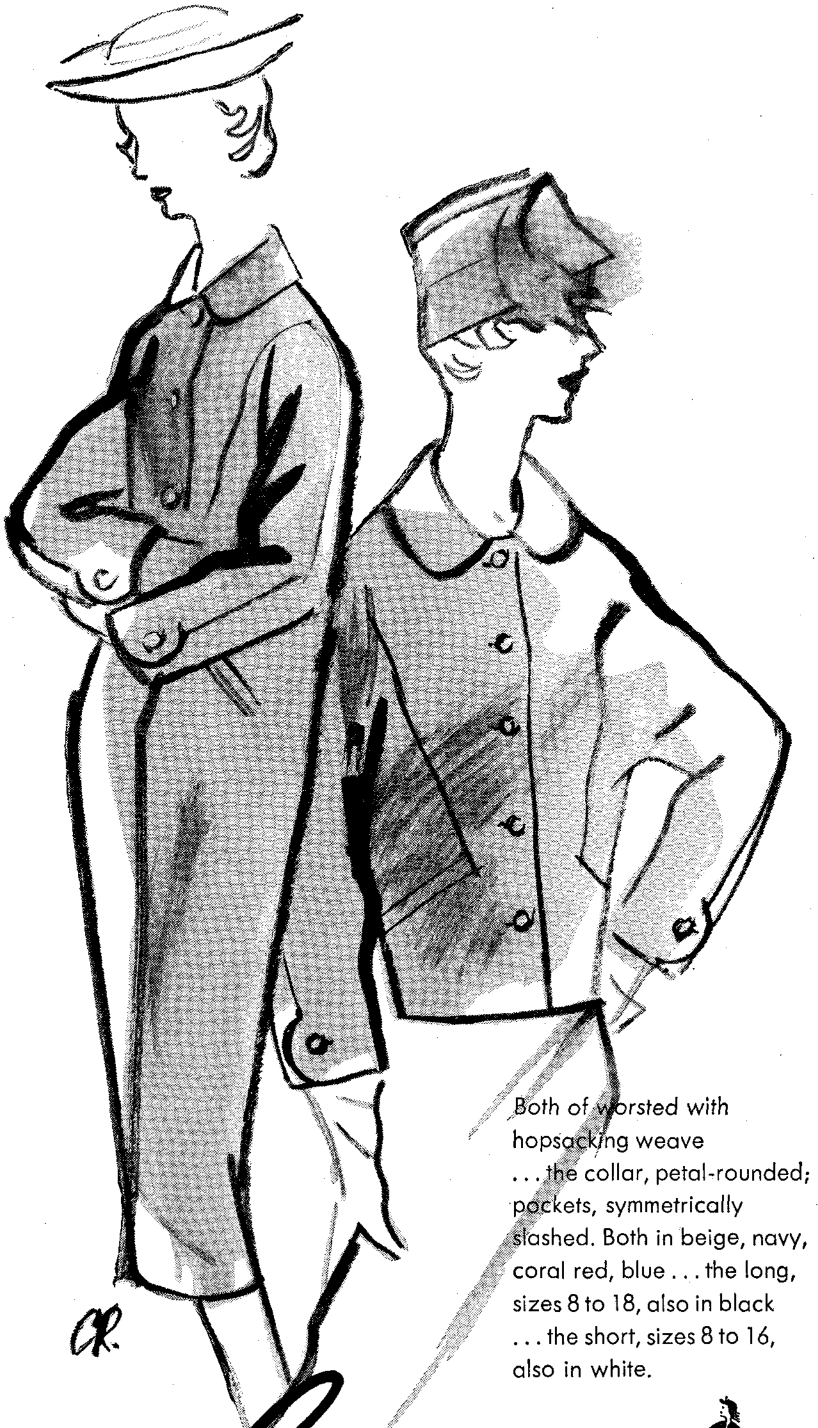

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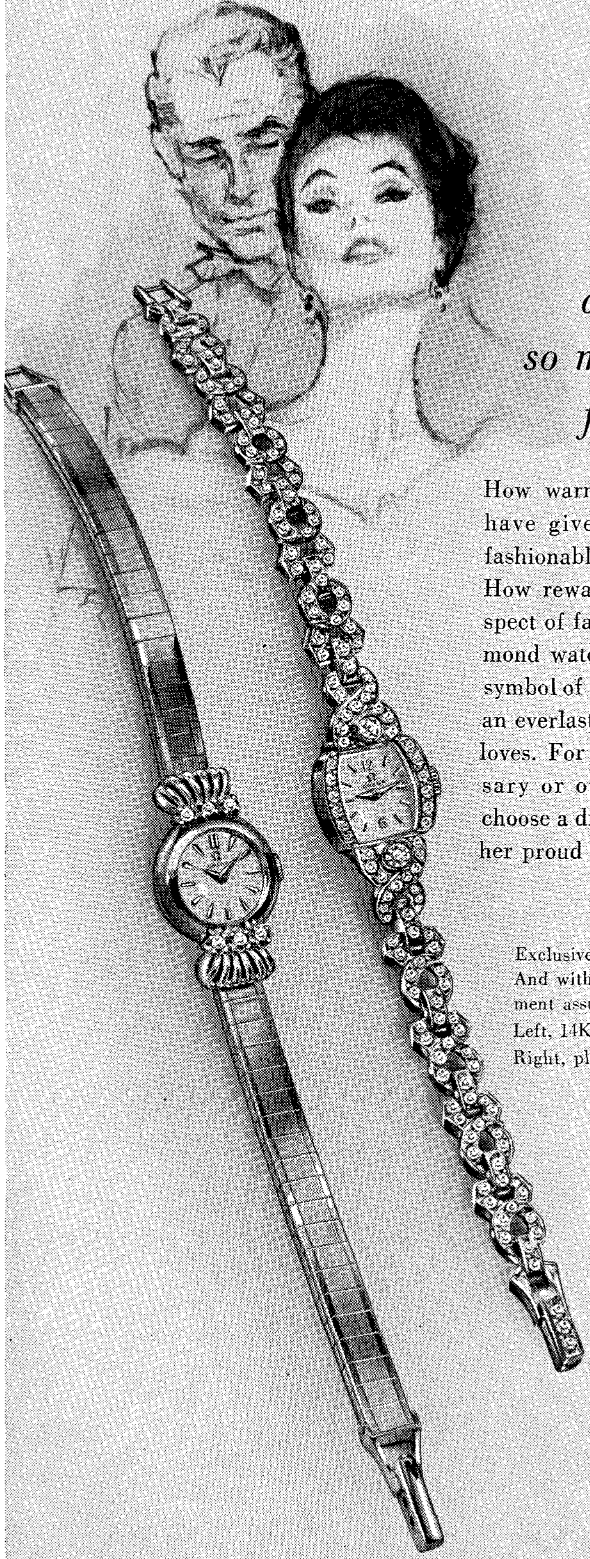

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Lorenzo Alvary. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 4, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Zinka Milanov, Jussi Bjoerling, Walter Cassel, and Gerhard Pechner. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Nadine Conner, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday, April 6, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Astrid Varnay, Set Svanholm, Martial Singher, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 2: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Victoria de los Angeles, Nadine Conner, Cesare Siepi, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Hilde Gueden, Laurel Hurley, Giuseppe Campora, and Frank Valentino.

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, March 29: "Rigoletto.". . . ¶ Friday evening, March 30: "La Bohème.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 31: "Fledermaus," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 31: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 1: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 1: "Tosca.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 4: "Il Trovatore.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 5: "Troilus and Cressida," in English. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 6: "Rigoletto.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 7: "La Traviata.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 7: "Fledermaus," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, April 15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Guido Cantelli conducting on Thursday, March 29, at 8:45; Friday, March 30, at 2:30; Saturday, March 31, at 8:45; and Sunday, April 1, at 2:30 (all with Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano, and the Westminster Choir); and Thursday, April 5, at 8:45, and Friday, April 6, at 2:30 (both with Rudolf Firkusny, piano). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, April 7, at 8:45 (with Noel Coward, narrator, and Leonid Hambro and Jascha Zayde, pianos).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Final performance of the season here—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Mozart program, with Maria Stader, soprano; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Rudolf Petrak, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Temple University Choirs. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 3, at 8:30.)

Virtuosi di Roma—Renato Fasano conducting an all-Vivaldi program. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, April 6, at 8:30.)

Oberlin College Choir—Robert Fountain directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 31, at 2:30.)

New York Concert Choir and Orchestra—Margaret Hillis directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Adele Addison, soprano; Mary Davenport, contralto; David Lloyd and Blake Stern, tenors; William Warfield, baritone; Kenneth Smith, bass-baritone; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. The last in a series of four concerts. (Town Hall. Friday, April 6—Part I at 6:15 and Part II at 9.)

Note—On Sunday, April 1, at 3:30, and Monday, April 2, at 5:30, about a hundred choristers, directed by John R. Jones, will take part in a program of Easter music in Rockefeller Center Plaza. Robert Rounseville, tenor, will be the soloist on Sunday.

RECITALS

New York Pro Musica Antiqua—A program called "The Virgin in Medieval and Renaissance Music." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, March 31, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin, in a recital postponed from Saturday, March 17. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 31, at 8:30.)

Carlos Montoya—Guitar, in a flamenco program, with Trianita, dancer, and Anita Sheer, guitarist and singer. (Brooklyn Acad-

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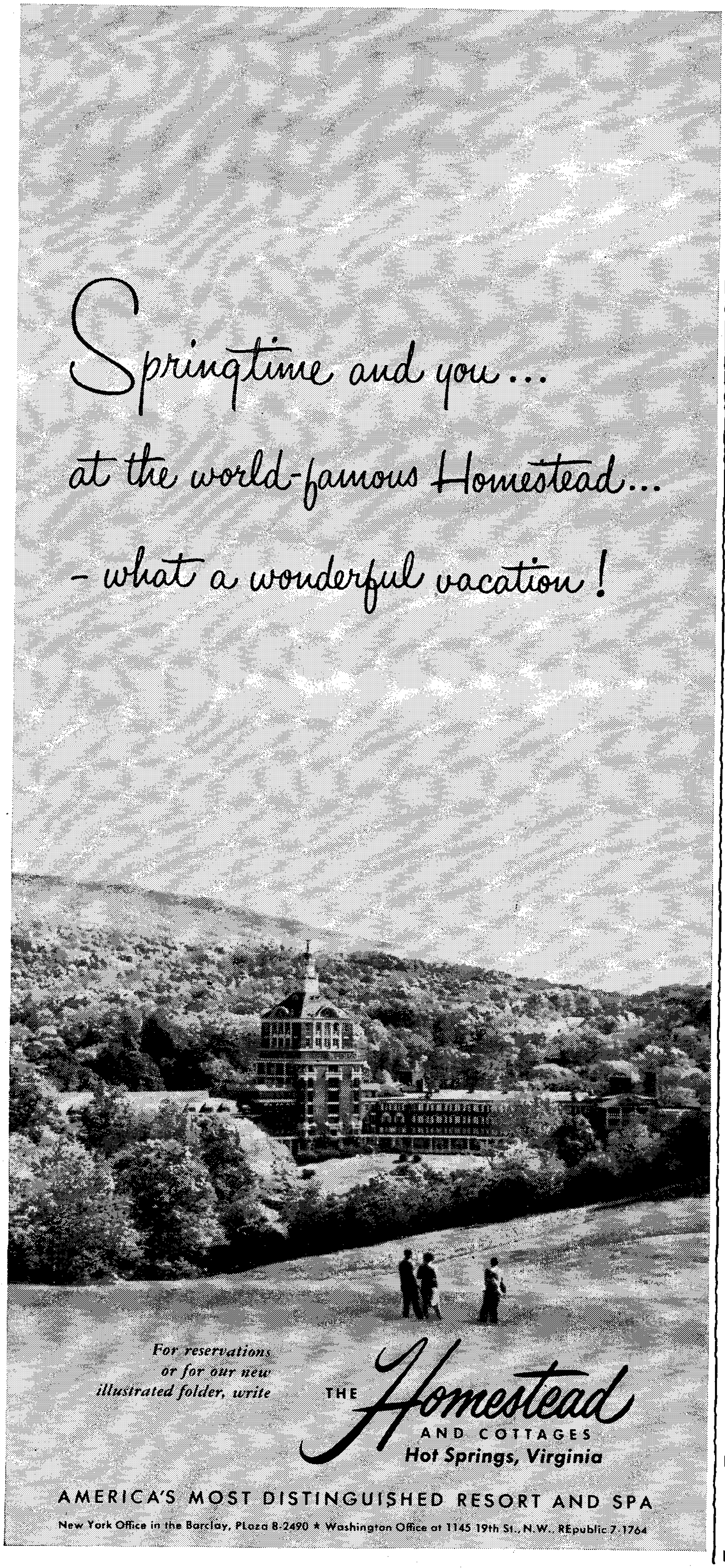
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

emy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 31, at 8:45.)

Knickerbocker Chamber Players—Izler Solomon conducting, with Sylvia Nesson, soprano. The last in a series of six programs. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 1, at 5:30.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Mozart Program—Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, with a chamber orchestra made up of alumni of the Juilliard School, conducted by Frederic Waldman. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Call TR 9-5512 Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5. Wednesday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Myra Hess—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Thursday, April 5, at 8:30. Unfortunately, all seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Walter Gieseking—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 6, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—A group headed by Thelonius Monk, Oscar Pettiford's orchestra, the Art Farmer-Gigi Gryce quintet, and others are due to be on hand. (Town Hall. Friday, March 30, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Cherif Hamia, of France, vs. Carmelo Costa, featherweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 30. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup Playoffs: Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, March 29, at 8:30, if the tug of war is still on.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 7.)

Indoor Polo—Saturday, March 31: Two semifinal matches in the National Twelve-Goal Championship Tournament. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7: Final match of the National Twelve-Goal Championship Tournament and a non-tournament match. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Games begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, April 2, through Saturday, May 12. The Experimental Free Handicap, Monday, April 2, and the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, April 7. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:30; through Tuesday, April 17. The Barbara Frietchie Handicap, Saturday, March 31, and the John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap, Saturday, April 7.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40, from Monday, April 2, through Monday, July 23. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.)

FOR CHILDREN

Operetta—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting a performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers." For the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 7, at 2:30. For tickets, call BU 8-4712.)

Plays—By the Y Playhouse Company: "Mr. Popper's Penguins," Wednesday, April 4. . . . ¶ "Greensleeves," Thursday and Friday, April 5-6. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Performances at 10:30 and 3.)

Dance Play—The Henry Street Playhouse Dance Company in "St. George and the Dragon." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Call TR 9-5512 Thursday and Friday, 9 to 5. Saturday, March 31, at 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st

St. (TR 3-1300)—How time, calendars, and the seasons are related to the earth's motions in space is demonstrated in the current show, "Our Spinning World." An additional feature, "Easter in the Heavens," concerning the significance of the moon in setting the dates of Easter and Passover, will be shown through Monday, April 9. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, March 29, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; Saturday, March 31, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Easter at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, April 2, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Tuesday through Friday, April 3-6, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; and Saturday, April 7, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, take place every night except Monday.

Movies—At the **TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET THEATRE**, Madison Ave. at 85th St. (BU 8-3180): Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Saturdays and Wednesday, April 4, at 11.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, after eleven on the day of the showing. Children must be accompanied by an adult.): "The Grain That Built a Hemisphere," "Palle Alone in the World," "Stone Soup," and "Mickey's Grand Opera." (Monday and Tuesday, April 2-3, at 11:15.) . . . ¶ "Parade" and "Nanook of the North." (Wednesday and Thursday, April 4-5, at 11:15.) . . . ¶ "Sweeney Steps Out," "The Story About Ping," "The Old Mill," and "Ti-Jean Goes Lumbering." (Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, at 11:15.) . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700): "The Vanishing Prairie," a Walt Disney nature film. (Saturday, April 7, at 3.)

Children's Zoo—Bunnies, piglets, lambs, a possum, an angora goat, and many other charmers will be ready to greet the first tiny visitors of the season on Saturday, March 31. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, will be open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every weekday, starting on Good Friday, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is now tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, April 6), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Poetry Readings—Peter Kane Dufault and James Merrill reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, April 4, at 8:40.)

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—The main feature of this year's Easter display will be a cross of Easter lilies against a background of lavender, pink, and white primulas. Tulips, narcissi, hyacinths, and other spring flowers will also be on view. (Daily, 10 to 4:30; through April 15.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 31, at 1:45: French, Italian, and English furniture and decorations; Russian and other silver; Chinese mineral carvings; paintings and drawings; and a group of Oriental and Aubusson rugs. The property of Mrs. Bernard E. Smith and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 5, at 1:45: Chinese art, including porcelains, pottery, bronzes, jades, wood and stone sculptures, and paintings; from the collection of Tonying & Co. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 31.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

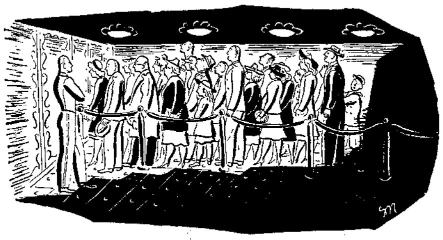
Diabolique—A French film, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, that gives an unsettling idea of what a man's wife and a mistress can do to him if they join forces in analyzing his weak points. All very good, until it falters at the end. In the cast are Vera Clouzot, as the wife; Simone Signoret, as the mistress; and Paul Meurisse, as the victim of their designs. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Showings at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10. Extra performances at midnight on Saturdays. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

Guys and Dolls—In this reworking of the stage success, Damon Runyon's lovable mugs are permitted to talk a good deal too much, but the songs of Frank Loesser help to compensate for the loquacity. Frank Sinatra and Vivian Blaine have a fine time carolling the musical numbers; Marlon Brando and Jean Simmons, the other two most conspicuous in the cast, are a little uneasy when they burst into song. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting March 30.)

I'll Cry Tomorrow—The story of Lillian Roth, the singer who reached the Palace and then had to give up the ermine when she took to the bottle. Susan Hayward is highly emotional as Miss Roth's stand-in—sometimes excessively so—but she puts a lot of life into some nostalgic tunes. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.... ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through March 31.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 3, tentative.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; March 31-April 4.)

Letters from My Windmill—Marcel Pagnol's interpretation of three stories by Alphonse Daudet, which are concerned with life in Provence. The first two describe some gloriously funny dilemmas a number of priests get themselves into; the third is a more ordinary description of the plight of a windmill operator who won't give in to steam. Henri Vilbert, Rellys, and Daxely head the enormously competent cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through April 1.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting April 4, tentative.)

Marty—The romance of a Bronx butcher projected so ingeniously that the film may well be the best thing you're going to see in these parts for quite a while. Ernest Borgnine plays the meatcutter, and Betsy Blair is the lady in whom he eventually finds solace. Both get sturdy support from the rest of the cast. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through March 30, tentative.... ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; through April 3.)



Oklahoma!—The Rodgers and Hammerstein hymn to the cow country, expanded by a process called Todd-AO into the most inflated item the movie optical experts have cooked up yet. Among the large, overpowering images thrown on the screen are those of Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Charlotte Greenwood, and Rod Steiger. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Thursday, March 29, at 2:30 and 8:40; Friday, March 30, at 2:30, 5:40, and 8:40; Saturday, March 31, at 10:30, 2:30, 6, and 9:30; Sunday, April 1, at 1:30, 5, and 8:40; and Monday through Wednesday, April 2-4, at 10:30, 1:30, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

Richard III—Sir Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's chronicle of how the end man of the Plantagenets made his lethal way to the throne of England. Not in a class with Sir Laurence's Henry V, by a very long shot, but an intermittently engrossing business for all of that. With Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir John Gielgud, Claire Bloom, and Pamela Brown. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Thursday and Friday, March 29-30, at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturday, March 31, at 2:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 11:30; Sunday through Tuesday, April 1-3, at 2:30, 5:30, and 8:30; and Wednesday, April 4, at 10:30, 2:30, 5:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Rose Tattoo—An adaptation by Tennessee Williams of his own play, in which Anna Magnani is outstanding as an Italian woman, resident in Louisiana, who can't get her late husband out of her mind but manages to squeeze in a thought or two about a very much alive truck driver. Burt Lancaster plays the truck driver in solid, rowdy style. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; March 29.... ¶ Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through April 3.... ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting April 4.)

Summertime—Some of the finest views of Venice you ever laid eyes on, backing up a pleasantly enacted tale of an American girl, out for culture, who eventually finds the views less entrancing than an Italian antiques dealer. Katharine Hepburn is charming as the native abroad, and Rossano Brazzi strikes a firm blow for Valentino's countrymen. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through March 30, tentative.... ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; through April 3.)

REVIVALS

All About Eve (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through April 4.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney's mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two young children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 30.)

The Frogmen (1951)—Underwater activities by a U. S. Navy demolition team, led by Richard Widmark. (Nemo, B'way at 110th, RI 9-9914; through March 30.)

It Should Happen to You (1954)—Judy Holliday as a girl mad to get her name on billboards. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; March 29, tentative.)

Key Largo (1948)—Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; March 31.)

The Little Kidnappers (1954)—An English film, mostly about two small boys (Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter) in Nova Scotia in 1904. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 30.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through March 31.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; April 1-2.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 3-4.)

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin making a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 2, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films entitled "The Goldwyn Cycle"—Through April 1: "Bulldog Drummond" (1929), with Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett.... ¶ Starting April 2: "Arrowsmith" (1931), with Ronald Colman, Helen Hayes, and Myrna Loy. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
RICHARD III.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Alexander the Great," Richard Burton, Fredric March, Claire Bloom.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
March 29: "Slightly Scarlet," John Payne, Arlene Dahl.
From March 30: "The Conqueror," John Wayne, Susan Hayward.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"On the Threshold of Space," Guy Madison, John Hodiak.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Patterns," Van Heflin, Everett Sloane.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Serenade," Mario Lanza, Joan Fontaine.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Anything Goes," Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor, Jeanmaire.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
OKLAHOMA!

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Carousel," Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through March 30: "The Last Hunt," Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger.
From March 31: "Miracle in the Rain," Jane Wyman, Van Johnson.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through April 2: "The Man with the Golden Arm," Frank Sinatra. Eleanor Parker.
From April 3: "The Man Who Never Was," Clifton Webb, Gloria Grahame.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama Holiday." (Thursday, March 29, at 2:40 and 8:40; Friday, March 30, at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturday, March 31, at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; Sunday, April 1, at 2, 5, and 8:40; and Monday through Wednesday, April 2-4, at 2:40, 5:30, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Dark River" (in Spanish), Adriana Benetti, Hugo Del Carril.

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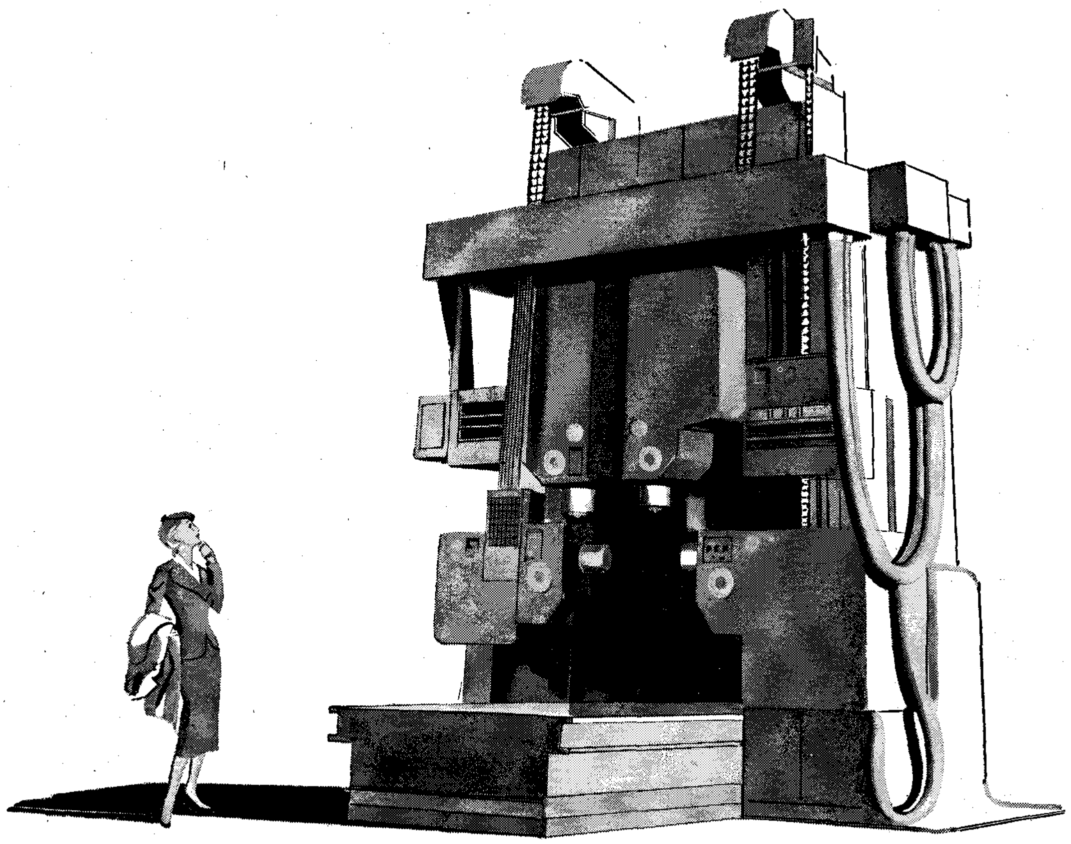

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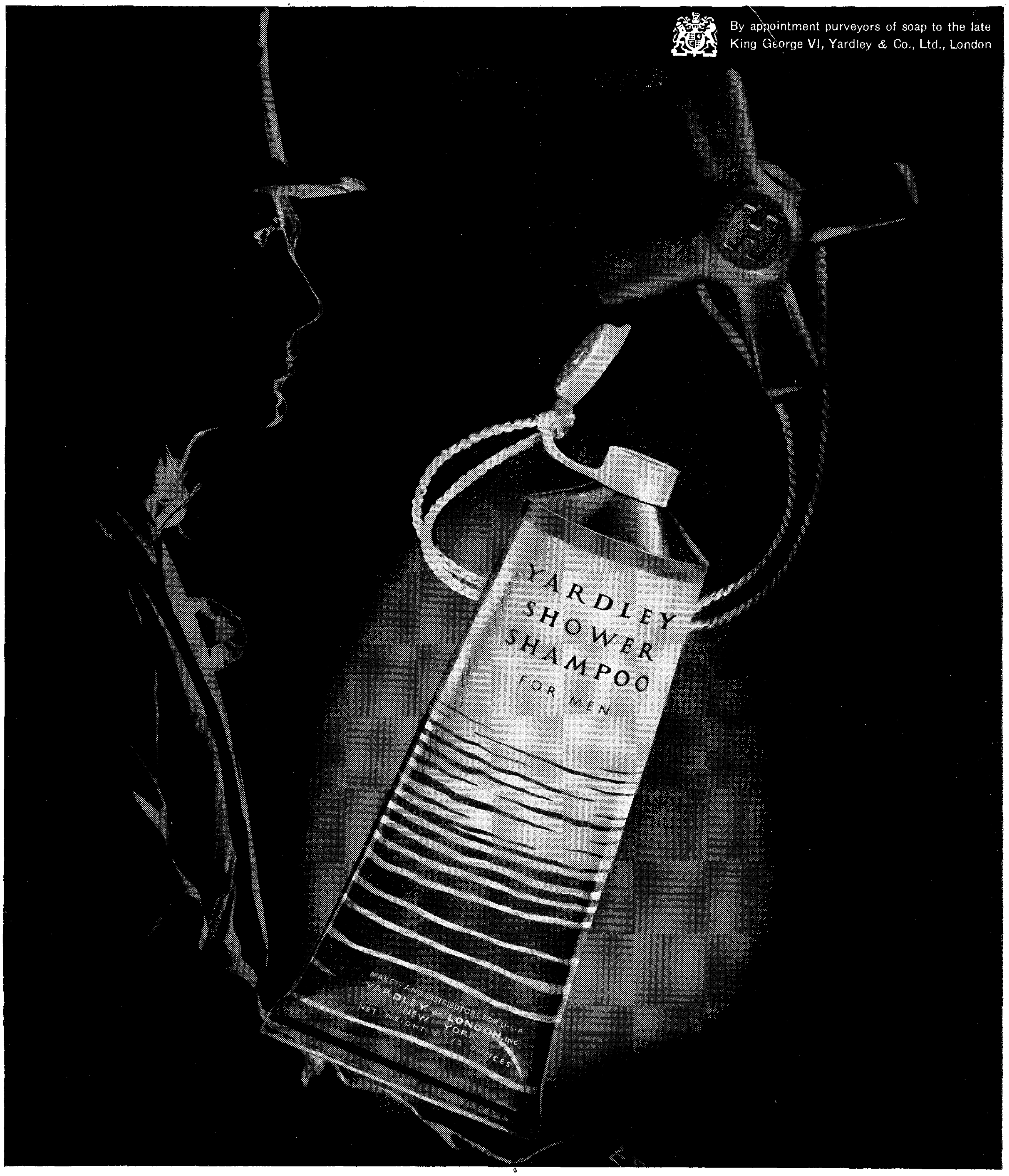

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The tube hangs up right in the shower . . . sports a hinged cap that won't get lost. Never before such a handy way to wash your hair! And it costs but $1.

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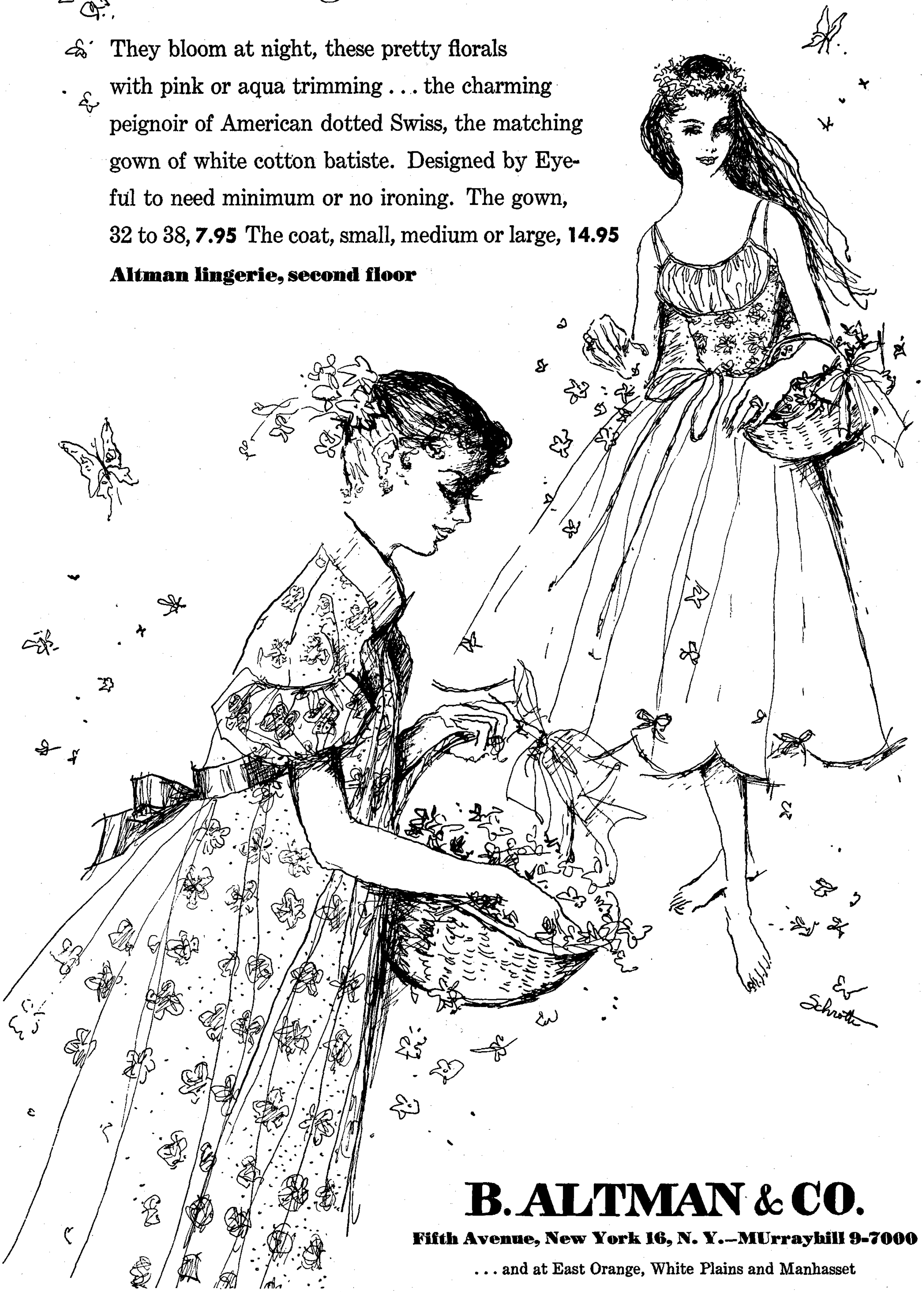
They bloom at night, these pretty florals with pink or aqua trimming . . . the charming peignoir of American dotted Swiss, the matching gown of white cotton batiste. Designed by Eyeful to need minimum or no ironing. The gown, 32 to 38, **7.95** The coat, small, medium or large, **14.95**

Altman lingerie, second floor



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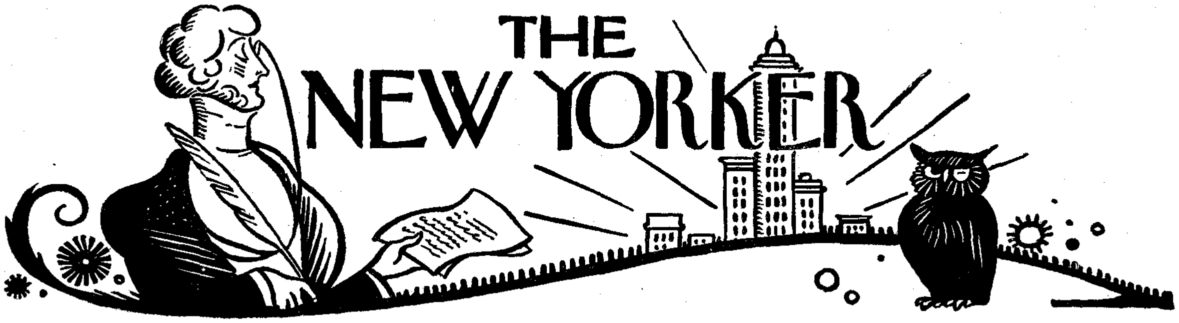


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

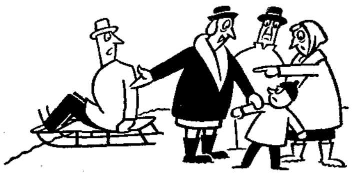
ON the afternoon of the first day of spring, when the gutters were still heaped high with Monday's snow but the sky itself was swept clean, we put on our galoshes and walked up the sunny side of Fifth Avenue to Central Park. There we saw:

Great black rocks emerging from the melting drifts, their craggy skins glistening like the backs of resurrected brontosaurs.

A pigeon on the half-frozen pond strutting to the edge of the ice and looking a duck in the face.

A policeman getting his shoe wet testing the ice.

Three elderly relatives trying to coax a little boy to accompany his father on a sled ride down a short but steep slope. After much balking, the boy did, and, sure enough, the sled tipped over and the father got his collar full of snow. Everybody laughed except Youngster, who sniffled.



Four boys in black leather jackets throwing snowballs at each other. (The snow was deliciously soggy, and packed hard with one squeeze.)

Seven men without hats.

Twelve snowmen, none of them intact.

Two men listening to the radio in a car parked outside the Zoo; Mel Allen was broadcasting the Yanks-Cardinals game from St. Petersburg.

A tahr (*Hemitragus jemlaicus*, as the Zoo's identifying sign termed him) pleasantly squinting in the sunlight.

An aoudad absently pawing the mud and chewing.

A yak with its back turned.

Empty cages labelled "Coati," "Orang-outang," "Ocelot."

A father saying to his little boy, who was annoyed almost to tears by the inactivity of the seals, "Father [Father Seal, we assumed] is very tired; he worked hard all day."

Most of the cafeteria's out-of-doors tables occupied.

A pretty girl in black pants falling on them at the Wollman Memorial Rink.

"BILL & DORIS" carved on a tree. "MEG & FUDGE" written in the snow.

Two old men playing, and six supervising, a checkers game.

The Michael Friedsam Foundation Merry-Go-Round, nearly empty of children but brimful of calliope music.

A man on a bench near the carrousel reading, through sunglasses, a book on economics.

Crews of shinglers repairing the roof of the Tavern-on-the-Green.

A woman dropping a camera she was trying to load, the film unrolling in the slush and exposing itself.

A little colored boy in aviator goggles rubbing his ears and saying, "He really hurt me." "No, he didn't," his nursemaid told him.

The green head of Giuseppe Mazzini staring across the white softball field, unblinking, though the sun was in its eyes.

Water murmuring down walks and rocks and steps. A grown man trying to block one rivulet with snow.

Damp chartreuse patches of grass under trees and on unshaded slopes.

Things like brown sticks nosing through a plot of cleared soil.

A tire track in a piece of mud far removed from where any automobiles could be.

Footprints around a "KEEP OFF" sign.

Two pigeons feeding each other.

Two showgirls, whose faces had not yet thawed the frost of their makeup, treading indignantly through the slush.

A plump old man saying "Chick, chick" and feeding peanuts to squirrels.

Many solitary men throwing snowballs at tree trunks.

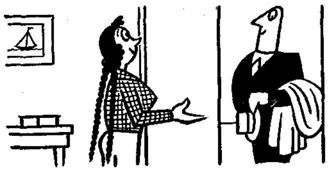
Many birds calling to each other about how little the Ramble has changed.

One red mitten lying neglected under a poplar tree.

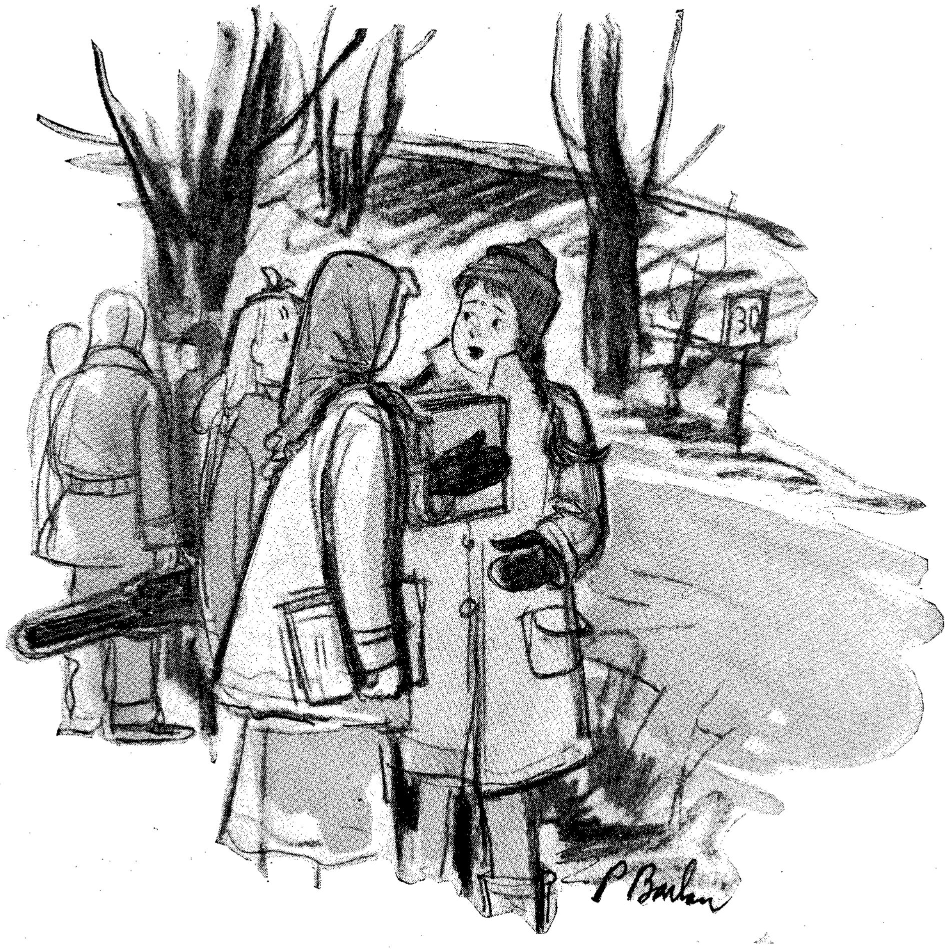
An airplane, very bright and distant, slowly moving through the branches of a sycamore.

Flipping

MISS JUTTA HIPP, a pretty and accomplished jazz pianist, arrived here from Germany in November, determined to throw in her lot with the New World. She opened the other day at Hickory House, and the New World has since noisily indicated how pleased it is to have her around. On the morning after her opening, we paid a call on Miss Hipp, whom we found dressed in a checked shirt and dungarees, with stupendous auburn pigtails hanging far down her back. She told us that she was still recovering from the stagefright she'd suffered the night before. "I'm *so* glad to be here and *so* anxious to succeed," she said, in perfect English. "When my ship came into New York Harbor, it was early morning, and there was the Statue of Liberty and the beautiful skyscrapers. Now what I'd like to do some fine spring day is sail up the harbor again, and stare and stare! The jazz critic Leonard Feather arranged to bring me over. Five or six years ago, an American soldier stationed in Munich heard me play, and he sent some tapes of my playing to Leonard, and so it happened that my first records were issued in America, instead of in Germany—my music got here before I did."



Miss Hipp was born in Leipzig, thirty-one years ago. "The Americans oc-



"Then Lana Turner said why didn't they go back to her place, and at first the Prodigal Son said he didn't want to, but Lana kept begging him . . ."

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cupied Leipzig for six months right after the war," she said. "We were very happy at their coming and brought out all our jazz records to play for them—Count Basie, Duke Ellington, and the rest. No response. We were terribly hurt until we discovered what was wrong, which was that those G.I.s didn't like jazz, they liked hillbilly music. Then the Americans left Leipzig and the Russians moved in. They arrived in carts pulled by horses, and some of them were so ignorant they'd never even seen water faucets before. They didn't want us to play jazz, or dance to it, or even stand around talking together. I was studying drawing and painting at the Academy of Graphic Arts, and they asked me to paint propaganda signs for them, but I kept putting them off, saying I hadn't had enough training. Once, I was summoned to show my sketchbook to a Russian general. Everything in his office at headquarters was red—curtains, tablecloths, rugs. Sadly, he asked me why I always drew American soldiers so handsome and Russian soldiers so ugly. In 1946, I crossed over into the American Zone. In Bavaria, I got a job playing the piano in a circus. Soon my father and brother followed me out of Leipzig. My father went to work as a civil engineer in Hanover, and my brother went to work in a radio shop in Fürstenfeldbruck, where I was living in a stone house that was very cold. Finally, my mother crossed over, too. As if she were going for a loaf of bread, she just walked out of our house in Leipzig, after eighteen years, leaving everything behind."

Miss Hipp played in various clubs all over Bavaria, ending up at a fancy night spot in Munich called the Bongo Bar. "The place was full of little huts and leopards and monkeys, and the customers sat on small bongo drums instead of on chairs," Miss Hipp said. "The leopards were supposed to be tame, but I was always scared to death of them. I left Germany for the first time in 1954, to attend a jazz festival in Paris. Later, I went on to Sweden, Denmark, and Yugoslavia. My father died in Hanover a month ago. I hope to bring my mother and brother over here as quickly as I can. My father hated jazz, and when I was learning to play he would always go out of the room at the sound of the very first note. My mother, who is very romantic, loves jazz, maybe mostly because I love it. In the beginning, I used to imitate Fats Waller and Teddy Wilson. Afterward, my favorites were Bud Powell and Lennie Tristano, and right now I am flipping over Horace Silver. Like to hear one of his records?" Without waiting for an answer, Miss Hipp leaped to her feet, pigtails flying, and dropped a record onto the turntable of her phonograph. "Listen!" she said with the fierceness of a ten-year-old, and in a moment Hipp had flipped.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The service door leading from the kitchen to the dining room of the Schrafft's at Fifth Avenue and Thirteenth Street has an eye-level sign on it that says, "SUGGEST LIQUOR."

Beacons

THE owners of the Empire State Building announced a few weeks ago that four great beacon lights were being installed on a parapet at the ninetieth-floor level of the tower, a thousand and ninety-two feet above Fifth Avenue, and from there would pierce the night sky with beams of light visible, in fair weather, for at least eighty miles. Beacons for what? And why eighty miles? Bother such questions! Where would the Empire State Building be today if its first owners hadn't had the preposterous notion of setting a hitching post for dirigibles on the roof? No dirigibles ever have hitched there, of course, but tourists have loved peering from it, and it was ready and waiting when TV came along, requiring the highest possible point on which to erect telecasting antennas. We've no idea how many hundreds of thousands of dollars that silly hitching post has poured into the Empire State coffers over the years; we just bet that a similarly unpredictable happy ending awaits the beacons. Meanwhile, they're being bolted briskly into place and, if all goes well, will be turned on for the first time, for a series of tests, this Friday. Bridgeport, Poughkeepsie, and Bethlehem papers, please assure your readers that any flare-up in the heavens over New York is caused not by worlds in collision but by some big new toys on Thirty-fourth Street.

And big the beacons certainly are. Like most of the lights used at Hollywood openings and on other public occasions, they're surplus anti-aircraft searchlights, dating back to the Second World War. Their two main parts are a concave mirror five feet in diameter, which serves as a reflector, and a twenty-five-hundred-watt mercury lamp with a quartz bulb; between them, reflector and bulb produce four hundred and fifty million candle power, or roughly the equivalent of fifteen thousand automobile headlights. That's a terrible lot of bedazzlement, but not unprecedented; a really colossal Hollywood occasion calls for lights of up to eight hundred million candle power. The Empire State beacons rest on platforms projecting from the center of the north, east, south, and west faces of the tower, and each beacon is covered by a cage of steel mesh, to protect it from any icicles that may fall from the TV mast above. By means of trunnions and turntables, the lights will be able to pivot up and down and to revolve once a minute five degrees above the horizontal plane. The revolutions will be counterclockwise, in order to keep the lights from being mistaken for airplane beacons, which revolve clockwise. Each beam will swing in toward the tower at an angle of ninety degrees, to illuminate the hitching post and TV mast, then drop back to an angle a few degrees above dead level. The trunnions and turntables will be motor-driven and electrically controlled; the lights will go on automatically at sundown and will revolve until 1 A.M., when three of them will go off and the fourth, motionless and facing due south, will continue to shine until dawn.

Thanks to the direction in which the beacons will revolve, they won't fool airplane pilots, but what about birds, who pay no attention to C.A.A. rules and regulations? We asked the Audubon Society about this, and a spokesman said that the Society was apprehensive. Airport beacons have long been a hazard to birds and the Empire State Building has long been a hazard to birds, and putting the two hazards together may well prove disastrous—in the migratory seasons, that is, for except in spring and fall there are few birds to be found in that neighborhood. If the beacons do prove dangerous to birds, the Society trusts that the Empire State people will douse their glims until the last laggard thrush has passed through town. We asked an entomologist about the possibility of hordes of moths being attracted to the beams, and he said "Bosh!" Too high for them and too much wind if they got there. What about millions of mosquitoes being lured hither from the Jersey flats? Bosh again, said the entomologist. Mosquitoes hate bright lights.

Might as well turn them on and see.

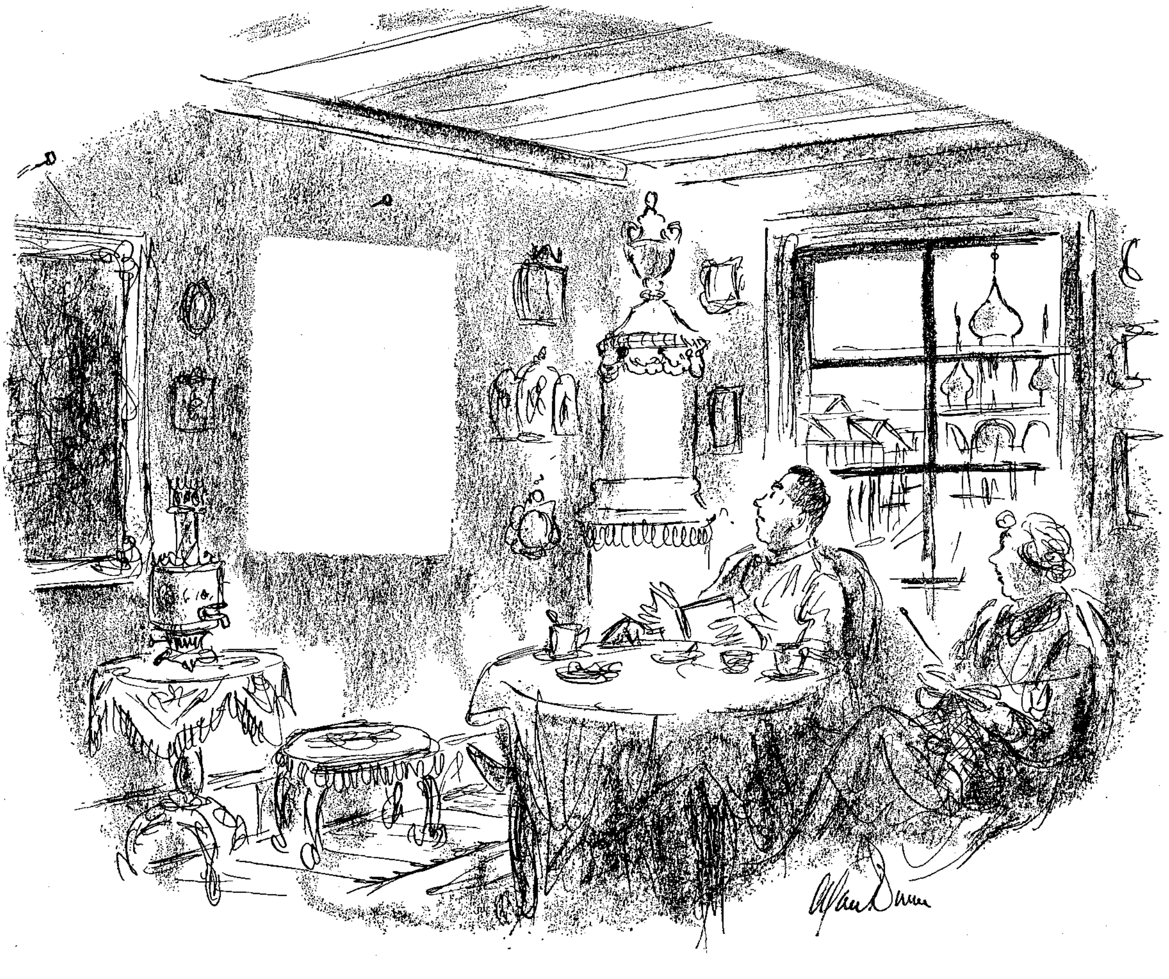
Translation

THE other day, a Boston friend of ours stepped into the Brooks Brothers shop there to ask about some ties in one of the windows. "I'm interested in the ones that are decorated with bulls," he said. The salesman he spoke to led him to the proper counter. "This gentleman," the salesman advised his colleague behind it, "is interested in zodiac ties. Specifically, Taurus."

Our Own Baedeker

IN Antarctica, everything, like the Empire State beacons, turns left. Snow swirls to the left; seals, penguins, and skua gulls pivot to the left; the sun moves around the horizon right to left; and lost men making a determined effort to bear right find they have made a perfect left circle. Sunlight vibrating between white snow and white clouds creates a white darkness, in which landmarks and shadows disappear. A companion three feet away may vanish, and moments later rematerialize. On the other hand, whales and ships appear inverted in the sky. The sun may appear to rise and set five times in a day. Mountains actually over the horizon seem to loom close at hand. Minor irregularities in the ice tower like steeples. All these illusions are created by a combination of the oblique solar rays, the refraction and reflection of light among strata of warm and cold air, and the appalling lucidity of a dust-free, nearly vaporless atmosphere. In unclouded sunshine, the eye can follow an observation balloon for sixteen miles of its ascent into an inky-purple sky. Sudden veils of intense blueness fall over the world and in a few minutes are mysteriously lifted. When the sun is low, the sky appears green. Men exhale, in their crystallized breath, iridescent rainbows. Weather rainbows are white. The wind-driven snow charges men's noses and fingertips with static electricity, which is given off as a phantom luminescence.

For centuries, the continent itself was



a phantom. From the time men first recognized that the earth was spherical, a great land mass in the south was imagined. In 1539, Emperor Charles V, of the Holy Roman Empire, appointed Pedro Sancho de Hoz governor of an area shown on maps of the period as stretching from the tip of South America across the pole to China. European scholars equated southerliness with fecundating warmth. Alexander Dalrymple, an eighteenth-century hydrographer for England's East India Company, predicted that the human population of the unknown continent would be found to exceed fifty million. In 1768, Lieutenant James Cook was sent by the British on a secret mission to locate the southern land mass and "to observe the genius, temper, disposition, and number of the natives and endeavour by all proper means to cultivate a friendship and alliance with them." Cook was unable to penetrate the ice pack, and concluded that if a continent lay beyond it, it was uninhabitable and inhospitable. How true! Antarctica more nearly resembles Mars than the earth we live on. It has no trees, no rivers, no land animals except a few degenerate insects, no vegetation other than some doughty moss and lichen, and no political or economic significance, though it may have some any day now. Permanent bases are being established by scientists of many of the nations involved in the antarctic aspect of the International Geophysical Year 1957-58. Russia thus far has not pressed the claims that the offshore explorations of Czar Alexander I's Admiral von Bellingshausen might justify. In 1948, though, the Kremlin ominously resurrected and published his report. Hitler once dropped thousands of swastika-stamped darts into a mammoth stretch of ice, named it New Swabia, and left it at that. Britain, France, Norway, Australia, New Zealand, Chile, and Argentina profess to own wedges of the pie. The United States has recognized no claims. Our antarctic policy, reportedly due for an overhaul, was established by Secretary of State Hughes in 1924, when he asserted that the *sine qua non* of territorial rights is permanent settlement.

Rain and disease are practically strangers to the antarctic. The air is sterilized by ultraviolet rays, which are present in enormous quantities. Penguins, tough birds in other ways, have no resistance to germs. Expeditions that haven't been joined by new members never catch cold until they return to civilization. In a sense, the continent lacks even time. In 1947, members of Byrd's expedition visited the hut of the English explorer Scott. In thirty-five years, nothing had changed. The London magazine on the table could have been printed the day before. There was no rot in the timbers, no rust on the nailheads, no soot on the window sills. Outside, a sledge dog that had frozen while standing up still stood there and looked alive. Explorers have no qualms about eating food that was cached decades previously. Admiral Byrd, the world's leading Antarcticophile, has suggested that the land might be used as a refrigerator for the world's food surpluses. Books could also be stored there, out of geopolitical harm's way and in an air where even the tabloids would not yellow. Were it not for the lung-scorching effect of subzero temperatures, this highest and driest of continents would make an excellent tuberculosis sanatorium. Antarctica is a plateau. Its mean altitude is six thousand feet—twice that of Asia, its tallest competitor. Its land area equals that of Australia and the United States combined. The seas surrounding it are not only the roughest but the richest in the world, with a greater weight of diatoms—which form a large part of plankton—than tropical waters have. The land probably contains all the baser metals. Its resources of coal are judged to be the largest in the world—a geological puzzle, since there is no reason to assume that the south-polar region was ever warm enough for luxuriant vegetation. The most prominent thesis, supported by glacier scratches and the wide-ranging fossils of the primitive fern Glossopteris, posits Gondwanaland—a vast continent in the southern hemisphere two hundred million years ago, when the flat, swampy earth supported gigantic tree ferns, abundant mosses, and the earliest vertebrates. According to the "continental drift" theory, this mass of land shifted around a good bit, the surface of the earth being as loose as a puppy's skin, and eventually exploded into the fragments Africa, South America, Australia, New Zealand, and Antarctica—the last a once tropical realm brought to rest at the bottom of the world and buried in ice.

Ice—of two sorts, white (compressed snow) and blue-green (frozen water)—is what Antarctica has lots of. Ten quadrillion tons, say, plus a few billion created by the lack of centrifugal force near the poles. A man weighs almost a pound more at the South Pole than he does at the equator. Glaciers, presumably sliding on water melted by the pressure of their own weight, flow away from the pole, squeeze through notches in the rim of mountain ranges, and extend themselves over the sea in the form of ice shelves. The largest shelf, the Ross, has the area of France. Chips as big as Manhattan crack off the shelves. These icebergs are carved by wind and waves into the shapes of palaces, cathedrals, pagodas, men, and angels before dissolving in temperate waters. In 1927, one was measured and found to be a hundred miles square—the size of two Connecticuts. The snow precipitation does not equal the ice lost in the form of bergs, so a recession of the icecap is believed to be taking place. Were it to melt completely, seeds held in suspension millions of years might germinate. Strange viruses and bacteria might be unleashed on the world. New York City would be under three hundred feet of water. This is not likely to happen in our time.

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OVERHEARD in an office, secretary on the telephone: "I'm sorry! He's just stepped out of town for a moment."

Women's Work

THE Presidential election is many months away, but the lady politicians of this city are already fearfully worked up over the great battles that lie ahead. They've begun giving one another stern, heady pep talks, not only in groups of two and three but en masse, and on a single day last week we were privileged to attend a couple of opposing councils of war—a joint meeting of the School of Politics and the 1956 Election Campaign Committee, with a sandwich lunch thrown in, held at the Women's National Republican Club, and, later in the afternoon, the Spring Workshop of the Democratic Women's Workshop, with a sandwich supper thrown in, held at the George Washington Hotel. Senator Goldwater, of Arizona, was scheduled to speak at the first of these bloodthirsty affairs, but Providence has disappointments in store for Republicans as well as Democrats, and when we reached the Women's National Republican Clubhouse, we found the publicity lady in a state of nerves. "Dreadful news!" she told us. "Senator Goldwater telephoned from Washington this morning to say he couldn't come. He's sending his administrative assistant, a Mr. Farrington, instead. I don't know what the ladies will think. One of them was planning to *riddle* the Senator with

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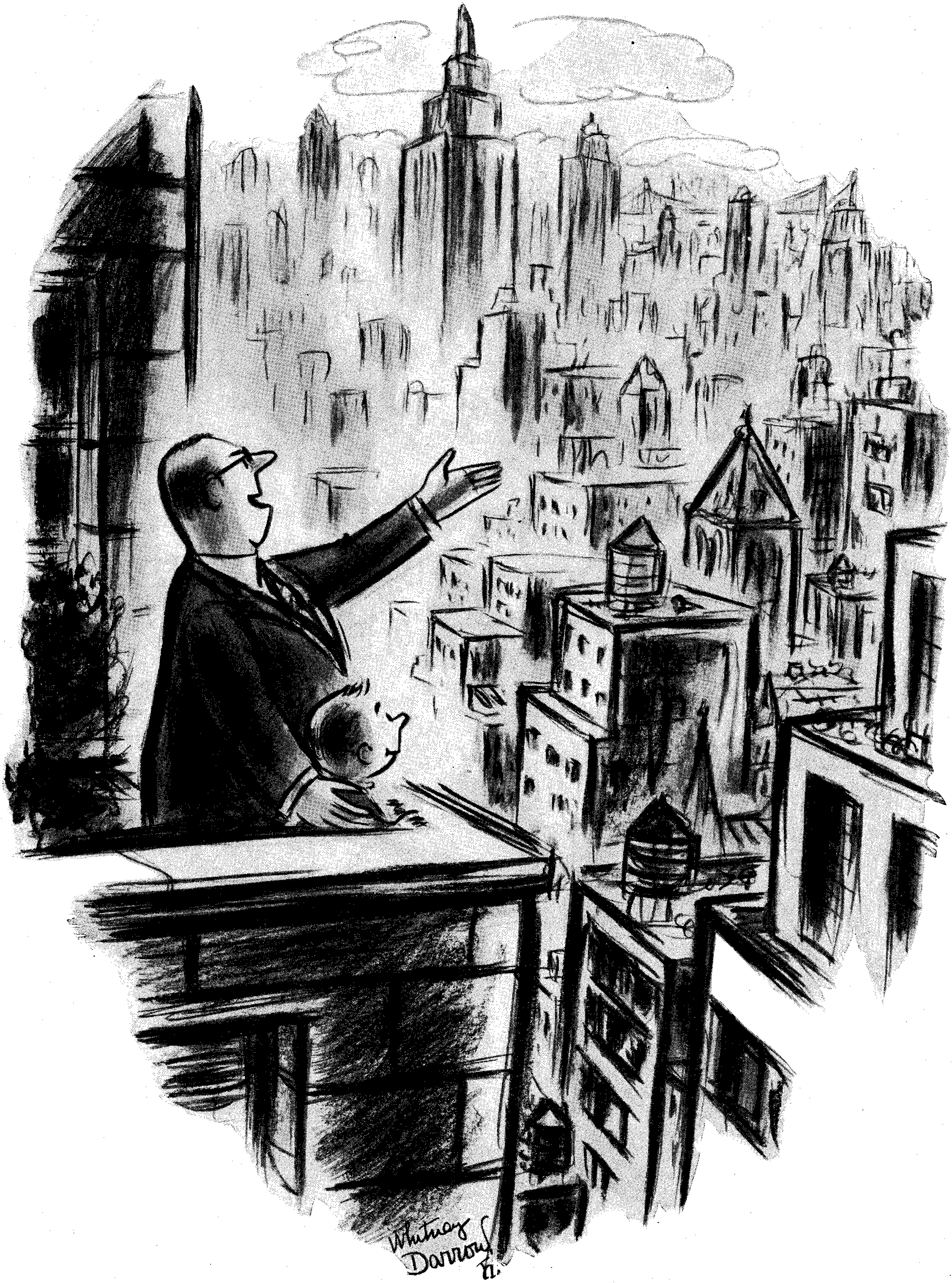
questions about certain slush funds that she'd heard organized labor was raising in order to defeat the President." Publicity led us upstairs to a room called the Large Assembly, which was filled with red-topped card tables and a host of ardently chattering lady Republicans. An enormous portrait of the President hung on one wall, draped with bunting and flanked by a dozen small American flags. Beneath the portrait was a buffet table, where we were cordially offered a choice of chicken salad on white or ham on rye. We chose ham on rye, followed by a vanilla cupcake and a cup of tea. A moment later, Mrs. Edward Ewen Anderson, president of the club, read a letter from President Eisenhower ("Dear Mrs. Anderson: Many thanks for the 1956 Distinguished Political Service Award, which . . .") and the chairman of the 1956 Election Committee introduced the director of the School of Politics, who, in turn, introduced Mr. Farrington. A suave and personable stand-in, Mr. Farrington quickly won the ladies' hearts. Amid repeated bursts of applause, we caught such stirring declarations as "There's a difference between good and bad campaign contributions" and "The President's tent is a big tent and can cover a lot of people."

Determined to allot precisely the same amount of time to both parties, we reached the George Washington Hotel shortly after five, and in a trice had been offered a drink by a vice-president of the Democratic Women's Workshop, had accepted the drink, and were seated at a table among a host of ardently chattering lady Democrats. After a short business meeting, a color film entitled "You Can Win Elections" was shown. The star of the film was Melvyn Douglas, who introduced in a charming voice a young man who, in turn, discoursed on the four principles that a door-to-door volunteer must cherish in order to make good: check registrations, identify yourself to the voter, get out the vote, and watch the count. Next, a buffet supper of sliced-turkey sandwiches and coffee was offered. The lady sitting next to us put away her sandwiches in nothing flat, which left her time to tell us that she considered it *most* important to convince people that the Democratic Party was *not* Tammany Hall—not the *old* Tammany Hall, that was to say. After supper, we were treated to a skit that bore the provocative title "What Kind of Deal Is This?" Written by Mrs. David Lilienthal and acted by the Workshop Players, it consisted of a mock Cabinet meeting, with many a sly reference to "the corporation" and "the stockholders." The ladies loved it. The skit was to be followed by a panel discussion of such topics as discrimination, the farm problem, and the present sorry state of affairs in Washington. We're sure the discussion would have done us a world of good, but it wouldn't have been fair to the Republicans to stay another minute, so we stole away.

Enemy?

AT a bowling party in Darien one recent weekend, we fell in with a psychoanalyst and a broker. The psychoanalyst, an outgoing type, was explaining a dilemma to his financial companion. "This patient," he said, "is an oilman who really knows his way around Wall Street, but I'm not sure that I can trust the information he gives me. He is extremely hostile."



Whitney Darrow Jr.

"Someday, my boy, all this will belong to Mr. William Zeckendorf."

NONE ARE SO BLIND

Seymour Johnstone had a small antique shop, which might have sustained him in modest comfort, but he spent more time in dreaming of the future than in studying the past. In consequence, his finances were as rickety as his chairs. He was reduced to taking his lunch in cafeterias, where he had the mortification of encountering more genuine antiques among the sandwiches and pastries than ever he managed to pick up on his weekly trips around the country.

Seymour's preoccupation with the days ahead was not due to any starry-eyed dream of social progress or space travel; it was simple and practical to a degree. "On one of those days," said he to himself at frequent intervals, "my dear Aunt Muriel must inevitably die."

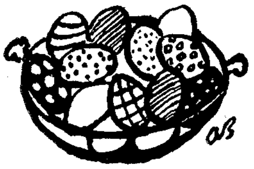
The only question was: Which one? Seymour was on the whole inclined to give her five years. He had Biblical authority for this estimate, for his aunt was in the midmost of her sixties, but there was also a certain amount of wishful thinking behind it. Seymour was a little inclined to close his eyes to things that were unpleasant to him, and he managed to ignore the dire implications of her slimness, her activity, and her perfect set of teeth.

Her mental faculties were equally unimpaired; she had no great illusions concerning her nephew. He was, however, the only relation she had in the world. "I shall leave you my money," she told him, "for after all blood is thicker than water. It may be true that I have more than I need, but that is how I like it. Seymour, you will never get anywhere pestering me for a loan." She added some banalities concerning work and character, such as can be highly offensive to a young man of artistic leanings, and Seymour returned to New York, and to his cafeteria, more preoccupied than ever with the number threescore and ten.

"Five years is a long time to wait," thought he as he placed his tray on his favorite table. "Fortunately, I have the sort of face that is likely to wear extremely well."

The table was his favorite because there happened to be a large mirror rather to the right of it, in which he could examine the face in question from the right-three-quarter aspect, which was also his favorite. In fact, Seymour loved this side of his face so well that he riveted his eyes on it even while shaving the other, a feat usually achieved only by film stars. He eyed it now, and was by no means displeased. One-third poet, he decided, and two-thirds diplomat—the poet, of course, being of the proper sort. Not a bad combination! With my face and her dollars I could do quite a lot. With that, he turned his attention to his lunch, which was already growing cold.

Someone had left a small magazine wedged between the sugar jar and the box of paper napkins. Seymour took it up and turned its pages idly as he ate. It was one of those cheerful little publications made up of articles such as "I Learned to Live with My Elephantiasis" and "Sex After Seventy?" Seymour winced away from the rather technical reminiscences of a lady who had come by a new and attractive face, made entirely out of spare parts of her own anatomy. Operations of this description were singularly distasteful to Seymour. He was so extremely fond of his own face and his own skin that a mere glimpse of terms like *grafting* and *scar tissue* caused his mind to contract into a hard, unthinking knot, which only gradually relaxed, permitting him to steal a reassuring glance or two at the mirror. These soon restored his equanimity, and, forgetting whatever it was he had not thought about, which after all is not very difficult, he turned again to the magazine. Fortunately, the next contribution was simply and straightforwardly entitled "How Long Will You Live?" This being very much his subject, he began to read with attention.



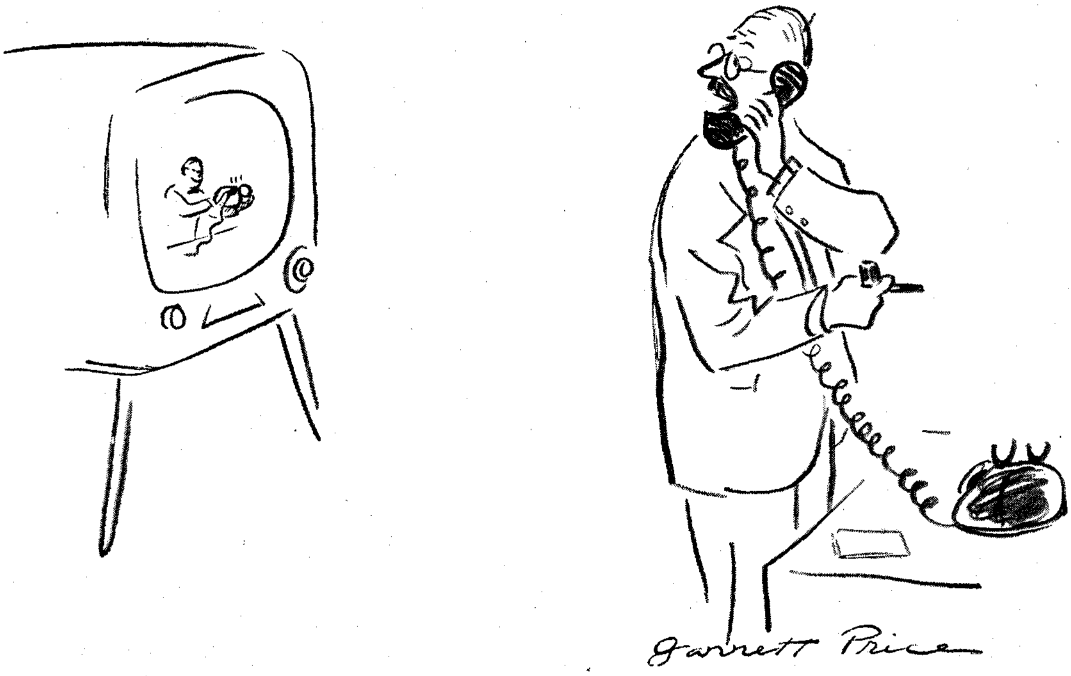
It was that most encouraging article which, under various titles, brings us every month or so the glad news that, given the head start of life expectancy, we are no more likely to be overtaken by death than was the tortoise by the fleet Achilles. In this particular handicap, old ladies are the hottest favorites of all, and Seymour's cheek paled as he read the form sheet. It demonstrated that his aunt's expected demise, which he had been absolutely relying upon, was nothing but a mirage, endlessly receding before both her and him. At birth, he discovered, she had had a prospect of living to be fifty-seven and a fraction, a figure to which he had no objection at all. At fifty-seven, she might have expected to attain seventy, a delay that he had disciplined his spirit to endure—provided, of course, that there was no more hanky-panky. But here was hanky-panky with a vengeance, for at sixty-five she enjoyed the virtual certainty of celebrating her seventy-fourth birthday, and at seventy-four would be striding confidently toward her eighty-first, which, in turn, would be a firm stepping stone to her eighty-seventh, from which it would be a mere hop, skip, and jump to— But at this point Seymour was overcome.

His trembling hands let the magazine fall into his neglected Monday Special. He looked instinctively for the right-three-quarter view of his face in the mirror, a sight that had rarely failed to restore his spirits. On this occasion, it looked back so wan, so piteous, and so drawn that he averted his eyes and stared into space instead. Or, rather, he stared into time, gazing hopelessly down the endless race track of the years, along which his immortal aunt sprinted forever, her lead over her grim pursuer diminishing all the time, yet never being completely wiped out. No one can please everybody; the writer of the article doubtless enjoyed the widest popularity among aunts, but he had succeeded only in utterly depressing and disgusting this unfortunate nephew.

What's more, that wicked little magazine had not yet finished with Seymour. When, at last, he turned his loathing eyes upon it, he found that in falling to the plate it had opened itself at a later page, where someone had inserted an envelope as a bookmarker. An envelope may always contain money, and Seymour, bereft of other means of support, disinherited, drowning in poverty, clutched at this one as at a straw. Alas, he soon saw that it came from the Department of Motor Vehicles of Sacramento, California. Now, the Department of Motor Vehicles of any city is rather less notable for sending money out than for taking it in, and, sure enough, the envelope from Sacramento contained nothing but a plain, ordinary driver's license. Or so you would have thought it, but Seymour, his wits sharpened by the desperate situation in which he found himself, thought, No!

No, thought Seymour. My own license is plain and ordinary enough, but there may be something—there very definitely *is* something—to coming into possession of another person's driver's license, and especially that of Mr. Antonio Bertani.

Mr. Antonio Bertani, continued our hero, examining the license with increasing interest, has brown eyes and black hair, like my own; he is five feet eight inches in height, and weighs a



"Sorry, but I don't know what program I'm looking at. A man is shaving a peach."

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hundred and eighty pounds. He is an inch shorter than I am, and ten pounds heavier; his eyebrows are no doubt more noticeable. Little differences of that sort are an advantage—an essential, in fact. Suppose there were no little differences! He is nine years my senior, I see—another gap that is neither too wide nor too narrow. I wonder what his life expectancy may be. I wonder if dear Aunt Muriel's is as great as that abominable little magazine led me to imagine.

NOTHING is more pleasurable than to have a large and complex idea arrive in the forefront of one's mind complete in every detail, so that it needs no further thinking out but only a sort of leisurely unpacking, like an enormous Christmas parcel full of pleasant surprises. Seymour conjured up a picture of Mr. Bertani that, though not beautiful in itself, was nevertheless highly agreeable to him. As he did so, his eyes sought his revived three-quarter reflection in the mirror, and he enjoyed the contrast between this picture and the other.

"The good Bertani," said he to himself, "or perhaps I should say the bad Bertani, for there is something of the Jekyll and Hyde in this situation—Very well, the bad, the wicked Bertani can, on exhibition of this driver's license, be brought into being. The modern state does not ask of a man that he have personality, taste, features of one sort or another; it demands a passport, a Social Security card, a driver's license. These are identification; by these we exist. Here, in this little black-and-gray card, like a demon in a bottle, is Bertani. I shall draw the cork, and he will do exactly what I require of him."

He could hardly have a better name, mused Seymour. It suggests an Italian ancestry. A number of maladjusted citizens of that origin, perhaps insufficiently loved by their mothers, have conducted themselves in such a way as to associate, in the popular mind, an Italianate name with the profession of gangster. This is a regrettable libel on a song-loving and hard-working race, but it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. The wicked Bertani, easily assumed to be a gangster (and in this case with considerable justice, for I have reason to believe him to be a murderous scoundrel of the first order), is likely to be endowed with a sallow complexion, whereas mine is fresh and rosy. I am opposed on principle to wigs, false mustaches, and such vanities, but I am not hidebound; I can stretch a point in favor of an unnoticeable face wash, such as can be applied and removed with a damp sponge.

All this time, Seymour was looking at his reflection in the mirror, which now returned him a lively, knowing, and quizzical glance, as if to say, You and I understand each other, which is more than anyone else is likely to do.

This abominable Bertani, most unlike myself, continued our friend, intoxicated by his long draught from the Narcissus' well slightly to the right of him, will always have a slightly unshaven look—a sinister bluish tinge about the gills. His hands, too, will be noticeably dirty, and he will wear a ring or two of a sort that will set him a hundred miles apart from a person of my well-known taste and discrimination. No one, I think, who hears a description of this revolting individual is likely to connect him in any way with Seymour Johnstone.

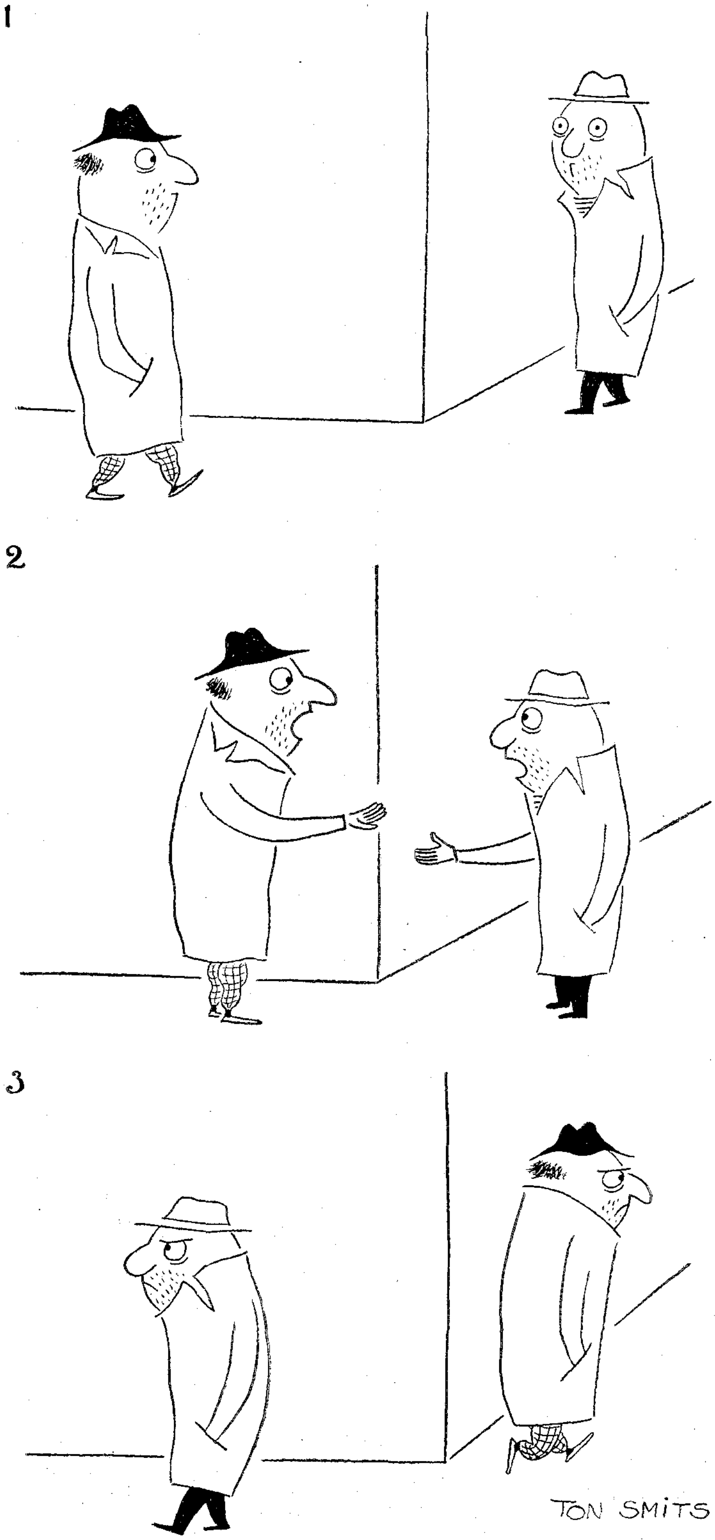
I shall continue to be seen in my shop in the middle days of the week, and from Friday till Tuesday, when I am always scouring the country in search of antiques, the vile Bertani, with all the appearance of a rusticating gunman, will appear in his little hideout, in some already slightly besmirched village in, let us say, New Jersey. He will have a car, and it will be registered under the name that appears upon his driver's license. He will be absent from his solitary shack during the middle days of the week, and these absences will be commented upon by the neighbors. There is no need to invent any very plausible explanation for them, because men of this dangerous type are properly objects of suspicion. What do I care if Mr. Bertani is suspected? What do I care what becomes of this evil man, whose whole existence is dedicated to the murder of my dearly beloved aunt?

WITH that, Seymour rose and left the cafeteria, to devote himself with vastly more zeal than formerly to the selling of his cracked bedroom china and his rickety chairs. In a surprisingly short time, he had amassed some fifteen hundred dollars, a sum he judged sufficient for the launching of his enterprise. A sallow, thickset, dirty-handed individual appeared in the village of Bowview, New Jersey, where he rented an outlying shack. He purchased a five-year-old Ford from a used-car dealer in the neighboring town of Plainfield, and this car was registered under the name that appeared on his driver's license, with the addition of his new address. Thus Mr. Antonio Bertani came into being, and soon he was an object of suspicion to the neighbors.

His hat was a very ordinary black Stetson, yet there was that about it that would cause the timid to reach for the sky without a word's being said. His cigar was of a well-known brand, but so chewed and so angled that a sensitive burglar alarm would have gone off at the very sight of it. A singularly felicitous touch was his upper-right bicuspid. Seymour had lost this particular tooth at a football game in his college days, when a careless player threw the ball into the third row of the grandstand, and he had been fitted out with a substitute, attached to a little plate. He had now travelled as far afield as Chicago with his plate in his pocket, and demanded that a new plate be made, identical with the old one except that the gap would be filled with a tooth of solid gold. In Chicago, where they ask no questions except as to your ability to pay in advance, this was an altogether unremarkable proceeding.

Mr. Bertani repulsed the few neighborly overtures that were made to him, and restricted his public appearances to a weekly visit to the store, where he smiled in a manner that displayed less of affability than of his glittering upper-right bicuspid. He ordered noticeable quantities of spaghetti and salami. Everyone in the village knew who Mr. Bertani was, and no one knew who Mr. Bertani was, though many thought they could guess. And if that is not very clear, it is exactly as Seymour wanted it to be.

It may well be asked how, giving up so much time to Bertani, he still managed to collect his antiques. The answer is that he had been so idle and aimless on his earlier weekends that a few hard-driving hours now supplied him better than two or three days had done previously. It is often observed that those who take to the steep, narrow, and thorny path of crime spend far more energy and ingenuity on their burglaries, forgeries, and holdups than would have made them handsome fortunes had they stuck to the broad and easy road of banking, advertising, or antique dealing. This consideration frequently occurred to Seymour, but he merely eyed his right-three-quarter view in the nearest mirror—he was wearing the plate with the white tooth at the time—and exchanged with it a poetic and diplomatic smile. The fact is crime is an art, and so unutterably enthralling and delightful that whoever has tasted the tang of its wild honey can find no savor in the insipid and easily won millions of virtue. So Seymour shunned delights and lived laborious days, and exulted in the approaching completion of his masterpiece.



Miss Muriel Drummond, who held blood to be thicker than water, always invited her nephew to spend the long Easter weekend at her house in Connecticut. Seymour, being neither a vampire nor a teetotaller, cared little enough for either of the fluids his aunt distinguished so nicely; his taste lay, rather, in the direction of a Scotch-on-the-rocks. However, he had always accepted the invitation, feeling that his legacy might to some extent depend upon it. This year, he was absolutely sure it did.

Miss Drummond's house stood in an ample garden, on a little side road a few miles behind Norwalk. Other comfortable houses were scattered about this semi-suburban district, each of them well apart from its neighbors and well set back from the road. Next to Miss Drummond's house there were a few acres of scrubby woods, with a dirt road running through, where lovers often parked in summer for the purpose of listening to the whippoorwills and gasping at the brief exhalations of the fireflies. But this being the end of March, and nasty, windy, sodden weather, neither lovers nor whippoorwills nor fireflies were likely to put in an appearance. The woods by day and by night were full of nothing but solitude and drizzle and drip.

Soon after lunch on this memorable Good Friday, Seymour plausibly excused himself. "I've heard," he said, "of a likely-sounding commode in a farmhouse in New Jersey, and I think I'll go over and have a look at it. I shall go by train; my brakes are not good enough for this sort of weather, and I can't afford to get them fixed. There's a connection that will get me back in time for dinner." His aunt commended his application to business but ignored the reference to his poverty. Seymour welcomed this display of heartless indifference; in fact, he had angled for it. I have given her every chance, thought he, and now she has no one but herself to blame.

He was careful to call at the farmhouse, from which it was a short bus ride to Bowview. He arrived there at five o'clock, went to Mr. Bertani's outlying shack, and soon was driving away in the five-year-old Ford. A couple of hours later, he was approaching his aunt's house again. Drawing level with the little wood, he backed the car a few yards into the dirt road, to a place where the drip of the trees had reduced the soil to a veritable morass. There he maneuvered back and forth a little, seeking a spot where the back wheels could spin in the greasy mud without gaining traction. When he had the car well mired down, he returned to the house.

In company with his aunt, he partook of a dinner consisting of giblet soup, spring lamb, new potatoes and peas, and lemon-meringue pie, the whole being washed down by a bottle of red wine from California, which the innocent old lady sipped and sniffed at with the utmost relish. After dinner, they played several games of gin rummy, most of which he permitted her to win. He even went so far as to pay up, taking pleasure in her gratification, and in the thought that the money would soon return to him with interest.

Shortly after ten, he pleaded fatigue and retired to his room, leaving his aunt to spend a last hour by the fireside in the enjoyment of "Bonjour Tristesse," a copy of which had been his modest Easter present for her.

At ten-forty-five Seymour took Mr. Bertani's driver's license, eyed it fondly, and even went so far as to press his lips to it in sentimental farewell. He then struck a match and burned this faithful friend, and efficiently disposed of its ashes. He drew on a pair of rubber gloves, and took out an automatic pistol Mr. Bertani had purchased, through shady but traceable channels, and a sheet of paper on which a message had been typed on the typewriter in Mr. Bertani's shack. These two articles he took down to the drawing room, where he crossed to Miss Drummond's writing table and put the paper into one of the pigeonholes.

"What are you doing, Seymour?" asked his aunt, in surprise. "What is that you are putting in my desk?"

"Oh, just a letter," said he, surprising her further by opening a window as he spoke. "It says something about this being the last warning. 'Pay up by Easter,' it says. 'Or else.' But don't worry, Aunt Muriel, you are not going to be overdue." With that, while she still stared at him openmouthed, he took out the pistol and shot her dead.

Now came the time for quick action. He pocketed the pistol and the rubber gloves, and stepped swiftly and noiselessly to the door, and into the hall and halfway up the stairs. Soon he heard a clamor from the two maids, and as they advanced, trembling, through the service door, he came charging down the stairs again.

"What was that?" cried he. "A shot? No! It can only have been a car backfiring." As he spoke, he threw open the drawing-room door, and uttered an exclamation of horror and dismay. "Look!" he shouted while still the maids clung together back in the center of the hall. "Oh, my poor aunt! And look there! I see him! On the drive! A man! I'll catch him!" And, without stopping to pick up even the poker as a weapon, this heroic Seymour plunged through the window and pelted down the drive and through the gate.

He went more slowly down the road, until he reached the little wood where Mr. Bertani's car was bogged in the mud patch. He got into it and, wrapping one hand in his handkerchief, he pulled the pistol out of his pocket and dropped it on the seat beside him, started the motor, spun the wheels several times, and then jumped out and hurried back to the house.

His aunt was still grotesquely sprawled in her chair; the maids were still in hysterics. Seymour did the obvious thing; he took the telephone and called the police. These arrived with commendable alacrity, and in great variety. Soon Seymour was being interviewed by a lieutenant in uniform and a detective in ordinary clothes. Still pale and shaky with shock and grief, he managed to give a coherent account of how he heard the shot, rushed downstairs, caught a glimpse of the retreating intruder, and pursued him. "But when I got as far as the gate," said he, with a faint smile of self-contempt, "I'm afraid I got scared. I remembered he had a gun, and— well, I was scared."

"And what happened next, Mr. Johnstone?" asked the man in plain clothes.

"Well, I slowed up," said Seymour. "In fact, I stopped dead for a minute, right there on the road. Then I heard a car start up, back in the woods. So I went on again—not very fast, I'm afraid." Here he paused, feeling it was a good moment for a pause.

"Did you get any sight of the car as it came out?" asked the lieutenant.

"It didn't come out," said Seymour simply. He felt he had his audience.

So he had. "What do you mean, it didn't come out?" demanded the lieutenant.

"It's still there?" asked the detective sharply.

"Yes," said Seymour. "I could hear the engine being raced, and—"

"Tell us on the way!" said the detective, jumping up.

PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO, THE MADISON AVENUE HICK

This was in Italy. The year was the thirty-seventh before the birth of Christ. The people were mighty hungry, for there was a famine in the land.—*The beginning of a Heritage Club advertisement, in The New Yorker, for "The Georgics."*

It takes a heap o' pluggin' t' make a classic sell,
Fer folks are mighty up-to-date, an' jittery as hell;
They got no yen to set aroun' with Vergil in their laps
When they kin read the latest news in twenty-four-point caps.

Ye've got t' hit 'em clean an' hard, with simple predicates,
An' keep the clauses short because these days nobody waits
To foller out a sentence that all-likely lacks a punch
When in the time o' readin' they could grab a bite o' lunch.

Ye've got t' hand 'em place an' time, an' then a pinch o' slang
To make 'em feel right comfy in a Latinate shebang,
An' if your taste buds curdle an' your tum turns queasy—well,
It takes a heap o' pluggin' t' make a classic sell.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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On the way, Seymour told them how he had cautiously approached the car and found it dark, empty, and stuck in the mud, and its occupant gone. "I'm afraid I walked around it a bit," said he. "I scarcely knew what I was doing. I hope I haven't destroyed any footprints."

"They don't mean so much," said the lieutenant. "But if this car isn't one he picked off the street somewhere, we've as good as got him. He must have known you'd seen him, Mr. Johnstone, or else he'd have hunted up some branches or rocks or something to put under the wheels. You had him panicked all right."

"Not so much as he had me," said Seymour modestly.

"You did O.K.," said the lieutenant. "Even if the car was pinched, we've got his gun. What with one or the other, this guy's not going to get very far."

Soon they were reëntering the house. One of the other policemen met them in the hall and displayed a sheet of paper. "Threatening letter," he said. "In her writing desk."

The detective took it, read it, and showed it to the lieutenant, and then to Seymour, who stared at it with the air of a man unable to believe his eyes. "Didn't your aunt ever tell you she was getting this sort of thing?" asked the detective.

Seymour thought the fellow was rather well cast for the part; he was a precise, rather peevish-looking man, with the manner of a bank official about to refuse a loan. But then, thought Seymour, I am no longer under the necessity of applying for a loan. He enjoyed this reflection while shaking his head as if completely stymied.

"Never," he replied. "She never said a word. Yet I can't believe my aunt had anything to hide. She was the very last person in the world to have any sort of shady secret; everyone who knew her will tell you that. Yet here's blackmail or extortion or whatever it is! I just can't understand it at all. She perhaps told her lawyer or someone, or maybe the F.B.I. They may have warned her not to mention it to anyone else."

"We can check on that in the morning," said the detective, with his perpetually dissatisfied air.

I must win over this pleasureless soul, thought Seymour. I must make him like me. It is not necessary, but it would be a nice touch.

This was the poet speaking; the diplomat now took over and coöperated earnestly through a long and repetitious questioning. He displayed a decent grief, a manly restraint, and now and then just a hint of the layman's admiring interest in the methods of a real detective. "It is so different," he remarked later on, when the long session had worn itself down to conversation level, "it is so different from the stuff one reads in books."

"Mr. Johnstone," replied the detective, suddenly a man and a brother, "if you should happen to have a friend in the writing game, I could tell him some things that would interest him. I don't mind telling you I've got a heap of stuff I've typed up myself at one time and another. Just rough notes, of course, but talk about material for a book or a picture!"

He is mine!, thought Seymour, and he glanced over his right shoulder at his approving reflection in the mirror above the sideboard. "I'll remember that," said he to the detective. "A book on the really clever crimes you've uncovered—that's the sort of stuff these writers can't invent. But, of course, you wouldn't be able to include the cleverest of all."

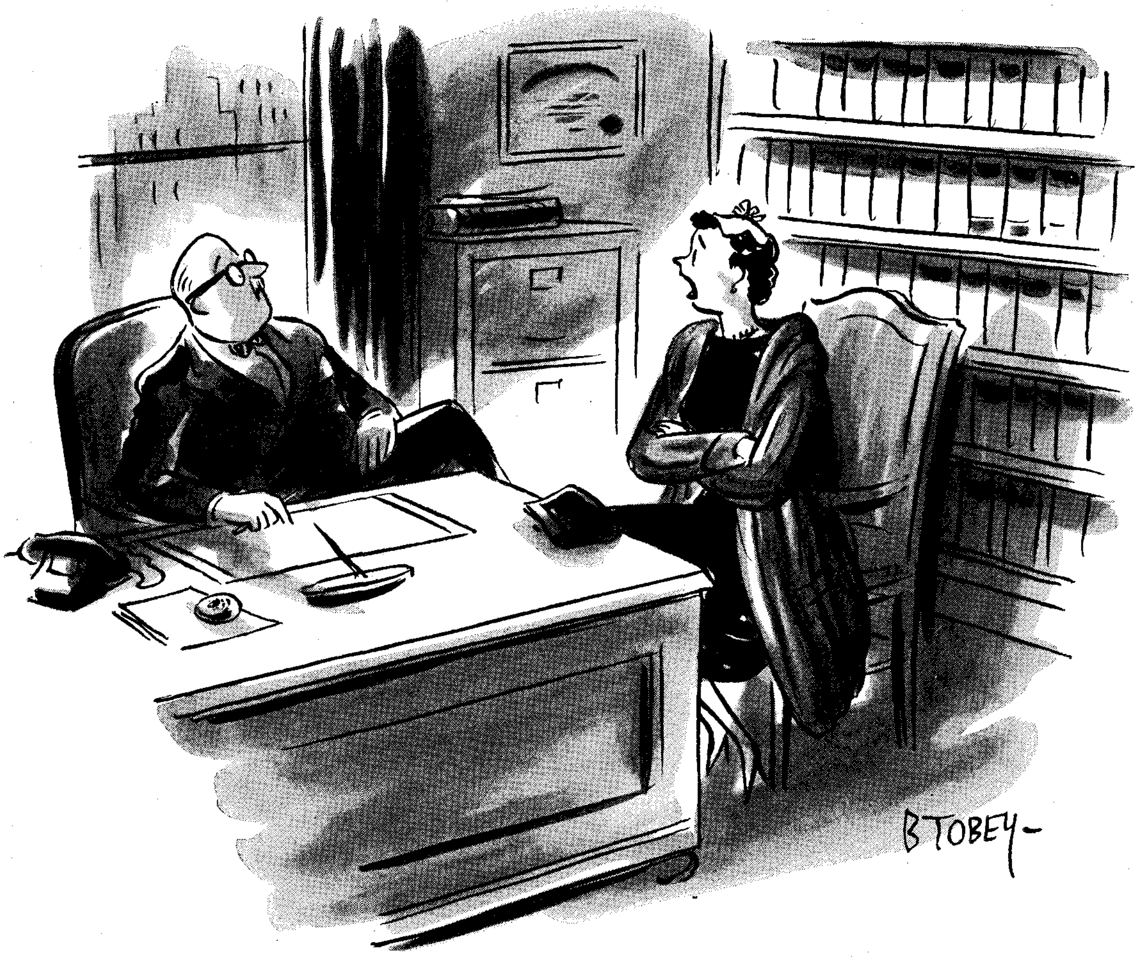
"Why not?" asked the detective.

"Because you wouldn't have uncovered it," said Seymour, smiling.

"Well, we'll see how clever this fellow was," said the detective. With that, he bade Seymour good night, promising to let him know what developed.

He'll be back very soon, thought Seymour. He'll come all glowing with pride at having traced the car. After that, he will have to trace Bertani, and then, no doubt, I shall see rather less of this excellent detective.

SURE enough, the very next evening the detective returned, accompanied this time not by the lieutenant but by a younger and beefier member of his own plain-clothes division, who seemed to have a habit of staring. "Well?" asked



"I hoped having a baby would save our marriage. Now he's run off with the child's nurse."

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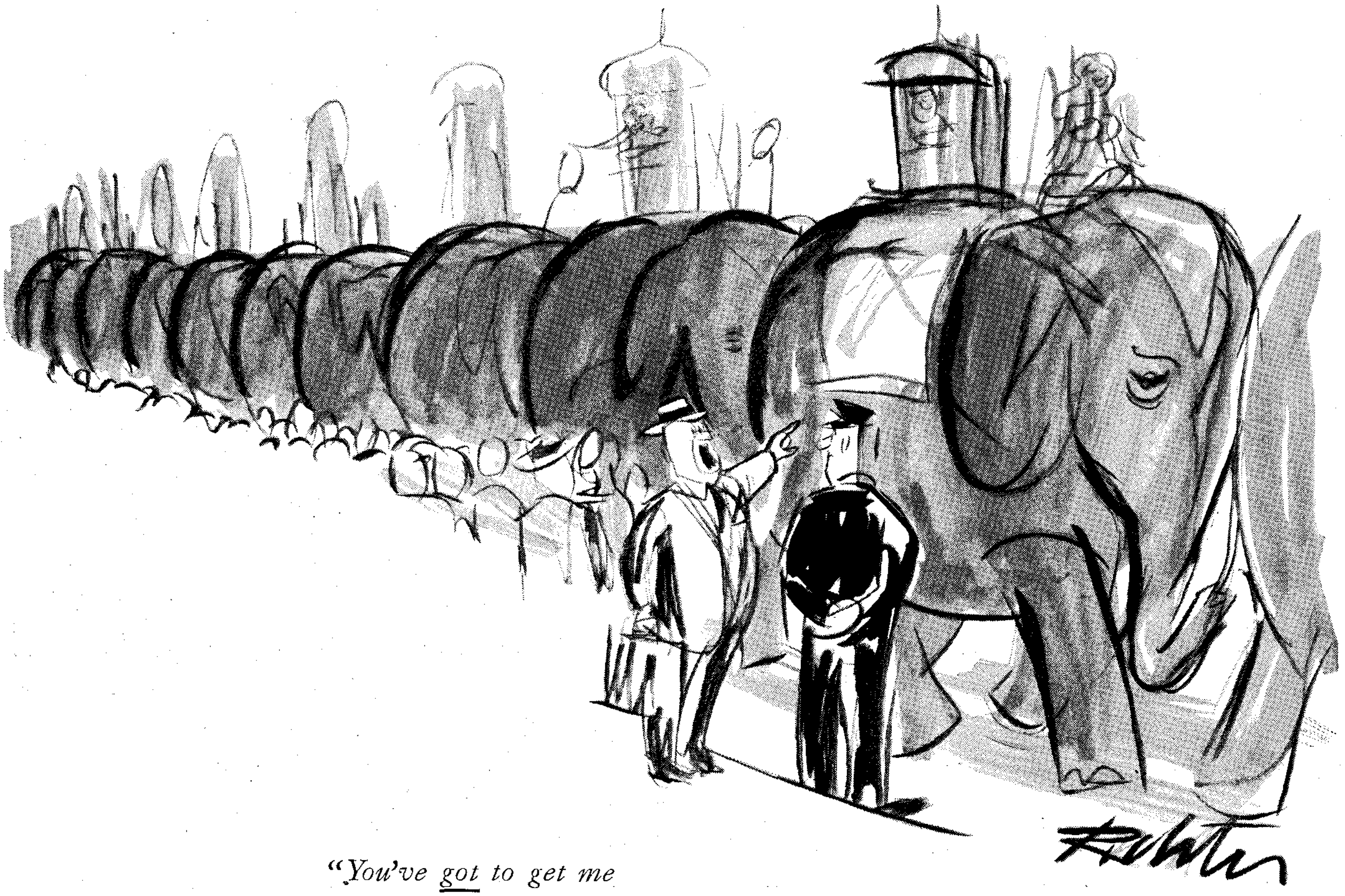

"You've got to get me across, Officer. I'm late for an appointment already."

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Seymour, "What have you found? More material for that book we were talking of?"

"Maybe quite a chapter," replied the detective. "We traced that car, Mr. Johnstone."

"Then you've traced the murderer!" cried Seymour, all eager for the avenging of his beloved aunt. "Have you got him? Is he arrested?"

"Not yet," said the detective. "I think we're pretty close to him, though. What do you think, Lou?" said he to his colleague.

"Certainly looks like it," said the younger man in a colorless tone, still staring as he spoke.

"Needless to say, Mr. Johnstone," continued the detective, "he wasn't at home when we paid him a visit. Name of Bertani, that's what he went under. Mr. Johnstone, have you ever heard that name?"

"Bertani?" said Seymour. "That's a last name, I suppose. Bertani? Bertani? No, I don't think I've ever heard of anyone called Bertani."

"Living in a shack over at Bowview, New Jersey," said the detective. "At least, he was there part of each week, according to the people in the village. They have the idea he was hiding out, or something. From some papers we uncovered, it seems he had notes on quite a few people with a view to extortion."

"But he'll never go back to that place," said Seymour in a disappointed tone. "Did you manage to get a good description of him? Do you think you can track him down?"

"Well, you know what these descriptions are," said the detective. "These people would know him if they saw him again, you can be sure of that. But when it comes to describing— well, for the most part it's 'black hat, black coat very wide in the shoulders, medium height, medium weight,' that sort of thing."

"But you must have something more definite," said Seymour. "Have you got his fingerprints? What makes you say you're on his track?"

" 'Close to him,' I said," replied the detective. "So far we haven't found a print in the whole dump. Looks like he wore gloves all the time. But we got one little steer that ought to do the trick."

"Good!" said Seymour. "Something that'll really send him to the chair?"

"Not by itself, maybe," said the detective. "But once we get the guy we'll soon have the rest of the identification. We'll look at his mouth, for example."

"Looking for what?" asked Seymour.

"A gold tooth up here," said the detective, indicating his upper-right bicuspid.

"Ah, yes, I see," said Seymour, smiling to expose the whiteness of his own.

"Or else perhaps just a denture," said the detective. "You can always change one plate for another."

"But a lot of people have a false tooth or two," said Seymour, with a look of dismay, which was none the less useful for being genuine. "Did you get nothing more definite than that?"

"Yes, we did," said the detective. "There's one thing everyone noticed about this guy. He had a nasty little cyst on the left side of his nose, Mr. Johnstone, just where you've got yours. Of course, a lot of people have cysts, just like a lot of people have dentures, but if they're mixed up in this particular case they'd better be able to say where they've been spending their weekends."

—John Collier

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Princess Margaret wore only a pair of sandals held on her feet with a string of pearls when she attended a show in London recently. The public was shocked.
—*Tobago (B.W.I.) Herald.*

The public be damned.

EVER LET THE FANCY

TO no one, however partial and prejudiced, can Boston ever have seemed more utterly the hub of the Universe than it did to me when I was a child in our house twelve miles out in the country and my father would come home from his studio and do what our family expression called "tell his times and tell them long." Boston seemed not only central to cosmogony, it appeared to my infant mind—beguiled by my father's indubitable and antic faculty for telling a story—dazzling with lights, coruscating with wit, and giddy with gaiety. Any realization that the somewhat bleak and drab city I saw when I was taken soberly to the dentist in no way resembled this glittering metropolis never arose to trouble my englamoured imagination. My father's Boston was a Boston of clubs and banquets, of artists and great hostesses, of hansom cabs and famous wits, and I continued to believe in it, dizzily, for years.

With it for a background, my own life in the country seemed an impoverished and paltry routine. I walked a mile to and from school every day, past the jail in which during most of my childhood Sacco and Vanzetti were confined. If the weather was bad, I was taken in a livery-stable hack that smelled of hay, driven by old Mr. Harvey, who had a long white beard and once brought me a present from his wife—a necklace made of seeds called Job's-tears tied with a blue ribbon. I skated, drearily, round and round Weed's Pond in the freezing, glassy afternoons while a crimson sun hung low above the horizon, casting a lurid and fateful-seeming radiance over the impassive snow. I was given my supper and later my bath by Miss Lovejoy, an English lady who lived with us in return for the care of me. Miss Lovejoy had a strong British character and demanded white pepper at meals, declaring the black to be unfit to eat. When she came to us, the First World War was still going on, and she had a map of Europe in her bedroom, in which were stuck small flags—pins—marking the battle lines, which I was not allowed to touch. On afternoons when I did not skate, Miss Lovejoy took me for long, long walks about the countryside, miles and miles, past a turkey farm, and a place where there was an idiot girl who smiled frighteningly, and a gate with the sign "Beware of the Dog." After my supper, when Miss Lovejoy gave me my bath, she would, if she was in good humor, sing to me, always the same song:

"Into pretty London came an Irishman one day;
As the streets were paved with gold, so everyone was gay."

This solecism bothered me terribly, even in the earliest days, when I played with my celluloid swan and green ducks in the old, footed bathtub. But if I objected, Miss Lovejoy would only start to cry "Come along, come along, don't be slouchy," which meant the end of my nice, warm bath.

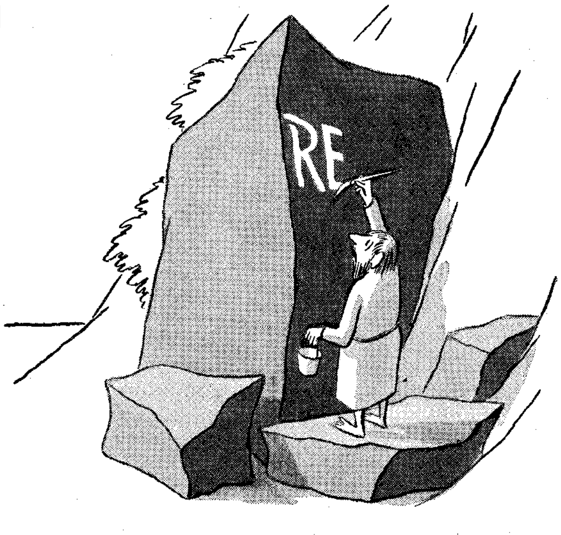
It was generally after I had been put, flat, clean, and still moist, into bed that my father would arrive home from his day at the studio. My bed was narrow, with four posts of a wood that looked exactly like maple sugar; I licked it once, but the likeness did not extend to taste. At the immense sound of the front door being opened and banged shut, the stamping off of snow in the front hall, the loud and genial shouts of arrival, I would shoot upright in my bed like a jack-in-the-box. "Papa!" I would call, and in a few minutes his heavy, reassuring tread would come up the stairs, into my room, and around the corner of the wall to where I could see him, large, heavy, with a walrus mustache. After embraces, my father would sit down beside my bed to tell me stories. These fell, very loosely, into three categories, of which I was only faintly aware: the true stories, the legendary stories, and the stories that he simply made up as he went along because he was bored with the reality. I could generally tell, when his eyes held a glazed look and he began to hesitate and say "Aaaaah," between sentences, that he had taken off and was careering among the stars.

My father's position vis-à-vis Boston society was a little different from that of the usual Boston gentleman; although born into the large family of a famous Unitarian divine, he had, instead of going to Harvard like his brothers, gone to Paris to study art at Julien's and the Beaux-Arts. This step was so unusual as to have been suspect even to his father, in most things a liberal; my father was not supplied with funds for this doubtful enterprise, but supported himself in Paris to a large extent by copying. He lived in the Rue des Saints-Pères with a group of other young Americans; the ascent into the garret where they slept was by way of a ladder nailed against the wall, up which the young men would climb, a lighted lamp in one hand and a pitcher of water in the other. When my father told it, the ascent was so terribly difficult that it sounded nigh onto impossible; but he always insisted they accomplished it. On his return to Boston, flushed with the wine of art and with that sense of confident aspiration which the artist Gainsborough expressed on his deathbed—"We are all going to Heaven, and Van Dyck is of the company"—he married my mother and took a large corner studio in the Fenway Studios. They produced me and moved the family's living arrangements to the country in consideration of the benefits of fresh air to the young; but my father continued to go daily to town to paint in his studio or to teach at the School of the Boston Art Museum, and saw, in the social way, during those ten or twelve years of my childhood, a mixture of old friends from Paris student days, old Boston friends from even earlier, a number of the great Boston hostesses, and a proportion of rag, tag, and bobtail that only my father could have dredged up—borrowers of five dollars, unattractive models

with ailing mothers, bumptious painters without talent, and types of the pure species bore, who fastened upon my father with an unfailing instinct for recognizing the kind heart and the dread of wounding. Not least in the canon of Boston stories were those of the sheer, typically Bostonian stupidity, which somehow made the enchanted vision I held no less enchanted. At the Tavern Club a very Boston Mr. S—— was told the riddle of "Why is a penny like John the Baptist?," the answer to which was "Because it's one cent by God." Mr. S—— was utterly convulsed by this joke and made off instantly for the Somerset Club—he had really been out of water at the Tavern Club—where he repeated his delightful new story, but with a fatal difference; for he inquired of his audience, "Why is a nickel like John the Baptist?" and when they looked expectant answered himself, "Because it's five cents, God damn it."

The Tavern Club was mostly a place of congregation for writers and newspapermen. The St. Botolph Club was a meeting place for many of the Boston artists. The Somerset Club, to which my father did not belong but often went, was of a different stamp. At one stag dinner, he often said, repeating the story with slight modulations, changes, so that it was almost like a new story every time, he had disgraced himself before the chief steward, or headwaiter, of the Somerset Club. Orders were being taken for dessert. *Meringue glacée* was ordered here, *coupe aux marrons* there. When the dining-room chief came to my father, he inquired "And you, sir?" My father was devoted to strawberry ice cream, which he thought of by another name. "I will have some pink ice cream," he replied. The headwaiter bellowed across the dining room to the underwaiter, in tones of terrible contempt, "This gentleman will have some *pink* ice cream." In some versions of the story the entire assemblage turned and stared, with frigid astonishment; in others they only laughed. But always, more than what the Somerset Club steward thought of my father, the story rather conveyed what my father thought of the Somerset Club.

He was fond of repeating the motto of the Tavern Club as a model of neat phrase: "Fill your empty glass; empty your full glass; I cannot bear to see your glass either empty or full." But on the whole he preferred the St. Botolph Club, which in an irreverent mood he would call the St. Bottles. It was said that on one occasion an Englishman visiting Boston had been put up at the St. Botolph Club and, going into its lounge one day about five, had ordered tea. The steward looked nonplussed, but rallied quickly; "Yes, sir," he said. There was a long, long pause. The pause became *so* long that after an hour the Englishman felt justified in inquiring where in blazes his tea was. It transpired that time had been required first to send out to Pierce's for the tea and second to study, in a recipe book, the rule for making it.



That world of clubs! To me at home, hugging my knees in my fourposted bed, it wore an aura cosmopolitan, male, and rakish, altogether irresistible and delightful. My father could not have been called by his worst enemy an athlete, so that aspect of club life played little part in the stories. All I remember ever hearing of the athletic side was a silly song, which at the time I hearkened to with grave attention:

Dick Hodgdon's not much at athletics;
He can't even play cowboy pool;
And they say at the old Union Boat Club
That he's usually beat, as a rule.

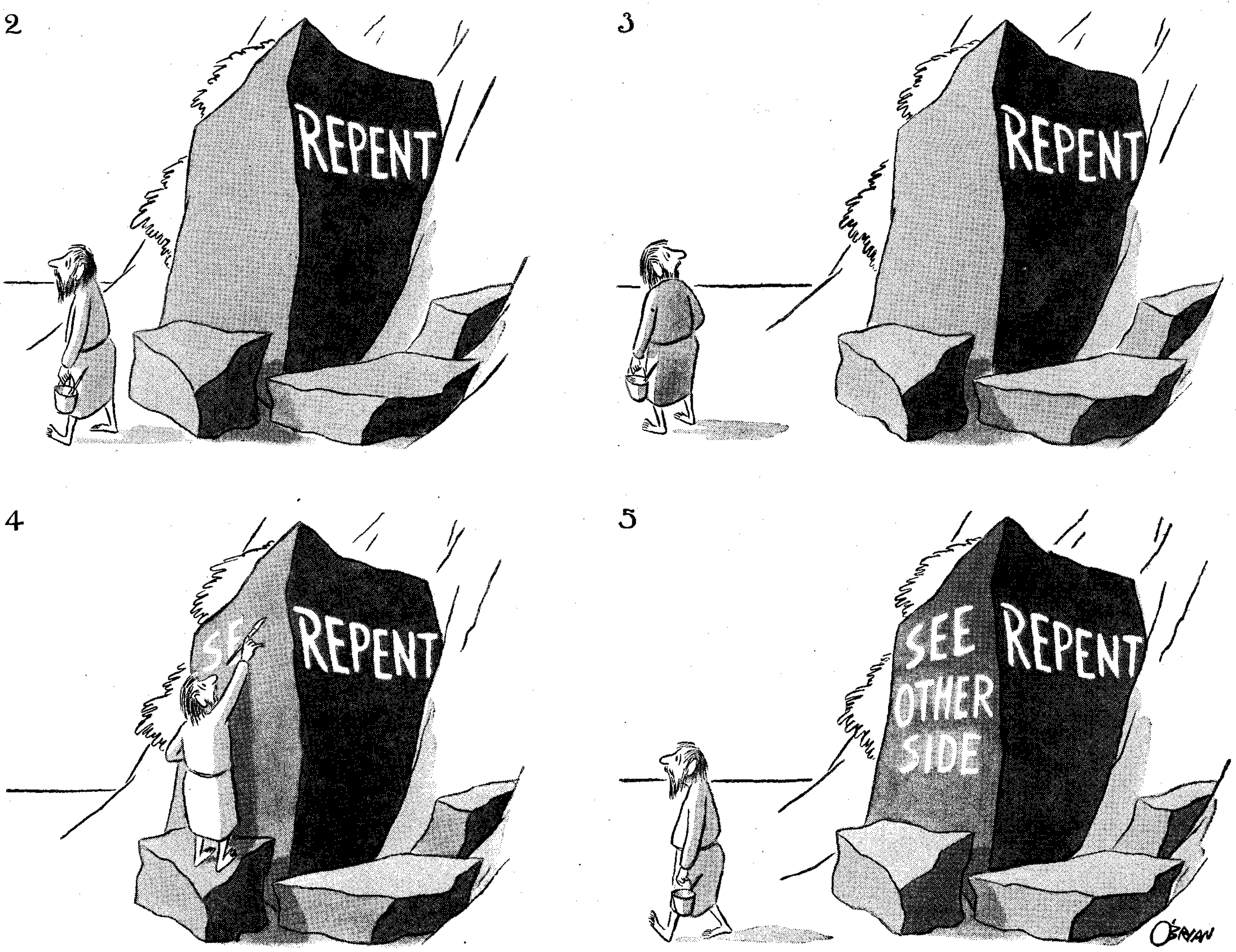
The Boston painters of the day were my father's principal companions in club life—Tarbell, Benson, Paxton. How dashing, how major, those now nearly forgotten names sounded to me! Occasionally a European figure in the world of art would make an appearance in Boston. I remember my father bringing home to spend the night William Rothenstein, later knighted. I did not see him until the next morning. As I was eating my porridge at the round dining-room table, he entered with my father; he looked like a Chinaman, with slanting eyes. "Oh, I love little girls!" he cried, and thrust his head directly in front of my face with an extreme, Oriental smile. I screamed.

Another visitor to Boston from foreign shores figured in a story about the world of the great Boston hostesses. This hostess had managed to secure a real plum, a visiting celebrity whom my father always called, in the story, Count Pallavicini, though I doubt that that was his name. In his honor the lady engaged to play at her party the Boston organist Malcolm Lang, both because of Lang's distinction and to show off her magnificent instrument. About this stage in the story my father's eyes would become glassy: "The night of the party arrived," he would continue, "And—aaaaah—" Lang performed, the applause was enthusiastic, but the lady wanted Count Pallavicini's personal expression of appreciation and, hurrying up to him, cried, "Oh, Count, wasn't Mr. Lang's playing superb?" The aristocratic visiting Italian replied, "Yes, yes, he was well enough-a. But to playa ze organ," he went on, waxing ardent, "and manage-a ze monk', all ze sama time, *zere* was ze genius."

At this juncture I would be leaning forward upon one nightgowned elbow, in my fourposted bed, tense. With a child's unerring instinct for the human as above the anecdotal, I would more than likely ask, "And what did *she* say?" My father, the point of his story thus ruined, would pull down the corners of his mustache and chew them in exasperation. It grieved me to annoy him, but I did so long to know what happened next.

BUT the stories I loved best were not really stories—in the sense of anecdotes—at all, but the recounting of the glorious, magic, Lucullan evenings my father and mother spent when they dined in town. Here my fancy really soared, undamped by cynicism, untickled by humor, straight into the pure wild empyrean. If my parents had had any idea what agonizing pleasure they used to give me when they came to bid me good night on their way out to an evening in town—my father in tails and a boiled shirt, my mother as beautiful as a seraph in pink satin embroidered with passementerie, her pink satin shoes pointed at the tip and with deeply curved French heels, her scarf spangled gauze, her wrap changeable velvet with ostrich feathers round the neck—they would surely out of mercy have dined out continually. In actual fact, they went out rather seldom.

My father's best friend was an archi-



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tect, of an old Boston family, who had studied at the Beaux-Arts in Paris. He and his beautiful golden-haired Irish wife, who had been an artists' model and whom I called Aunt, were fond of dining at the Boston restaurants, with my parents, in a day when restaurant dining was not frowned upon but unusual, bohemian. My pretend Uncle was a great gourmet, a connoisseur of wines. I remember particularly that to preface their little dinners he favored *vermouth mélangé*. So I was told; and since no one explained to me what *vermouth mélangé* might be, I thought of it as pale green with foam on top; nectar, in short.

In the days before there was a me, they had used to dine at the old Thorndike, famous for its game. But the Thorndike burned, I think, and by the time I began the years of swallowing tales of Boston night life in great draughts, it was the Touraine that they chiefly patronized. Afterward, perhaps, they would go to a musical comedy—the two gay friends from old Paris days with their beautiful wives, one fair, one dark. This pleasant custom they carried on for years. My father had the faculty for remembering the score of all the musical shows they saw, and while he was taking his cold bath in the morning, he would render songs from performances running far back before my birth, until the house rocked:

"Then meet me on the beach at Narragansett . . .
Country girls, city girls,
Dull girls, witty girls,
All sorts of pretty girls, coming down to dive.
When you see the little beauts
Sitting in their bathing-suits
You'll be glad that you're alive . . ."

or, more swooningly,

"Oh, won't you come and play wiz me
And stay wiz me
Make hay wiz me?
I've such a pretty way wiz me . . ."

I do not think the phrase "make hay with me" really appeared in the proper version of this song, however. I think my father made it up, to rhyme. When he could not remember the words of a song and could not think of anything to rhyme either, he filled in with the phrase "my boys":

"I wonder who's kissing her now.
I wonder who's teaching her how.
I wonder who's gazing into my boys,
Yes, my boys, yes, my joys!"

so that he could complete his rendition of the songs that they used to hear in Boston theatres and music halls in those nights of the early century when they would dine out.

The mere mention of meals being taken of course made my infant pulse quicken. I would squirm with a vicarious greed in my bed and interrupt the story by asking "And what did you have to eat?"

My father did not like being interrupted. He would shut his mouth and pull down one corner of it. Sometimes, in retaliation, he would then tease me by intoning "Well, first we had sooooop, and then we had fiiiiish, and then we had meeeeeat . . ." But sometimes he would relent and tell me about the marvels that they had to eat and drink at those little dinners—the game ducks, cooked purple rare; the Château Yquem, the Piper Heidsieck, the pâté de foie gras, the Baked Alaska, the Danziger Goldwasser, the, ah, the nightingales' tongues.

Actually, in this phase of the legend, it was my own imagination that created the atmosphere of that glittering, brilliant, worldly Boston that never was on land or sea. After they had gone out to dinner—trailing chiffon and the smell of bay rum—and I was left in my dark room to try to go to sleep, my mind would travel into the world I fancied they had entered. Down Commonwealth Avenue they swept, its double boulevard bordered with winking white lights, its great brownstone houses blazing with illumination, front doors being opened and shut continually by tall butlers. Past the Public Gardens they proceeded, and down Boylston Street, to the restaurant of their choice, palms in the forecourt and flunkies on either hand. "Table for four!" was the cry; and, casually, with glances cast backward and the intimate exchange of bons mots, they would find their seats, be bowed to by the major-domo; the two ladies would lay long white kid gloves carelessly upon the damask tablecloth. An orchestra played, behind potted plants; acquaintances—rich, handsome, distinguished—nodded recognition; the first course was produced, on silver platters with domelike covers. The words for all these things had been told me, in the stories; but the colors, the glitter, the atmosphere at once rich and sparkling, I supplied myself.

Lying there in my dark room, I would try not to remember the story about Mr. H——. Mr. H—— was one of my father's dead-beat friends, the sort of painter who was always saying he would "knock 'em dead" with a new picture, and never succeeded in selling anything. He lived off lessons and, perhaps, off touching my father; I always thought of him as having a ragged, drooping mustache. At one of those little dinners at the Touraine, my father had seen H—— across the room and, in leaving, stopped to speak. H—— was dining off rare roast beef and claret. "Have to treat myself to something decent once in a while," he said, jovially. "Keeps my spirits up, you know. Mrs. H—— cooks up a batch of macaroni every Monday morning and it lasts us the rest of the week. She and the little girl can stand it but, by Gad, I can't. *Ça m'ennuie*," he added, with a ghastly attempt at old Paris bonhomie.

I would switch my mind sharply away from this picture, for it was gloomy, and of all things I feared gloom, such as I felt in the air on those occasional nights when my father's heavy footsteps coming upstairs, instead of turning into my room, went along the hall to my mother's, and I could hear the low, urgent murmur of voices in there. Once I got up and stole along the hall and listened to my father telling my mother of the discouragements he encountered in the always forbidding field of trying to be an artist in Boston. Since then, there was always the frightful doubt in the outer fringes of my mind about whether he was happy after all, or successful, or sought-after.

The really awful, the unbearable part of the Mr. H—— story was that a few months after the encounter in the Touraine Mr. H——'s little girl died—of eating macaroni, presumably. It made an unpleasant stain upon the cloth of gold of one's vision of Boston night life.

When I grew up and began going to parties in Boston myself, it was quite another world that I encountered: a sedate world, painstakingly simple, lined with patronesses, policed by chaperones, decorous, unostentatious, and pleasant. But juxtaposed ideas sometimes do not conflict at all; it was some time before it occurred to me that the parties I attended bore little or no relation to that land of glitter and glory I had imagined my parents going off to when I lay as a child in my narrow fourposter.

I had, of course, entered the real Boston, or *a* real Boston. My days were passed in going to morning practice sessions for the chorus of the Vincent Show in the downstairs ballroom of the Somerset Hotel; attending débutante luncheons at which it was fashionable to rise before dessert and leave, taking the centerpiece flowers with one; tea dancing to the strains of "That Certain Feeling" with Harvard seniors at Shepard's Colonial; going to dances in the evening given at one of the hotels or at the Women's Republican Club, or, perhaps, out at the Brookline Country Club, among surroundings that meant merely health and fresh air to us. We wanted to be world-worn and decayed, and so we escaped to go slumming, wearing our most blasé expressions, at the American House in Scollay Square or, our nerve up, down at the Argonauts Club on Rowe's Wharf. We got to bed about three and slept late, waking to see that snow had fallen in the night.

When at last it emerged into my consciousness that this life, though busy, was not at all the Boston of wit, gaiety, and sparkle that my father's stories had, with my collaboration, created, the realization was accompanied by a feeling of bewilderment and of resentment. For I was left with a whole airy metropolis on my hands, shimmering, inappropriate, iridescent, fitting nothing, as if I held a fabulous ruby necklace that had been declared bogus. What could you do with it? Where could you put it?

—Nancy Hale

* * *

A THEORY OF WAVES

Having no surface of its own, the pond,
Under the shifting, gray contingency
Of morning mists, extends even beyond
The swamp beside it, until presently
The thinning air declares itself to be
No longer water, and the pond itself
Is still for a moment, and no longer air.
Then waking bass glide from their sandy shelf,
And sets of concentric circles everywhere
Expand through some imaginary thing
Whose existence must be assumed, until they meet,
When incorporeal ripples, ring on ring,
Disturb a real surface as if with dripping feet
Some dark hypothesis had made retreat.

—John Hollander

ANNALS OF MEDICINE

$CH_3CO_2C_6H_4CO_2H$

AROUND five o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 4, 1955, an office boy walked into the office of Dr. Harold Jacobziner, Assistant Commissioner for Maternal and Child Health of the New York City Health Department and chief of the Department's newly established Poison Control Center, with a memorandum initialled by a clerk in the report room of the Center. Dr. Jacobziner had his hat on his head and his briefcase in his hand, but the message turned him back to his desk. He sat down, glanced again at the paper, and paused for a moment of geographical calculation. Then he picked up the telephone and dialled the Department's Bureau of Public Health Nursing. An official of his acquaintance answered the call, and after a brisk exchange of civilities Dr. Jacobziner got briskly down to business. He had a job for one of the nurses on the staff of the municipal health center that served the Corona section of Queens. The assignment was an investigatory visit to the home of a couple named (let's say) Mr. and Mrs. Francis R. Poole. They lived at —— Alburtis Avenue, in Corona. According to a formal notification just received by the Poison Control Center, their son, a boy of three named Richard, had been admitted to Whitestone Memorial Hospital a few hours earlier. It was another case of acute acetylsalicylic-acid intoxication.

“I'd like to see the airlines top this.”

ACETYLSALICYLIC acid is the universal comforter known in the Esperanto of the laboratory as $CH_3CO_2C_6H_4CO_2H$ and almost everywhere else as aspirin. The latter is a term of proprietary origin that has achieved an all but total nomenclatural ascendancy over science. This triumph, though unique in medical history, was in no way uniquely accomplished. In common with all such fabrications that have outgrown the stigma of trade, the widespread acceptance of the name is generally attributable to its distinctive sound, to its attractive brevity, and to many years of pertinacious advertising. Nevertheless, unlike much commercial coinage, “aspirin” is not altogether an etymological freak. Its lineage is acceptably legitimate. It derives, roughly but rationally, from “Spiraea,” a botanical genus whose more prominent members (bridal wreath, meadowsweet, hardhack) are natural sources of salicylic acid, the active principle in aspirin. As it happens, however, the vegetable secretion of the acid is far from confined to plants of the Spiraea group. It also occurs in many other shrubs (jasmine, madder, partridgeberry), and in many legumes (peas, beans, clover), grasses (wheat, rye, sugar cane), and trees (beech, birch, olive, poplar, willow). The Spiraea were merely among the first such plants to be identified by modern pharmacology.

That the bark, fruit, and leaves of these plants contain some revitalizing agent has long been common, if largely rustic, knowledge. Potions rich in salicylic acid are as old as herbal therapy, and almost as ubiquitous. Practically all races seem to have early grasped their usefulness. A draught whose ingredients included the juice of willow bark was esteemed by many North American Indian tribes as an antipyretic, or fever reducer. Another aboriginal people—the Hottentots of South Africa—made good use of an essentially similar decoction to ease the agony of rheumatism. The willow, among other salicylate plants, was also held in high regard throughout the early Mediterranean world. Hippocrates, in the fourth century before Christ, recognized its capacity for relieving both pain and fever. He also perspicaciously recommended topical applications of willow leaves, presumably as an antiseptic, in the *post-partum* care of maternity cases, and, less perspicaciously, the juice of poplar bark for various eye diseases. A generation later, Theophrastus, a pioneer botanist who succeeded Aristotle as head of the Lyceum at Athens, proclaimed the analgesic excellence of madder bark. He was, in addition, commendably inspired to urge the inclusion of madder in the manual of mild but effective diuretics. Theophrastus's success in thus broadening the therapeutic range of the salicylates was presently matched by other investigators. Around 75 A.D., Dioscorides, a Greek surgeon in Roman military service, rose from a series of experiments with the discovery that a paste composed of willow ash would safely remove such callosities as corns. In the course of this study, he had stumbled upon the further fact that his corn cure was almost as useful in combatting the torments of gout. Pliny the Elder, the celebrated Roman encyclopedist, placed willow juice on the diuretic list. He then went on to propose an infusion of poplar bark as a specific for sciatica, and, amending, if not improving upon, Hippocrates, suggested poplar gum to druggists in search of a satisfactory eyewash. To these innovations, more imaginative minds rapidly added an unguent of willow bark as a cure for earache, one of willow leaves as a dressing for bloody wounds, and a willow poultice to dissipate fistulas and erysipelatous lesions. By the end of the second century, when Galen completed his valiant thirty-volume pharmacopoeia, all the remedial powers—great, small, illusory—of the salicylates had been noted and defined. Galen was the mightiest of the Greco-Roman empirical pharmacists. He was also the last pharmacist of any stature anywhere until almost modern times. With the foundering of Rome, the whole of rational herbal therapy was lost to most of the Western world in the mists of Christian mysticism for well over a thousand years. ("All diseases of Christians are to be ascribed to demons," St. Augustine announced in the fifth century.) But for a scattering of practical folk-physicians, too simple to comprehend the complexities of fashionable piety, it might well have been lost forever.

The classic grasp of botanical medicine managed to survive both Imperial Rome and the Holy Roman Empire only in the country kitchen. Among salicylate plants, the willow was the first to be recalled to the attention of science. An eighteenth-century English clergyman and naturalist named Edward Stone is usually considered its rediscoverer. His find, though unexpected, was not entirely adventitious. He knew, in a way, just what he was looking for. Stone, like many others of his time and inquisitive bent, had long diverted himself with the hope of finding in some common plant an inexpensive antipyretic substitute for Peruvian bark (or cinchona), as quinine was then called. One afternoon in 1763, while enjoying a rural ramble, he got wind of the fact (possibly during a pause in a country kitchen) that willow bark was locally much admired as a household remedy for the feverish chills of ague. A hint was all he needed. He sampled a piece of bark, found that it shared with cinchona an "extraordinary bitterness," and buckled down to work. Some months later, in a letter to the president of the Royal Society of London for Improving Natural Knowledge, he summarized his findings. His paper began with a word on the willow. "As this tree," he not-

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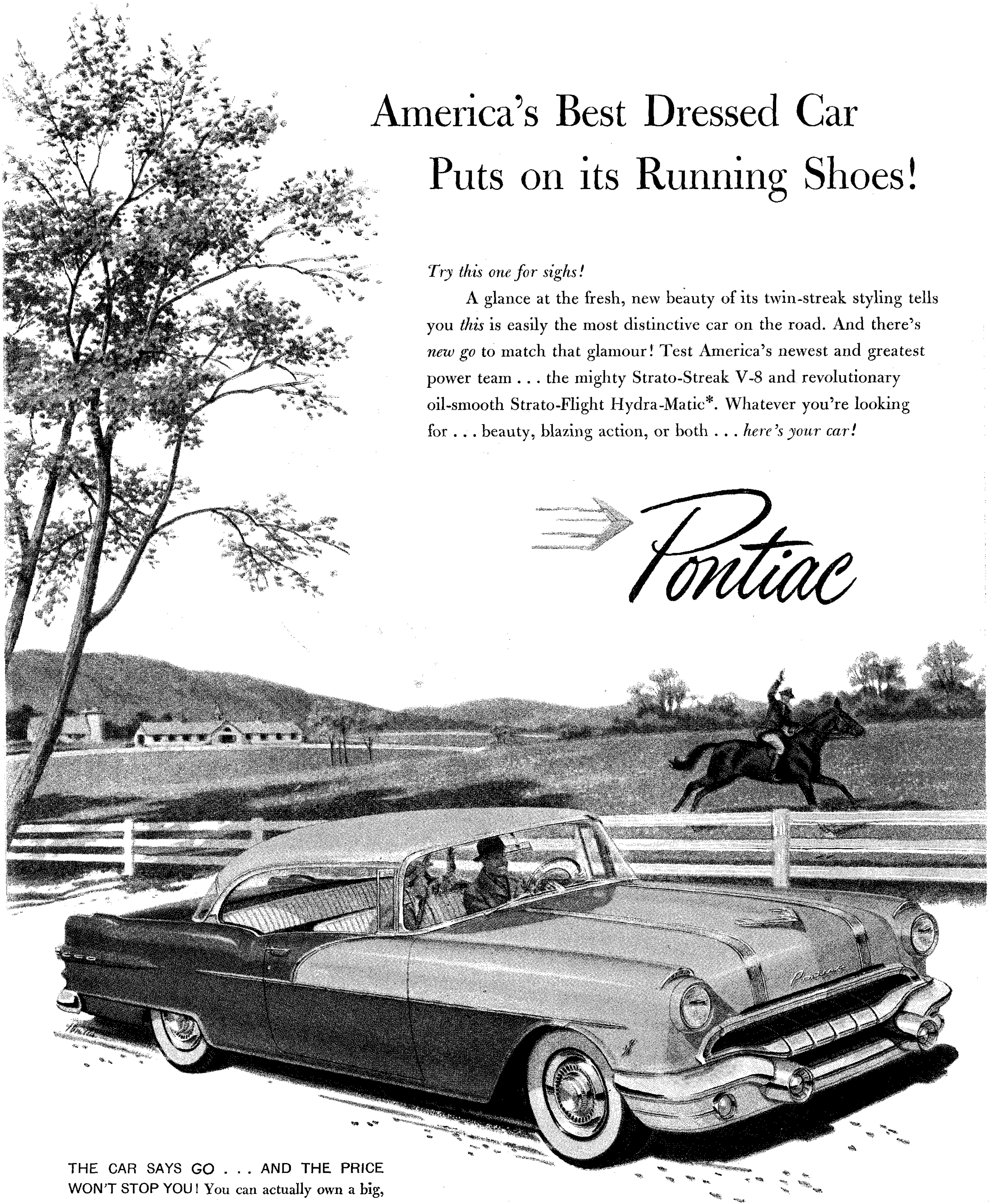

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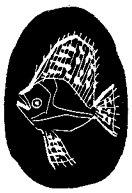
PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION ed, "delights in a moist or wet soil, where agues chiefly abound, the general maxim, that many natural maladies carry their cures along with them, or that their remedies lie not far from their causes, was so very apposite to this particular case, that I could not help applying it; and that this might be the intention of Providence here, I must own, had some little weight with me." Then, having delivered himself of this rather shaky ratiocination, Stone got firmly down to cases. Providence had provided him with fifty of them. All were victims of "agues and intermitting disorders," and although their seizures varied in severity, all were placed on the same regimen—twenty grains of powdered willow bark dissolved in a dram of water, administered every four hours. The results, he was happy to record, had been uniformly excellent.



Stone's triumphant report, which was presently published in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society, had two triumphant results. The first, and by far the more direct and immediate, was a burst of corroborative clinical tests that promptly returned the willow to a reputable place in the professional medicine chest. The other was the introduction of the willow into the laboratories of scientific chemistry, which were then just opening. There, in the first decades of the nineteenth century, it happened to catch the eye of a cosmopolitan company of investigators whose particular interest was the chemical composition of medically useful plants. Their attention, once focussed, was almost at once productive. The effective essence of willow bark was identified by the Italian chemists Fontana and Brugnatelli in 1826. Three years later, a French experimental pharmacist, Henri Leroux, accomplished its isolation. In 1838, the extraction of salicylic acid was accomplished by the Italian chemist Rafelle Piria. At about the same time, in Switzerland, an apothecary named Pagenstecher found that it could also be obtained from meadowsweet and bridal wreath, and this provocative find was closely followed by a succession of explorations, in England, Germany, and elsewhere, that quickly established its presence in a multitude of other plants. The inquiry then came to a halt. For it was almost as quickly established that salicylic acid, despite its abundance of sources, was too costly to extract to be of much practical use. Also, for the moment, the investigators had satisfied their curiosity.

Their curiosity remained quiescent for close to a generation. It revived, like the whole of organic chemistry, with the stentorian enunciation, by the German chemists Friedrich Wöhler and Justus von Liebig, of the theory of synthesis, or the interrelation of organic and inorganic substances. Among those who heard their call was a professor of chemistry at the University of Leipzig named Hermann Kolbe. To Kolbe, the sound was a summons. It summoned him to work, and to fame. In 1874, after a period of patient stalking, he emerged from his laboratory and held up to view in the pages of the *Journal für praktische Chemie* an economical procedure for the production of synthetic salicylic acid. The importance of Kolbe's achievement, which posterity has recorded as a milestone in the history of synthetics, was readily grasped by all but the most myopic, and the halls of progressive chemistry rang with appreciative applause. So, understandably, did those of contemporary medicine, but only for a time. The hopes it excited in medical science soon and suddenly withered. Although Kolbe had solved one practical problem, his solution brought another to light, which revealed itself at the first round of clinical trials. Pure salicylic acid, though a model of strength in dulling pain and banishing fever, was by no means a model drug. Its salubrious powers were more than offset by its high degree of toxicity. Large or frequent doses, the reporting clinicians agreed, almost always resulted in nausea, often in spasms of vomiting, and sometimes even in coma. The inquiry once more shifted its course. What was needed now, its participants perceived, was a neutralizing agent, or buffer. That meant searching out some substance that would combine with salicylic acid (not all elements are physiologically compatible), render it sufficiently bland for general clinical use, and yet leave unimpaired its therapeutic vigor. The chemists' resilience, for once, was fully and finally rewarded. There are, to the best of scientific knowledge, just three compounds that meet these requirements with anything approaching precision, and all were known and in service before the end of the century. One of them—sodium salicylate—turned up at the very first cast, in 1876. In 1885, the Polish pharmacologist Marcellus von Nencki identified phenyl salicylate as another. The third is acetylsalicylic acid. It was introduced in 1899.

Acetylsalicylic acid had its pharma-

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cological origin in the laboratories of Friedrich Bayer & Co., later a subsidiary of I. G. Farbenindustrie, near Düsseldorf. It was first developed there, early in 1899, by a young research chemist named Felix Hoffmann. Hoffmann was not, nor did he claim to be, the actual discoverer of acetylsalicylic acid. That distinction had been achieved some forty years before by an Alsatian chemist named Charles Frédéric von Gerhardt. What Hoffmann discovered was its usefulness. Von Gerhardt had encountered acetylsalicylic acid in 1853 while exploring the interaction of various salts and acids, but he considered it merely a novelty. Like Paul Gelmo, the precocious Viennese student who in 1908 casually created and indifferently abandoned the coal-tar derivative known since its re-creation (by Gerhard Domagk, in 1933) as sulfanilamide, von Gerhardt was born too soon to comprehend what he had wrought. Hoffmann, like Domagk, was more favorably placed. His accomplishment, however, can be laid only partly to the instructive passage of time. He had other, less common advantages. Of these, two were decisive. One was a uniquely compelling source of inspiration in the person of his father. The elder Hoffmann was an invalid, a racked and crippled victim of rheumatoid arthritis. Of the remedies then at hand, including both sodium and phenyl salicylate, none could give him any adequate relief, and his life had become an agony. This wrenched the son from his workaday studies and drove him in search of some effective medicament. Hoffmann's other great gift was good luck. This guided his steps past the standard works in the scientific library to a compendium of chemical freaks and drones, and enabled him to find what he was looking for. His next move was conventional. Having satisfied himself, by laboratory test and domestic trial, of the worth of acetylsalicylic acid, he assembled his notes and carried them dutifully to the Bayer Company's director of pharmacological research. That was Heinrich Dreser, the architect of, among other things, diacetylmorphine, or heroin, and then an imposing figure in European science. Dreser reacted to the data set before him in a manner befitting his rank. He took one look, and took over. It was he who piloted acetylsalicylic acid through its first full-dress clinical evaluation. It was he who discarded its natural name as being hard to pronounce, hard to remember, and impossible to patent, and replaced it with the commercially seemlier "Aspirin." And it

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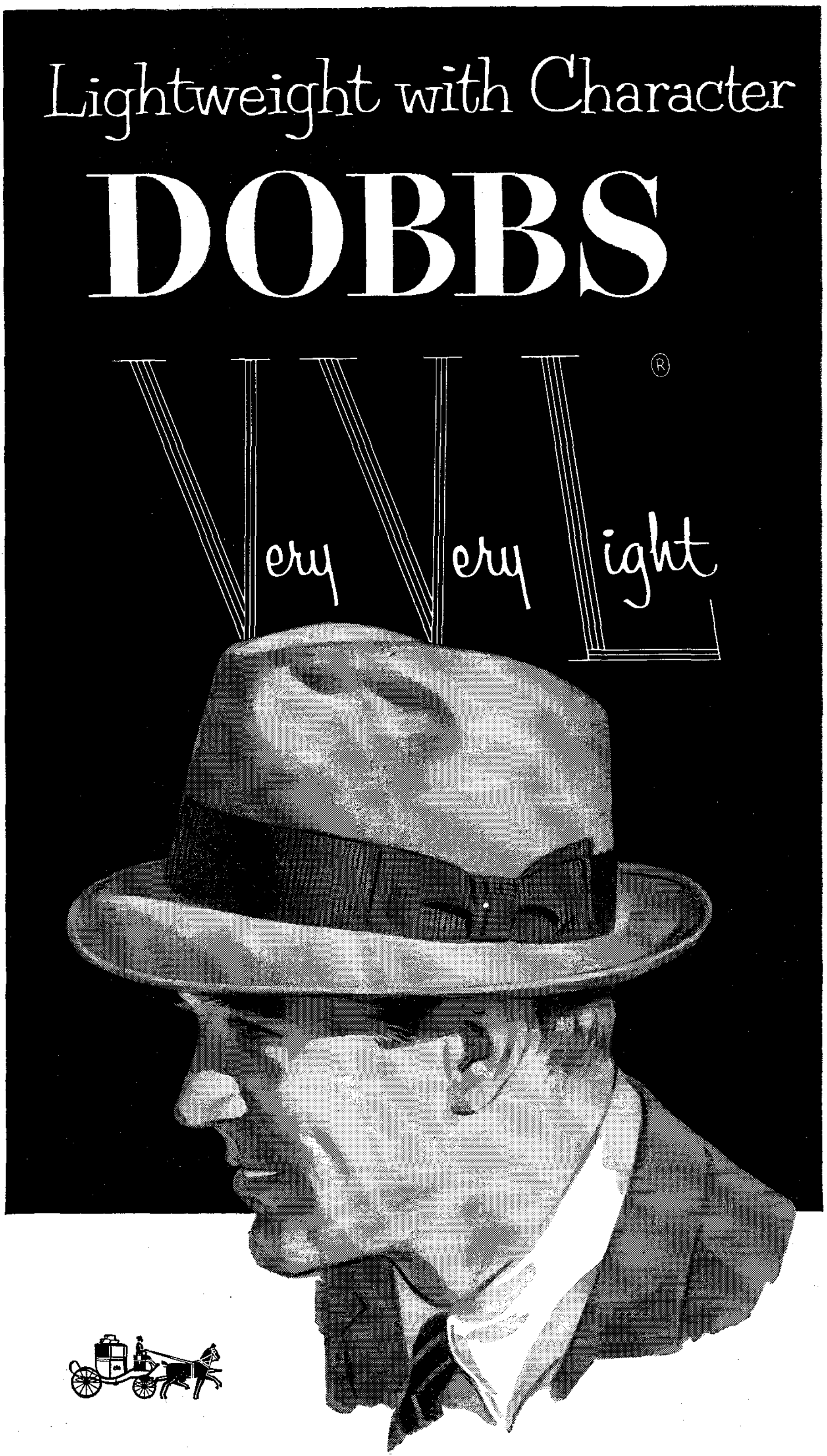
was he who wrote, and cheerfully signed, the pioneering report, confidently entitled "Pharmakologisches über Aspirin (Acetylsalicylsäure)," whose publication in *Pflügers Archiv für die gesamte Physiologie des Menschen und der Tiere* first brought the compound to the attention of medicine. That was toward the end of 1899. Its merits took it from there.

ACETYLSALICYLIC acid (as most clinicians still choose to call it), or aspirin (the name practically everyone else prefers), or Aspirin (as its original proprietors were profitably privileged to insist on its being called until the general expiration of their patents around 1917), is an extraordinary drug. Almost everything about it is unusual. It comes, for one thing, impressively close to being the oldest therapeutic agent in continuing active demand. Only such venerable specifics as quinine (for malaria), colchicum (for gout), digitalis (for cardiac weakness), and, perhaps, the bromides (for relief of nervous tension) are of greater age and durability. Unlike these tottering centenarians, however, it has more than merely held its own against the massive ingenuities of mid-twentieth-century pharmacology. In 1935, the annual consumption of acetylsalicylic acid in the United States was estimated at four million pounds. By 1944, it had risen to nearly eight million. According to the least galvanic estimates, it now exceeds eleven million pounds, or, in terms of the standard dosage, approximately sixteen billion five-grain tablets. The true figure is probably well in excess of that, for, in general, such estimates refer only to the acetylsalicylic acid that is marketed under the name of aspirin. They seldom include that contained in the several more recently developed proprietary preparations—Bufferin, Anacin, Empirin, and Alka-Seltzer, among others—of which it is a major ingredient. The popularity of acetylsalicylic acid is almost equally immoderate elsewhere in the world. In some countries, notably Canada and those of Western Europe, it has, if anything, inspired an even fiercer veneration (England, for example, with hardly a fourth the population of the United States, consumes at least three million pounds of it a year), and there are no countries in which it is unknown, unappreciated, or unavailable. It is, in fact, the most widely used drug on earth. It is also the cheapest (a five-grain tablet costs about half a cent), one of the safest (many aspirant suicides have survived doses of more than two hundred grains), and, among



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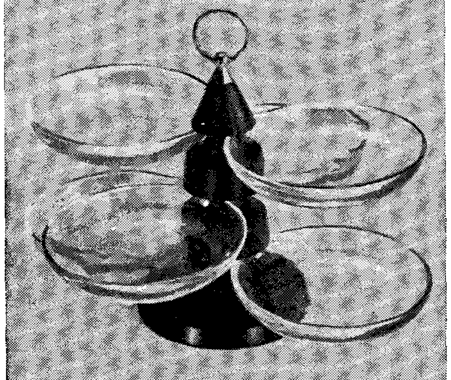

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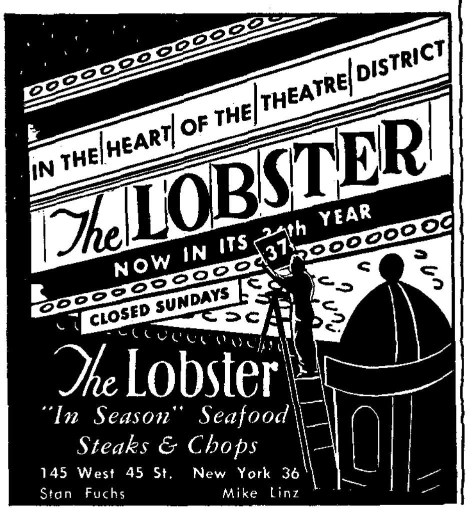
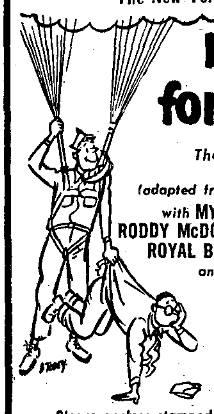


drugs of a comparable nature, including its companion salicylates, without much doubt the best. Some authorities go further than that. They consider it the most generally useful drug in the entire armamentarium of medicine.

It is not hard to understand why. The great majority of drugs, as the heft of the modern pharmacopoeia is enough to suggest, are more conspicuous for the refinement than for the variety of their therapeutic feats. Hundreds, like insulin (the specific for *diabetes mellitus*) and heparin (an anticoagulant), are limited in usefulness to one particular function, and there are many hundreds more whose present scope is only a trifle less narrow. Even the widest-ranging antibiotics, for all the multiplicity of horrors—anthrax, brucellosis, endocarditis, meningitis, tularemia, and syphilis, among others—over which they have an almost sovereign domination, are anything but widely effective. Their range is wholly confined to diseases of infectious, or microbial, origin. Acetylsalicylic acid is differently endowed. Although it is incapable of mastering any disease, it possesses a masterful sweep. Few drugs embody more, or more various, powers. As an analgesic, an antipyretic, an antirheumatic, and—or at least so a recent study at the Boston University School of Medicine, in which it appeared to show a marked capacity for preventing the recurrence of kidney stones, would suggest—an anticalculus, its palliative reach embraces practically all the smaller miseries, as well as some of those of considerable stature, that try the human race.

Just how acetylsalicylic acid performs this symphony of services has yet to be fully fathomed. Fifty years of investigation have illuminated little more than the general route it follows through the body. Salicylic acid, the active principle of the drug, is absorbed directly from the small intestine into the blood stream. It remains there, moving with the current of the circulation, for, in most cases, ten to fourteen hours. It then passes into the kidneys and is excreted in the urine. It is also known to form in the kidneys a compound called glucuronide, whose presence increases the solubility of calcium—a phenomenon that would seem to explain its apparent anticalculous action. The essential physiology of the acid is otherwise very largely opaque. About the only further probability is that each of its distinctive effects is achieved by a different mechanism. There is no possible functional connection between its capacity for generating glucuronide and any of its other attributes, and it



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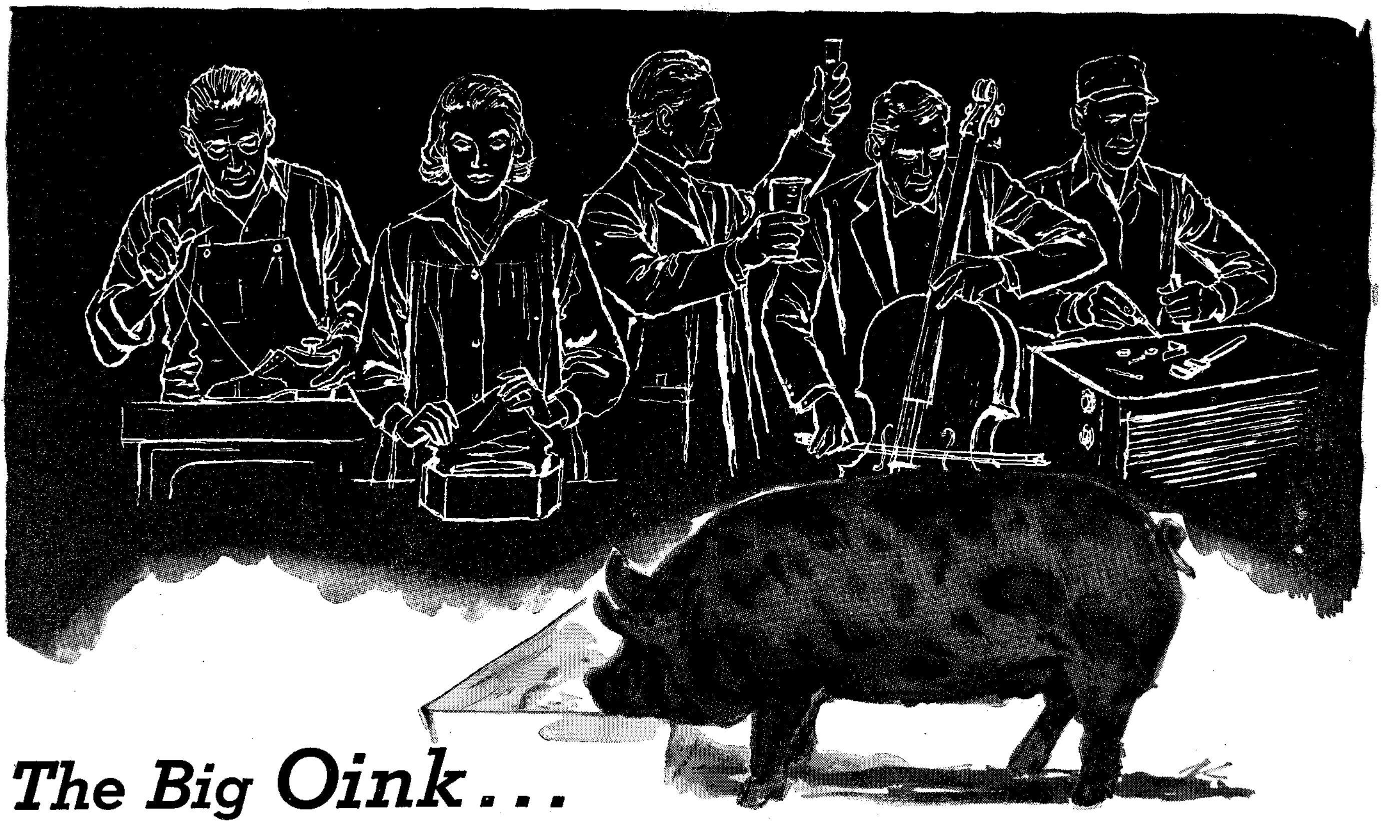

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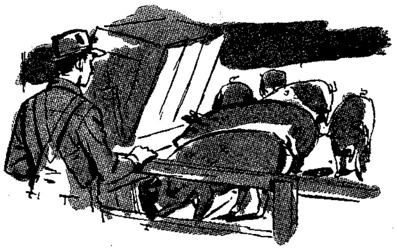

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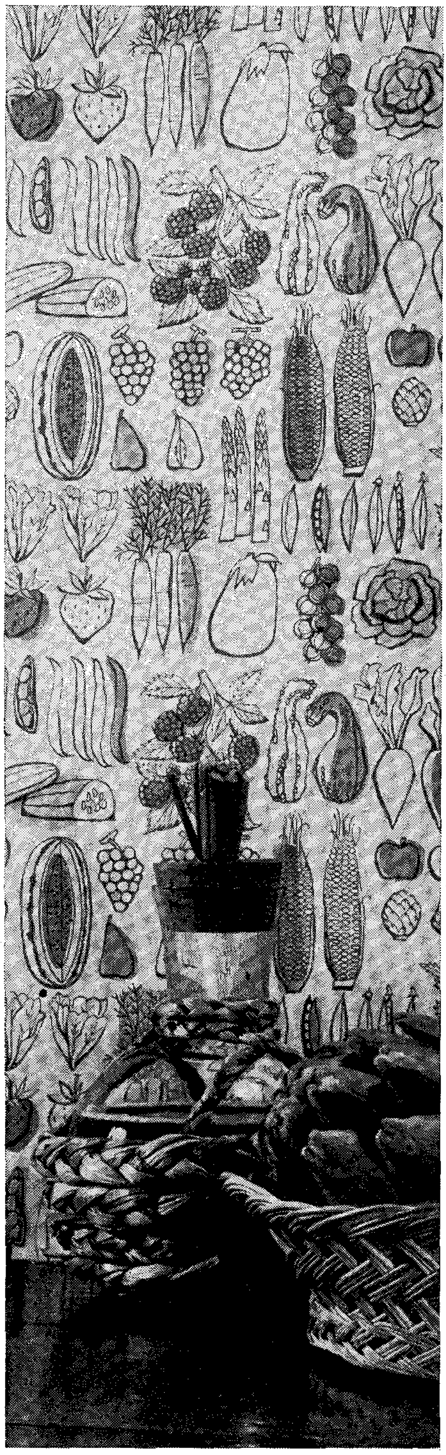

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seems almost as certain that the processes by which it blocks pain, reduces fever, and suppresses joint inflammations are also completely unrelated. Of these three established powers, the first is the least mysterious. Most physiologists believe that the site of salicylic acid's analgesic action is the thalamus, the chief sensory reception center, located in the forebrain. There, in some obscure manner, the acid (or impulses set in motion by it) impedes the normal transmission of stimuli conveying the sensation of pain. The best evidence suggests that acetylsalicylic acid has the power to raise the threshold against pain perception by about thirty-five per cent. "A very small dose of aspirin has a measurable effect in raising the pain threshold," Stewart Wolf, head of the Department of Medicine of the University of Oklahoma School of Medicine, and Harold G. Wolff, professor of medicine at the Cornell University Medical College, noted in a recent monograph. "Increasing the dose has a progressively greater effect up to about ten grains, beyond which no additional painkilling effect is manifest, although larger doses do somewhat prolong the duration of effect. With ten grains of aspirin, maximum effect is achieved in about one and a half hours. Thereafter its action in raising the pain threshold begins to dwindle. The effect can be kept at a peak most satisfactorily not by giving larger doses but by frequently repeating the ten-grain dose, say at two-hour intervals. . . . Combinations of analgesic drugs are no more effective than is the single strongest drug in the combination. The most that can be achieved in terms of deadening pain is the effect of ten grains of aspirin." This, of course, is not to say that acetylsalicylic acid is the strongest of all analgesics. It is merely the strongest that can be safely used without medical supervision. Morphine, for example, is capable of raising the threshold against pain perception as high as seventy per cent, but it also affects pain reaction; that is, it simultaneously blocks the passage of stimuli conveying such sensations as tension and anxiety. The artificial avoidance of tension and anxiety is the basis of addiction. Acetylsalicylic acid has no effect whatever on pain reaction.

Almost nothing is known about the way acetylsalicylic acid functions as a febrifuge. There are no absolute data on the dynamics involved, and only a few reasonably firm hypotheses. The firmest of these concern the general procedure by which a reduction of fever is accomplished. It was once held that the phenomenon could be ascribed largely to a braking action on the machinery of heat production. Recent research has substantially altered this view. The explanation now in vogue suggests that antipyresis results primarily from a simple quickening of the body's natural facilities for releasing excessive heat—the peripheral blood vessels and the sweat glands. Its ultimate cause, as currently envisioned, is more complex. Animal experiments have demonstrated that, contrary to snap assumption, this hyperactivity is induced not by direct stimulation of the superficial thermostatic apparatus but indirectly, through the central nervous system. In the opinion of most investigators, the specific focus of impact is probably one or another of the numerous regulatory nuclei that are clustered near the midbrain. Beyond this point, however, all suppositions falter. The nature of the power that acetylsalicylic acid has over these nuclei eludes even the nimblest imaginations, except for one twilit hypothesis: The control it exerts would seem to be somewhat less than total. For, as a mountain of empirical evidence makes clear, its influence is limited to the remission of fever. It is peculiarly, and providentially, incapable, even in massive doses, of forcing the temperature of the body below 98.6 degrees, or normal.

Everything about the antirheumatic powers of acetylsalicylic acid is elusive. No one has any understanding of their fundamental character. It can be said only that they very definitely exist. They are, in fact, so plainly pronounced that acetylsalicylic acid has stood unchallenged for almost half a century as the drug of majority choice in the symptomatic treatment of rheumatic fever, rheumatoid arthritis, and other inflammations of connective tissue. Its position, though violently shaken by the cyclonic appearance of cortisone and ACTH in 1949, is still far from insecure. Many clinicians—especially in Britain, where the adrenocortical hormones were welcomed with a rather less millennial euphoria than in their native America—have never ceased to prefer it. "Modern hormone therapy notwithstanding, salicylate, either as the sodium salt or as acetylsalicylic acid—remains the safest and most satisfactory drug in the routine treatment of rheumatism," Stanley Graham, professor of child health at the University of Glasgow, wrote in a recent report to the *British Medical Journal.* Much the same opinion has been expressed by William McK. Jefferies, assistant professor of medicine at the Western Reserve University School of Medicine, in the *New England Journal of Medicine.* "Although ACTH, cortisone, or hydrocortisone in adequate doses can at least temporarily control the symptoms of rheumatoid arthritis in practically every case," Dr. Jefferies observed, "the chronic nature of this disease and the hazards of prolonged maintenance of steroid therapy make it generally advisable to try other accepted methods of treatment, such as salicylates and physiotherapy, first." To these views, Sir Henry Cohen and his fellow-members of the Joint Committee of the (British) Medical Research Council and Nuffield Foundation on Clinical Trials of Cortisone, ACTH, and Other Therapeutic Measures in Chronic Rheumatic Diseases, which recently completed a definitive two-year study, have added the opinion that "for practical purposes there has been remarkably little to choose between cortisone and aspirin in the management of [rheumatoid arthritis]." Except, of course, as the Committee must have felt it unnecessary to point out, in terms of price (the average effective dose of cortisone costs almost a dollar) and prudence.

Although, because of its low toxicity, its inability to dull the pain-reaction sense, and its lack of any effect on normal body temperature, acetylsalicylic acid ranks high among the safest of chemotherapeutic agents, it is by no means entirely innocuous. It has its savage side. Like most substances, including many foods, it can produce a variety of allergic reactions—dizziness, ear-ringing, nausea, vomiting, skin eruptions, asthmatic seizures, muscular spasms—in susceptible individuals. Some of these idiosyncratics are so exquisitely responsive that a single grain can have a shattering, or even a fatal, impact. Cases have been reported of people's being thrown into convulsions upon receiving a blood transfusion from a donor whose gift contained a just perceptible trace of the salicylate radical. Its touch can also dishevel constitutions that are not congenitally vulnerable. The cruel acidity that seriously flaws most salicylates is not altogether neutralized in the acetylsalicylic compounds. Chemistry has merely blunted its bite. There are certain diseases—peptic ulcer, for example, and coronary thrombosis—in which the use of acetylsalicylic acid may precipitate such complications as acute dyspepsia, prolonged retching, and hemorrhage. A general debility, such

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as that brought on by many essentially trivial ailments, may also, in a manner not yet fully understood, magnify its pernicious powers. It is, in addition, corrosive enough to sometimes enfeeble the most robustly well. No one can long consume immoderate amounts of aspirin (fifty or more grains a day) without suffering some degree of intoxication, and even a tablet or two, if swallowed whole on an empty stomach, often will cause a twinge of sour, heartburning discomfort. For all their abundance, however, the reprehensibly rash are not particularly prominent among those whom acetylsalicylic acid most commonly shakes or sickens. Nor, since they are generally made wary by early experience or experienced counsel, are the sensitive or the unwell. Its usual victims—in this country, at least—are children. According to the United States Food and Drug Administration, thousands of cases of salicylate poisoning of sufficient seriousness to require the services of a physician occur in the United States every year. In 1952, for instance, the total, including a hundred and thirteen cases that ended in death, reached nearly seventeen thousand. Of that number, nearly three-fourths, or more than thirteen thousand, were children—young children. Hundreds were mere infants, a year old or less, and none was more than five. Most of them, like the boy whose case was brought to the attention of Dr. Jacobziner that afternoon last May, were around three.

THE investigation into the case of Richard Poole that Dr. Jacobziner had requested fell to a visiting nurse named Veronica Flynn. Miss Flynn received the assignment when she reported for duty at the Corona District Health Center on Thursday morning, May 5th, and she set about discharging it without excitement or delay. A chronicle of her findings, which she wrote and posted late that afternoon, reached Dr. Jacobziner the following day. It made, he found, sad but familiar reading.

"I had fifteen others almost exactly like it in my files," Dr. Jacobziner said the other day. "All children, all accidents, all totally inexcusable. Only the details were different. Fifteen cases may not sound like very many. It wouldn't be today, of course. But it was then. In May, 1955, my file on acetylsalicylic-acid intoxication didn't go back very far. It only went back a couple of months—to the middle of March, in fact. That was when we established our Poison Control Center, with Harry Raybin, an extremely competent chemist, as its technical director. There wasn't any file on aspirin or any other kind of poisoning until then. The accumulation of epidemiological data is merely one phase of our work at the Center. The function of the Center is primarily educational. That takes two forms. One is to provide doctors and hospitals in the city with a source of accurate emergency information when they come up against some unfamiliar kind of poison. There are hundreds of potentially toxic chemical substances in daily household use. Every now and then, some child takes it into his head to sample one of them. In many instances, the doctor who gets the case has only the most general notion of what to do. He may know what it was that the child ate. That usually isn't much of a mystery. It was Johnson's Cream Furniture Wax, say, or Noxon Metal Polish, or Shinola. But he doesn't know what's in it. He doesn't know its chemistry. Our people do. When we get a call for help, we have the answer ready, and also the antidote, if any. In return for that service, however, we require something of the doctors and hospitals. They must notify us promptly of every case of chemical poisoning that comes to their attention. That's essential to the other aspect of our educational function. It gives us a chance to study the particular how and why of such outbreaks, and, often enough, to do something to prevent their recurrence. Well, the Poole case gave us something to study, all right. Not because it was unusual in any of its particulars. In that respect, as I say, Miss Flynn's report was only too familiar. It didn't tell us much of anything that we didn't already know about the causes of acetylsalicylic-acid poisoning. What made it a study was this: There was almost nothing that is known about the problem that wasn't present. It was practically a model of carelessness, bad luck, and ignorance.

"Miss Flynn's report was also something of a model. It couldn't have been more explicit. She began with a note on the boy. He was still at Whitestone Memorial, and his condition, at the moment of writing, was listed as serious. The report then took up the results of her investigation. She had paid a visit to the Poole home and talked to Mrs. Poole. The Pooles had a flat in a remodelled house—living room, kitchen, bathroom, bedroom. Richard was their only child. Mrs. Poole, however, was pregnant. She was in her fifth month, often felt unwell, and spent much of her time lying down. Mr. Poole was a subway guard, and worked an early shift. He was not at home at the time

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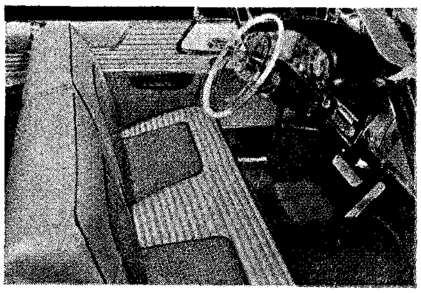

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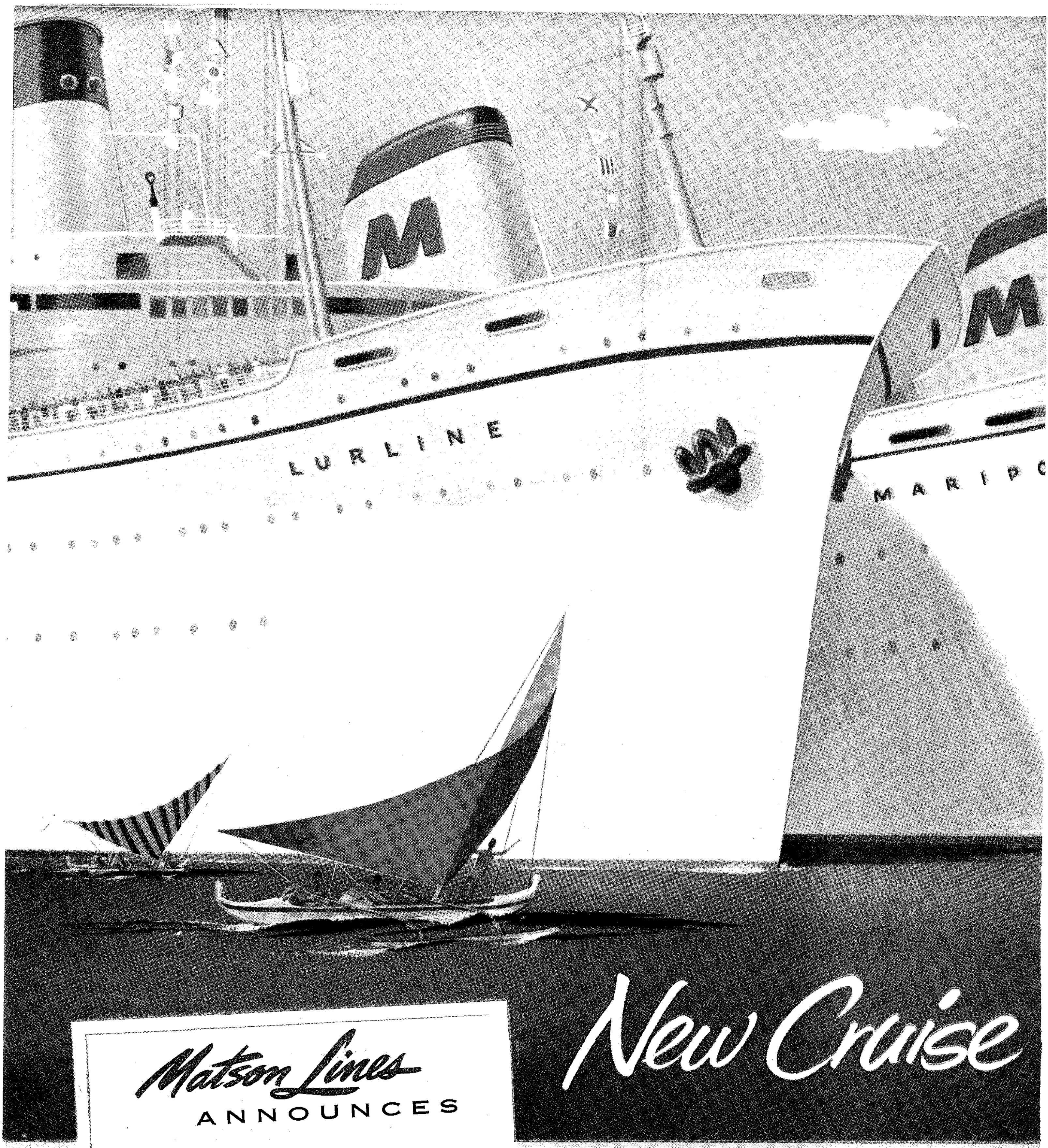

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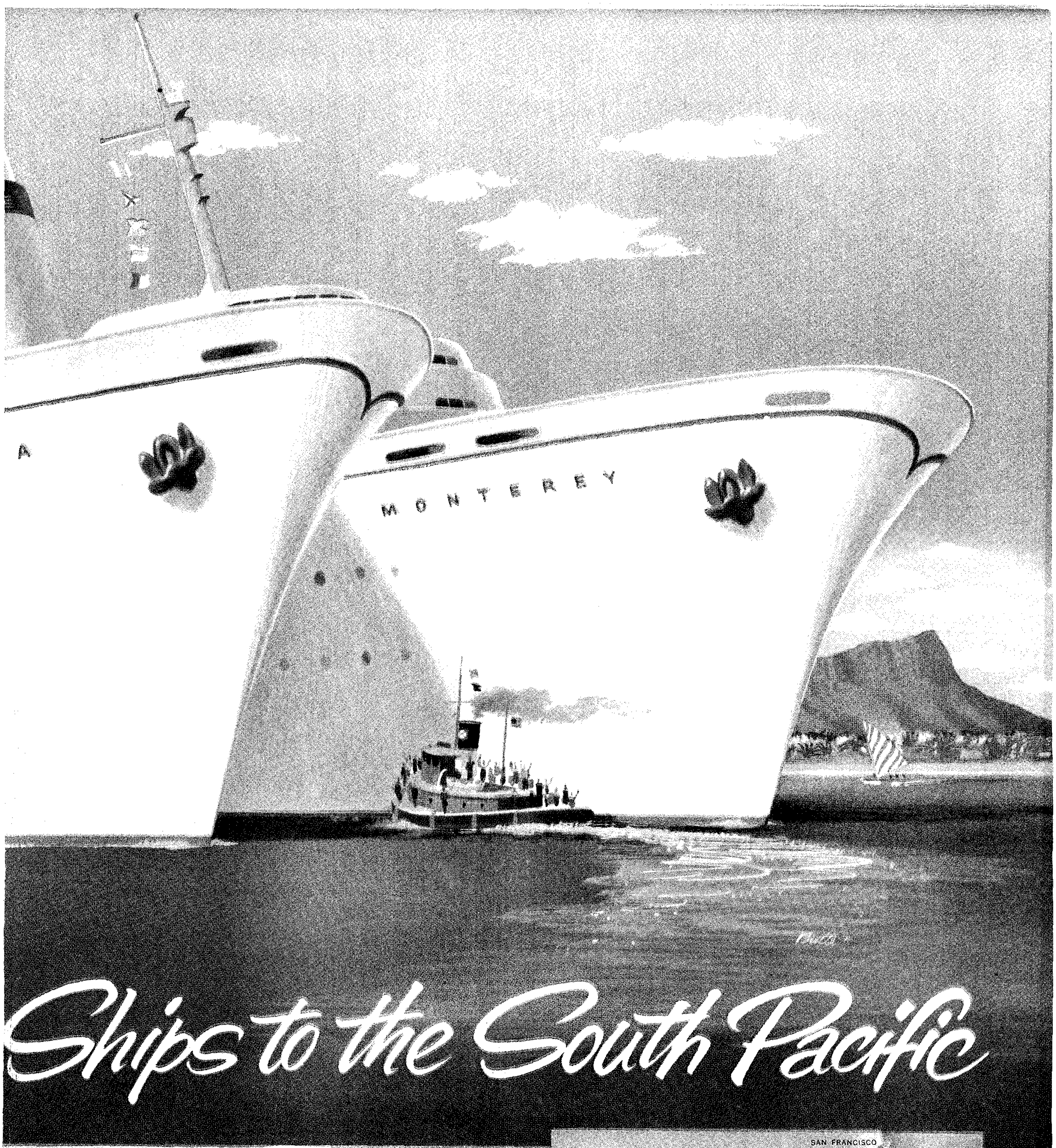
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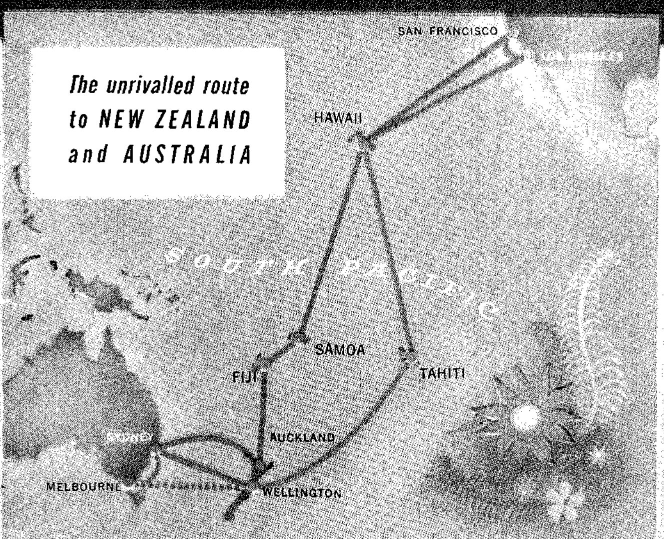
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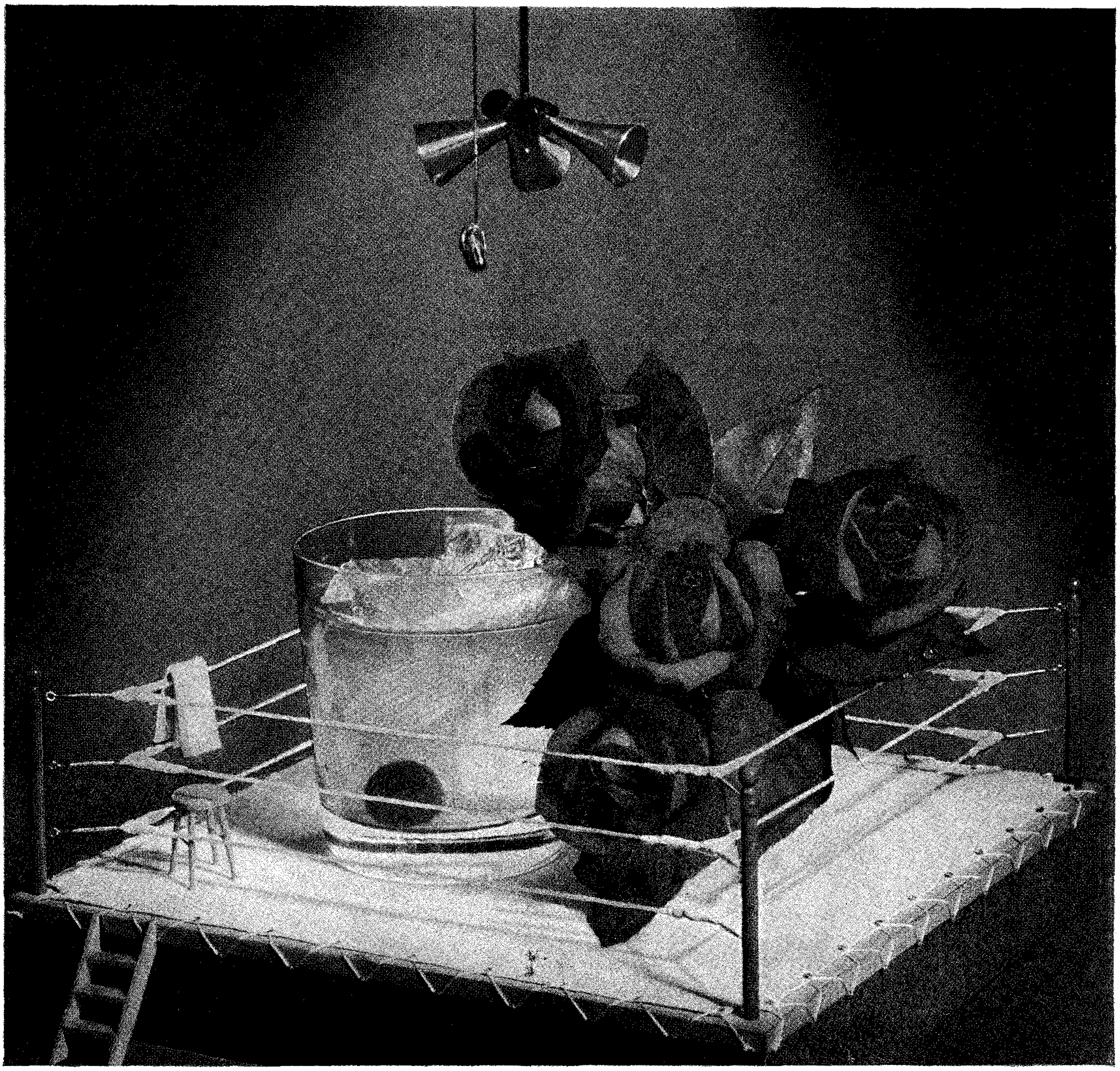

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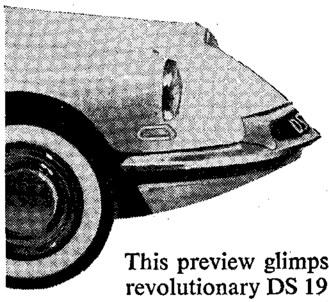
of the accident. That was somewhere between eight-thirty and nine on Wednesday morning. He had been gone since six. Mrs. Poole was at home, but in bed and asleep. She didn't know when Richard had got up. He had had a slight cold for a couple of days, and she had supposed that he would sleep late, too. 'Hoped' might be a better word. Assuming, that is, that she thought about it at all. At any rate, she was mistaken. He didn't sleep late. He was up by at least half past eight. Up and about, running loose in the apartment, for all practical purposes alone. And only three years old. That was the setting. It makes a nice picture, doesn't it? Absolutely custom-built for trouble, and absolutely standard. They all begin that way.

"It was almost nine o'clock when Mrs. Poole woke up. When she finally woke up, I should say. A little earlier, around eight-thirty, she had opened her eyes for a minute, and noticed that Richard's bed was empty. Or so she decided later. At the moment, it didn't make much impression on her. She was too comfortable, too sleepy. The second time was different. She didn't just wake up—she was awakened. By a noise. It sounded like breaking glass, and came from somewhere in the flat. She rolled over and sat up, and this time there wasn't any doubt about it. Richard wasn't in his bed. She called to him, and he answered her at once and in his normal voice. He was playing in the living room. That relieved her mind, but it didn't explain the crash. She got out of bed and went to investigate. Her first stop was the bathroom, and that was it. The medicine-cabinet door was open, there was an aspirin bottle on the floor, and the basin was a litter of broken glass and vitamin pills. She stared at the mess, and then walked into the living room and asked the child what had happened. Candy, he said. He was hungry. He'd been looking for candy. In the bathroom? she said. They didn't keep candy in the bathroom. He knew that perfectly well. She told him he ought to be ashamed of himself. And so on, until he began to cry. She gave up in exasperation, went back to the bathroom, and cleaned it up. Then she put on some coffee, and returned to the bedroom to dress. She was almost dressed when it suddenly dawned on her that the aspirin bottle had been empty. Not only empty but uncapped—and no tablets on the floor or in the basin or anywhere. But it shouldn't have been empty. They had only bought it on Sunday—the day Richard caught his cold. She dug it



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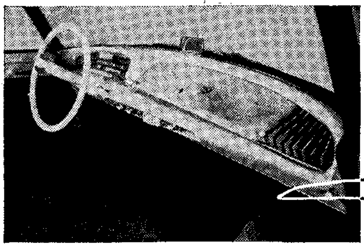

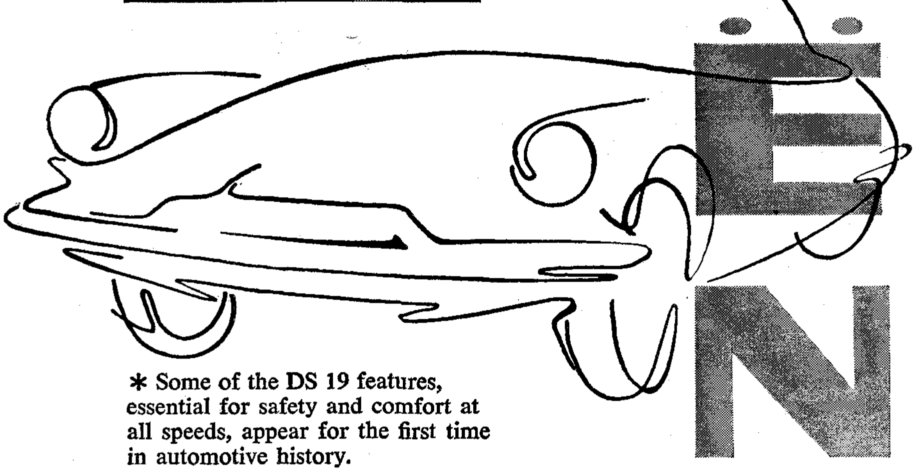

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out of the wastebasket and looked at it. It was a small bottle, but there should have been at least thirty tablets left in it.

"Miss Flynn later saw the bottle. Mrs. Poole had kept it, and showed it to her during their talk. The facts—or, rather, some of them—were on the label. It was, as expected, baby aspirin. That means colored pink for eye appeal and flavored orange for palatability. One and a half grains per tablet. There had been forty tablets in all. But, of course, no warning. Nothing about potential toxicity. Only some mumbo jumbo in fine print advising adult supervision. Nothing to frighten the customer. Nothing that frightened Mrs. Poole, anyway. At least, not at first. I don't mean that she wasn't upset. All her reactions were normal. But mostly she was simply bewildered. It was quite obvious what had happened to the rest of the aspirin pills. She realized that at once. Richard had as good as told her. He'd eaten them. What she couldn't understand was why. It seemed fantastic. What had got into him? Why had he wanted to eat a bottle of pills—a bottle of medicine? It wasn't fantastic, however. Not in the least. As she learned the minute she asked him. He didn't know it was medicine. He thought it was candy. Why? Because it tasted like candy. That was one reason. There was also another reason—just as good, or better. Mrs. Poole was like all the other mothers in our files. She had told him it was candy. She had told him so on Sunday and Monday and again on Tuesday, and probably many other times as well. It had seemed, she thought, the easiest way of getting him to take it. What Mrs. Poole did next was also painfully typical. She looked at Richard, and he looked all right. Then she asked him how he felt. He said he felt fine. I suppose she was still uneasy, but that seemed to be that. So she relaxed. It would be easy enough to blame her, but you can't. It wouldn't be fair. She didn't know that anything serious had happened. She had the universal attitude that aspirin isn't really a drug. It's something else. Because drugs are something they only sell in drugstores, and you can get a dose of aspirin anywhere—at a lunchroom or a soda fountain or on a train. It's just aspirin.

"I'm speaking for myself, of course. That's only my interpretation. Miss Flynn didn't interpret. She simply gave the facts. And one of the facts was that Mrs. Poole, understandably or not, wasn't greatly alarmed. Aspirin poisoning doesn't manifest itself in a minute. It takes a little time to catch hold. So when Richard went on playing in a perfectly normal manner, she was reassured. She calmed down. She finished dressing and helped him into his clothes, and they had breakfast. Richard didn't eat much, but there was nothing strange about that. He hadn't eaten much since Sunday. He never had much appetite with a cold. After breakfast, she got him settled with his toys in the living room, and went to work. There were the dishes to wash and the beds to make and the rest of the household chores. That must have been about ten o'clock. Well, around ten-thirty she stopped for a rest and a cigarette. Richard seemed still absorbed in his toys. She asked him how he was feeling. He didn't answer. Instead, he began to cry. She dropped down on the floor and put her arms around him, but he twisted away. That wasn't like him. He was almost never cranky. She pulled him back and felt his forehead. It was cool but wet. He was streaming with perspiration. Even his clothes were damp. After a moment, he stopped crying, and began to whine and whimper. His stomach hurt, he said. So did his head. He hurt all over. Then, all of a sudden, he vomited.

"I don't know what Mrs. Poole thought. The chances are she was too frightened to actually think. But she did what any mother would do. She picked him up and carried him in to his bed and tried to make him comfortable. Then she took his temperature. It was normal. As it always is, of course, in such cases. But it was reassuring to her, and by eleven o'clock she thought he seemed a little better. The sweating had stopped and he was resting quietly. That usually happens at about that point. Sweating and irritability are early symptoms. They soon give way to just the reverse—dryness and lethargy. Now he wasn't really resting. He was doped. In any event, he didn't seem better for long. Half an hour later, he vomited again. Then he started breathing very hard and fast—another classic symptom. That, I gathered, was when the truth began to penetrate. Hyperventilation can be a frightening sight, and it must have terrified Mrs. Poole. She couldn't call a doctor. She knew no doctor to call. The Pooles didn't have a doctor—not even an obstetrician. But I must say she kept her head. She didn't collapse or run screaming out to the neighbors. She wrapped the boy up in a blanket and took him straight to Whitestone Memorial. Also, apparently, she told them exactly what had happened. Aspirin intoxication is an extremely difficult condition to diagnose. Unless there's a clue in the history, you have to work it out by test and elimination, and even then it's very often missed. Its actual incidence is probably many times greater than any of us realize. The treatment is less complicated. It includes a prompt gastric lavage, parenteral administration of some dextrose and saline solution to restore the fluid balance, and the usual supportive measures. Richard was admitted to the hospital, according to the record, at one o'clock. That meant he would have had his lavage in reasonably good time—around twelve-thirty—since they attend to that in the emergency room, on arrival. Very satisfactory.

"Well, that was the report. It told us what we needed to know, and I could assume that Miss Flynn had given Mrs. Poole some necessary instruction in the care of drugs and children. I marked it for filing and put it aside, and went on to whatever came next. As you must. Even the saddest is only one among many. By the time I got back from lunch that day, I had practically forgotten the case. And then Miss Flynn called. She had just been talking to Whitestone. Richard Poole was dead. He had died around noon. Respiratory failure. She thought I'd want to know for the record. I thanked her and hung up. I won't pretend I was more than conventionally shocked. It happens too often for that. I was, however, very considerably startled—it didn't seem in line with the facts. My impression had been that they added up to a very good chance for recovery. Thirty tablets of the size he had taken made a total of forty-five grains. Forty-five grains of aspirin is enough to cause a lot of trouble in a child of three. Anything over ten can be dangerous. As a general thing, though, it isn't fatal. I got out the report for another look. But a glance was all I needed. It was all there. It had simply slipped my mind. One of the anomalies of acetylsalicylic acid is that illness enormously intensifies its action, especially in small children, and Richard had been more or less sick since Sunday. Also, he swallowed it on an empty stomach."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "An English Year," by Nan Fairbrother*]

But Mr. Eliot and I do not agree about the Spring at all. "Mixing memory and desire," he says, but for me there are no memories in the Spring. —*Page 64.*

... but the other symptom of Spring is even more bewildering. For without warning or reason I am suddenly possessed by intense vivid memories of places I have seen. —*Page 66.*

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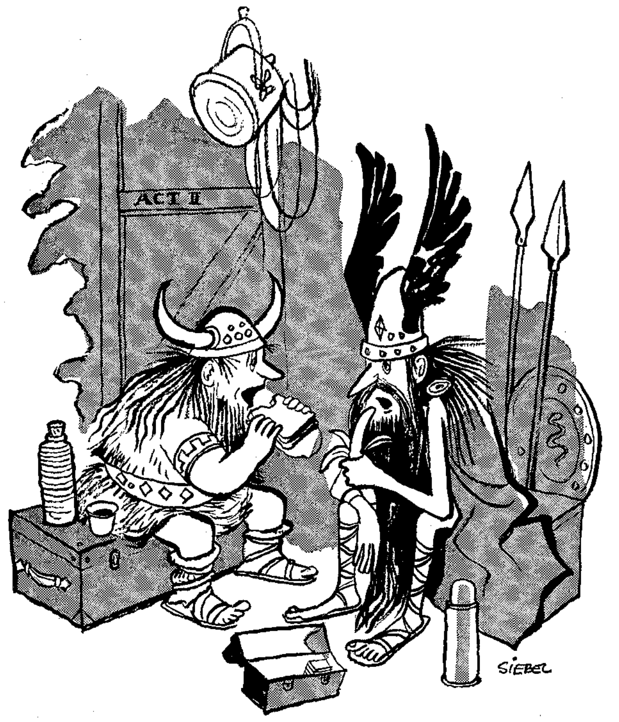

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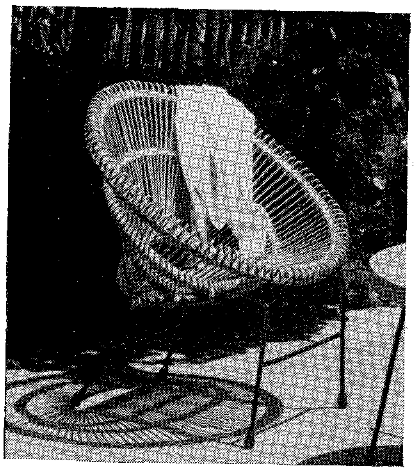
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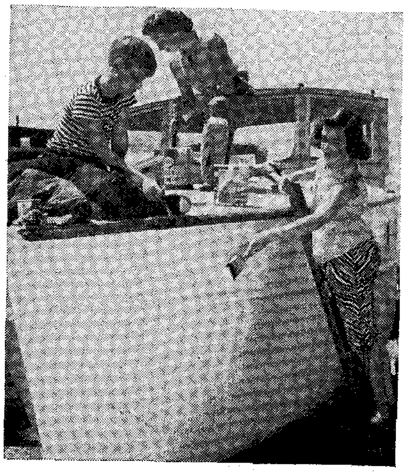
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THE A&P MAGAZINE
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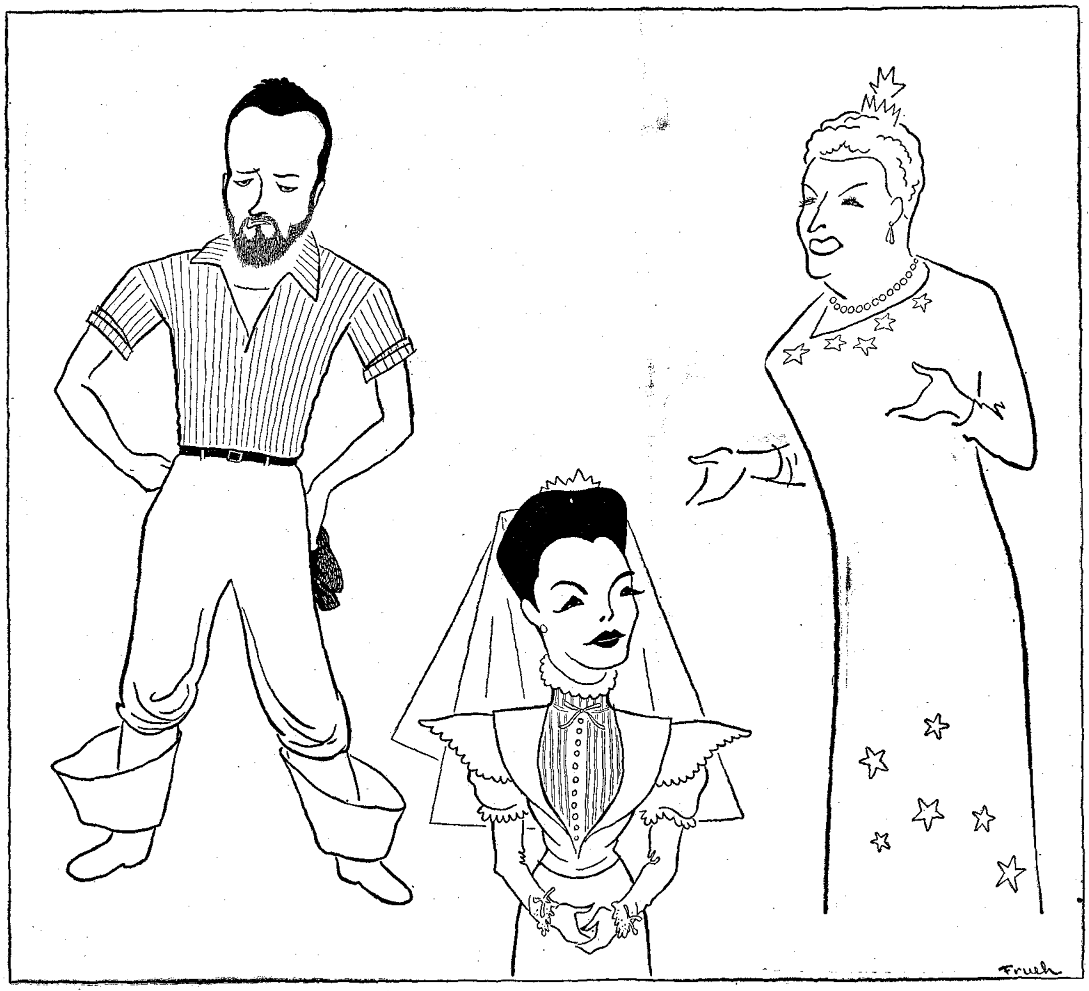
THE THEATRE

MR. WHO?

CHRONICLED by really talented observers like Damon Runyon and John O'Hara—by men, that is, with a gift for selecting and heightening their material—the queer society of horseplayers, night-club entertainers, and other low-grade desperadoes can be a marvellously fascinating thing. The types we met in "Guys and Dolls" and "Pal Joey" were remarkably comic creations. They lived full and hilariously dangerous lives; their joys and sorrows were intense, though mysterious; and their conversation was a miraculous combination of terrible refinement and impressively sinister poolroom wit. This effect, of course, was achieved because Mr. Runyon and Mr. O'Hara, after studying their models with fond attention, went far beyond them to produce what amounted to dreams of the underworld. This magic, unfortunately, is totally missing from "Mr. Wonderful," which opened last week at the Broadway Theatre. The characters are approximately the same as those in the Runyon and O'Hara works, and their aspirations are equally hideous to contemplate, but the resemblance ends right there. Unlike their predecessors, Joseph Stein and Will Glickman, who wrote the current book, are without detachment, style, or any real sense of absurdity. There is no sardonic intention in the bad jokes; they are offered quite seriously as funny ones. The clichés seem less like examples of accurate stenography than betrayals of the authors' own natural method of expression. The ideas of glory that animate the principals are not presented with irony; they appear to constitute Mr. Stein's and Mr. Glickman's honest opinion of what is glorious. In short, "Mr. Wonderful" is a sentimental play about Broadway stated in exactly the terms that it seems reasonable to suppose Broadway thinks about itself in. It is, I should say, as naïvely horrible as anything I've seen in a long, long time.

I have gone on so long about the atmosphere of "Mr. Wonderful" largely because I have very little idea of what I want to say about the arresting personality—Sammy Davis, Jr., who operates like a tornado—at the center of it. Mr. Davis, a small young man with an engagingly battered face, is apparently the latest sensation in the night-club world. He is one of the foremost exponents of a kind of vocal delivery that takes a new step toward pandemonium in popular music; a tap-dancer of formidable agility; and a pleasantly accomplished mimic, offering imitations of celebrated entertainers that, on the whole, are accurate and amusing, though perhaps a bit frantic. "Mr. Wonderful" is, of course, not much more than a showcase for his talents. The plot, that is, purports to be a sort of biography of the star, and it is one of its misfortunes that a good three-quarters of it is devoted to breathless announcements that Mr. Davis will presently show up and surpass anything hitherto seen on any stage. The fact is that on the occasions when the subject of these prophecies does appear and execute his specialties, the effect is lively and unusual. It is not, however, really supernatural, and consequently the sense of anticlimax is rather



"PIPE DREAM"

The inhabitants of Cannery Row pictured here are, left to right, William Johnson, Judy Tyler, and Helen Traubel. The Rodgers and Hammerstein adaptation of John Steinbeck's novel is at the Shubert.

strong. Mr. Davis, I'm afraid, is the victim of a good deal of misguided enthusiasm on the part of his admirers. It seems too bad.

Abetting the central attraction are his father and his uncle, who originally set his footsteps on the path to fame, and these elderly gentlemen are indomitably spry. The others include Olga James, who impersonates his adoring fiancée, and Jack Carter and Pat Marshall, as a pair of unsuccessful troupers, who are entrusted with most of the comedy and close in on it doggedly. Except for some brief borrowings from Gershwin, Porter, Rodgers, and other giants, the songs are not memorable, and the sets and costumes, by Oliver Smith and Robert Mackintosh, respectively, are vivacious but distressing.

—Wolcott Gibbs

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HANDS ACROSS THE SEA DEPT.

[*Letter received by a man who hired a car from a Turin, Italy, rental company*]

Mr. William D. Louckes
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Complaints

On season end general checover/closure, we get aware that your rental had since remained unsettled. This was due to your complaints (on surrender of the car), our necessity to first ascertain *facts*, impending overwork, etc.

I) Delivery we beg to remember, was booked for in Genoa, at the RR station "arrival of the train from Cannes." This specification is quite uncomplete, there being (of course) several arrivals of the train from Cannes. You were duly waited for until you did arrive with the afternoon run (4 P.M.) You were received by two persons, viz: prof. Corrieri (the FIAT/Lara Executive) for delivery of the car/equipment/papers and Mr. Fasce (one of the FIAT testmen) for operation/demonstration of the car. You turned out to be an aviation motorist (so much operation/demonstration was not necessary, and everything turned out to be all right, so you duly acknowledged and signed the "car rental delivery coupon").

After this, you went to Rapallo. There the luggage compartment lock stuck. You went right ahead and broke it open, and had it repaired (on 13/6) at the FIAT/Florence. Now, all this may happen to a profane automobilist; not to an aviation motorist (and therefore an expert motorist/mechanic).

—1st because a lock that gets stuck is quite a banal occurrence.

—2nd, because one should "think twice"

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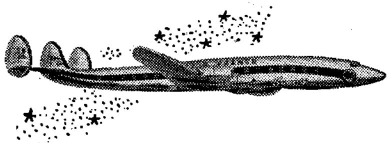

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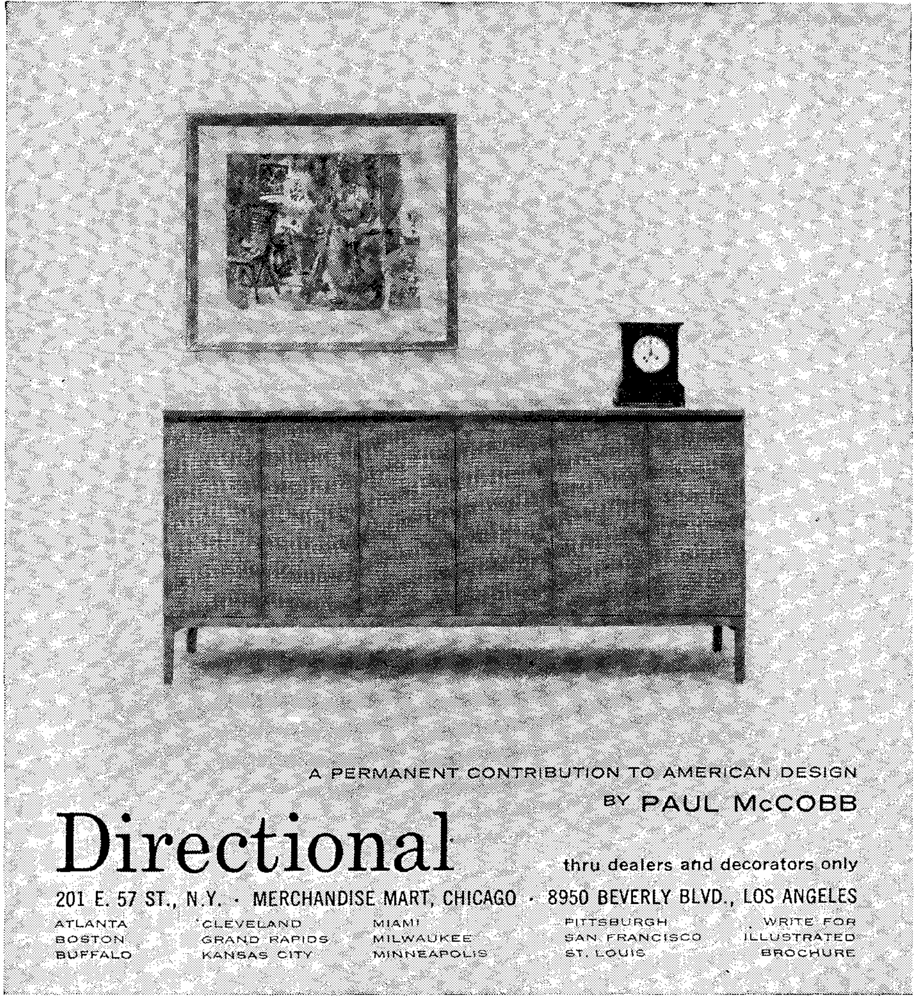
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No one gazes.

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They seldom know:
High tide, low tide,
Ebb and flow.

They do not see the birds
Arriving again:
Redbird, redstart,
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Of men alive,
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Within the hive.

—MORRIS BISHOP

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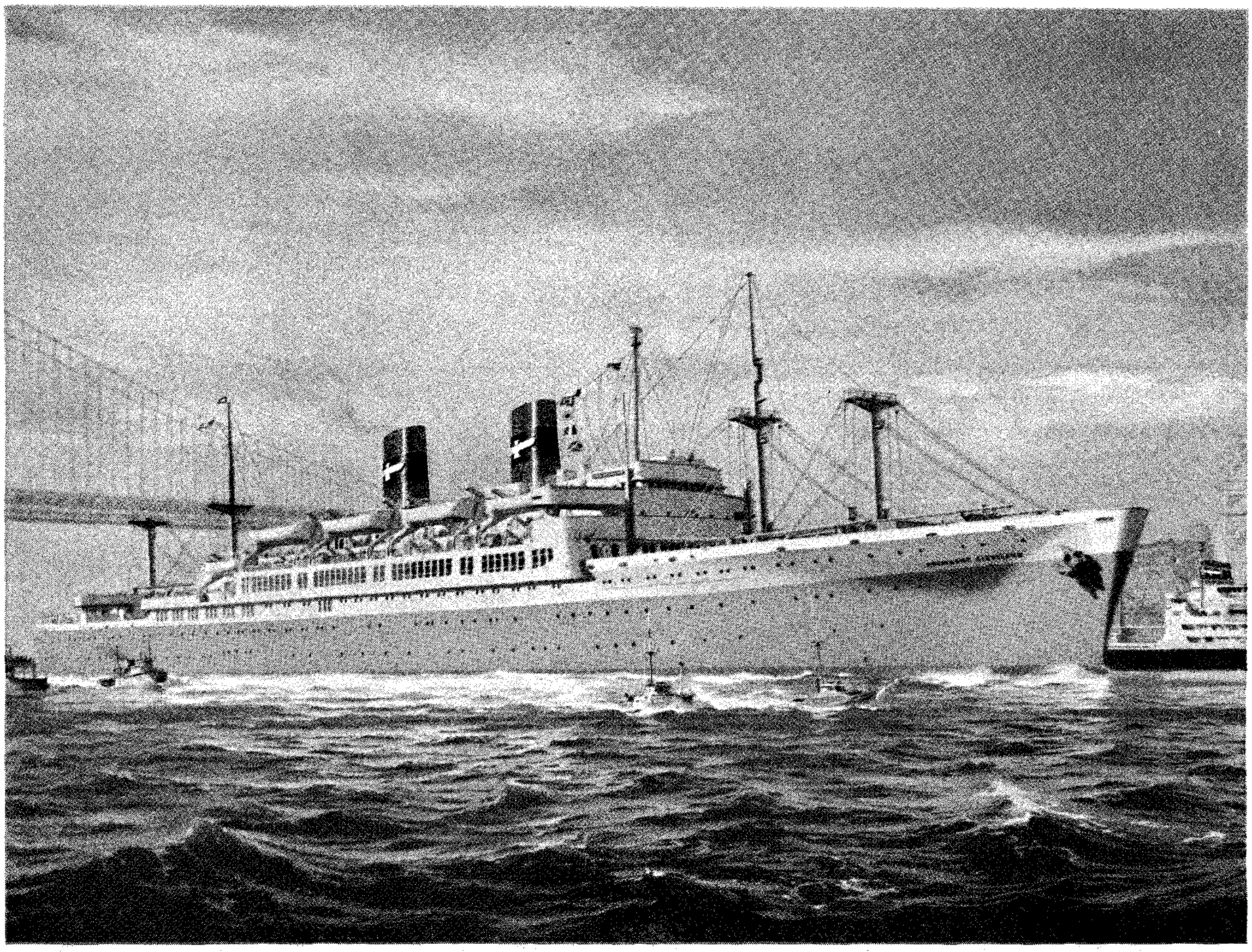

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THE JEFE CIVIL AND I

A FAVORITE subject of modern cartoonists is the spectacle of one of our Puritan forefathers in the stocks. Whenever I see such a cartoon, as I did recently, I feel a bit superior. The cartoonist probably never sat in the stocks. I did. My incarceration took place in the little Venezuelan town of Lagunillas, some thirty years ago, and was due to the cunning of my friend the Jefe Civil, or sheriff.

Lagunillas is a loading port on oil-rich Lake Maracaibo. The town today has little resemblance to the old Lagunillas, which existed when I was a young oil-company engineer, sent down from America to make a topographical survey of the region. The old Lagunillas, which was largely destroyed by a disastrous oil fire during the Second World War, was the oldest town on Lake Maracaibo. Built on stilts over the water, it apparently hadn't changed much since the early sixteenth century, when the Spaniards, exploring the lake, saw in it and similar towns something akin to Venice, to judge by their name for the country, Venezuela.

The streets, just wide enough to allow two people to pass, were made of roughly hewn planks and small tree trunks laid crosswise, sometimes inches apart, showing the muddy water of the lake three or four feet below. Most of the traffic was by dugout canoe, and the town's only connection with the shore was a rickety bridge, which had such wide gaps in it that a person could fall through into the lake. This hazard was appreciated by the Venezuelan kids, who sat on the bank at night waiting to see the American oilmen attempt to negotiate the jumps, on their way back to their camps along the shore, after an evening in the local tavern.

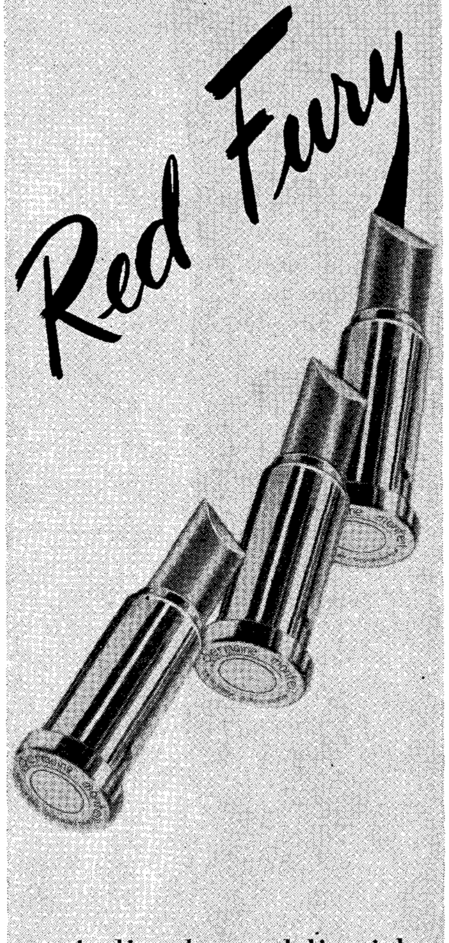
The houses were small, and made of unpainted wood, with thatched or corrugated-iron roofs. There were holes in the floors to allow for sewage and garbage disposal. All day long, the children of the families, from the toddlers up, fished through these holes for a kind of small catfish. Their concentration was as intense as that of present-day kids around the television set. Mostly the children of fishermen, they were learning their trade young.

Lagunillas was not a healthy place. The marshy land along the shore was an ideal breeding ground for mosquitoes that carried a particularly virulent brand of malaria. Death was so commonplace that family coffins, ranging in size from infant to adult, were kept in readiness, suspended from the ceilings of the houses. These coffins, while accepted as household furnishings by the inhabitants, were a startling sight to a foreigner.

At certain times of the year, dense black clouds of mosquitolike midges drifted across the lake. When they arrived in the town, they obliterated almost everything, filling the houses and the eyes, ears, and noses of the inhabitants. On windless days, such clouds appeared to be almost stationary and would take hours to arrive. There was something frightening in their slow, silent movement, which was beyond the power of anyone to divert. Smudge pots and incense cones were lighted as protection by the merchants in town, but the device used by the poorer people was an open-ended five-gallon kerosene can, hung from the rafters. The family, sitting in a circle, took turns rattling the can vigorously with a stick.

Saturday night was the big night in Lagunillas. A large barrel of beer, packed in ice, was brought by launch from Maracaibo—a journey of several hours—and opened on the plaza by the tavern-keeper, Modesto Gonzales, assisted by his attractive daughter, Osalita, who usually wore a red hibiscus in her hair. Since Lagunillas had no ice or cold drinks at any other time, this was the occasion for a fiesta, and there were always a few American drillers and oil riggers mixing amiably with the townsmen, the oilmen usually wearing white sun helmets. These men, most of them straight out of Oklahoma or Texas, invariably wore only battered felt or straw hats while they were working in the heat of the sun, but they seemed to consider pith helmets an essential of evening dress.

Most early Spanish-American towns were built around a plaza, on three sides of which were usually the church, the jail, and the hospital. Little Lagunillas had no room for these buildings. What passed for a plaza was a small, square, planked area. The church was situated on the shore, the nearest hospital was at Maracaibo, and at one side of the plaza, in place of the jail, there was a set of



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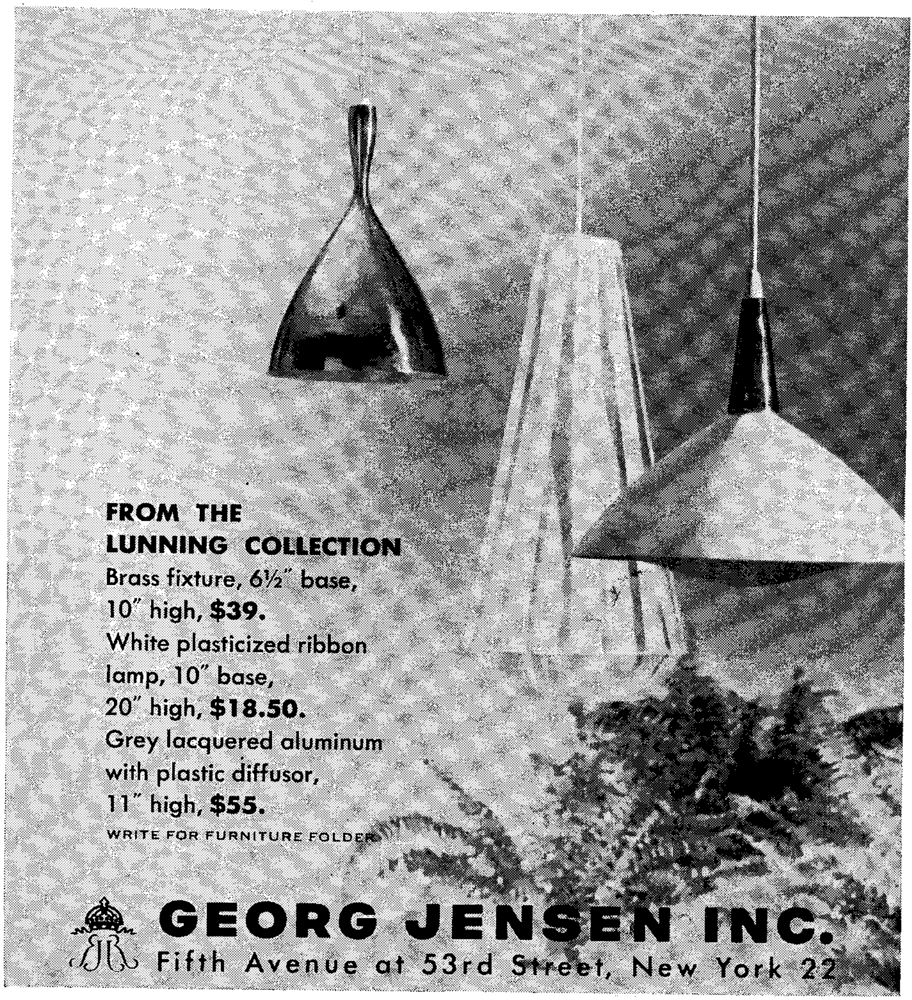
stocks, capable of accommodating two miscreants. The stocks, as I remember, were most commonly used for cooling off an occasional drunk on Saturday nights.

PRESIDING over the whole community was the Jefe Civil. He was the general upholder of law and order—sheriff, jailer, mayor, magistrate, and representative of the Presidente. Venezuela at that time was governed by a tyrannical dictator, Presidente Juan Vicente Gómez, a semi-literate man who, coming out of an Andean village at the age of forty-two, lived to rule the country with a rod of iron for twenty-seven years. The powers of the Jefes Civiles, practically unlimited under his regime, were often abused, especially in the more remote villages, and these men were usually hated and feared. Our Jefe Civil, however, was treated with good-natured tolerance. He was a big, simple mestizo, and his Spanish and Indian blood was evident in his dark-skinned face, which was often wreathed in smoke from a rank cigar. Though he spoke no English and I no Spanish, we generally got along famously. My camp was situated on the shore in the direction of a village where he occasionally liked to roister. He would appear in the early evening and, through an interpreter I had, request the use of my truck—always, according to him, because of important *negocios*. Wanting to keep on the good side of the law, I would lend him the truck, and when he returned, slightly drunk, at two or three o'clock in the morning, I usually had to get up and turn off the motor and the lights.

Our camp was quite primitive. My assistant, a young Canadian named Hodgens, and I slept in hammocks slung between coconut palms and protected by mosquito bars. Overhead were large squares of tarpaulin to keep off the rain. A young Jamaican Negro, whom we called Smiley, was our cook. His stove was an old rivet heater, which was adequate, since all our food came out of cans, and his greatest responsibility was to see that there was always plenty of hot water for coffee.

We had from thirty to forty laborers, recruited from Maracaibo and adjacent towns. They had appropriated, not far from us, an old abandoned house for their headquarters, and slept in hammocks among the trees, as we did. These men were employed to cut the underbrush for roads and camp sites. They were hard workers, although they liked to take off every now and then on



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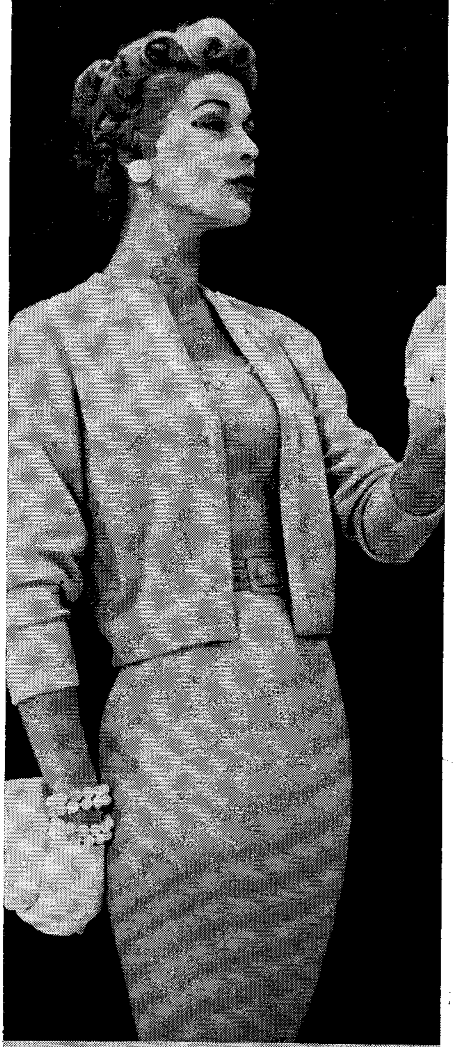
Vera Stewart



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a chase through the underbrush, hacking wildly with their machetes at a rabbit or an iguana.

Every week the Jefe Civil made a formal visit to each of the oil camps in the area. His tour always ended at the rivet heater, where Smiley had hot coffee waiting. One Saturday afternoon, at the end of one of these visits, as we sat on campstools and chatted pleasantly, I told him, through my interpreter, that one of my men was very ill with malaria, and that I had been trying for the past two days to get him to the hospital. I said that I had sent several telegrams to the chief engineer of my oil company in Maracaibo, requesting a launch, but that I had had no response and was getting anxious. The Jefe immediately looked very serious. This, obviously, was a call to duty. He rose abruptly and asked to see the sick man, who was lying in his hammock nearby. Walking over, he gave the patient one look, and said with finality, "He is going to die. He should be in the hospital."

"I've telegraphed several times," I said. "They are sure to send a launch today or tomorrow."

"He must go today," the Jefe replied sternly. "It is the law."

Then he and the interpreter held a long discussion, in which I was not included, though from the gestures toward me it was easy to gather that I was to be involved.

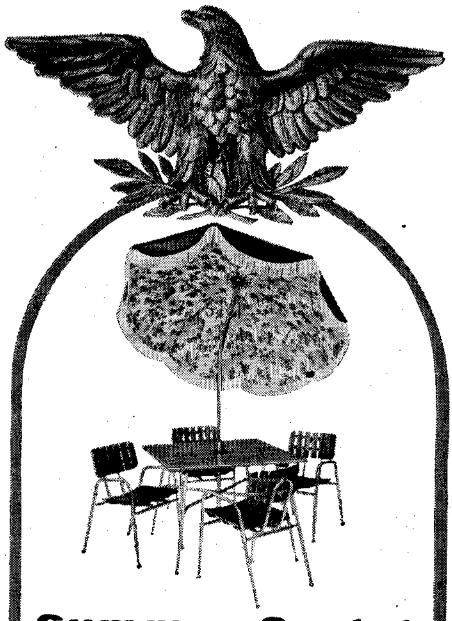
"He says you must come to Lagunillas with him while he telegraphs the police in Maracaibo," the interpreter said.

"Why does he want me?" I asked.

"You'll see," the interpreter said.

LEAVING Smiley to look after the invalid, since Hodgens was away with his survey crew, we three piled into my truck. It was midafternoon when we arrived at Lagunillas. The streets were deserted. Walking in single file, we came to the plaza, where, smiling cunningly, the Jefe escorted me to the stocks. There, to my astonishment and indignation, he forced me to sit down and then clamped my ankles into the stocks. When I protested, the interpreter said, "It's all right. The stupid one says that when the police in Maracaibo hear about you they will call your chief engineer and he will send a launch pronto, and then you will be let out of here."

They both left me, the Jefe going in the direction of the telegraph office, and the interpreter in the direction of the tavern. I was alone except for that



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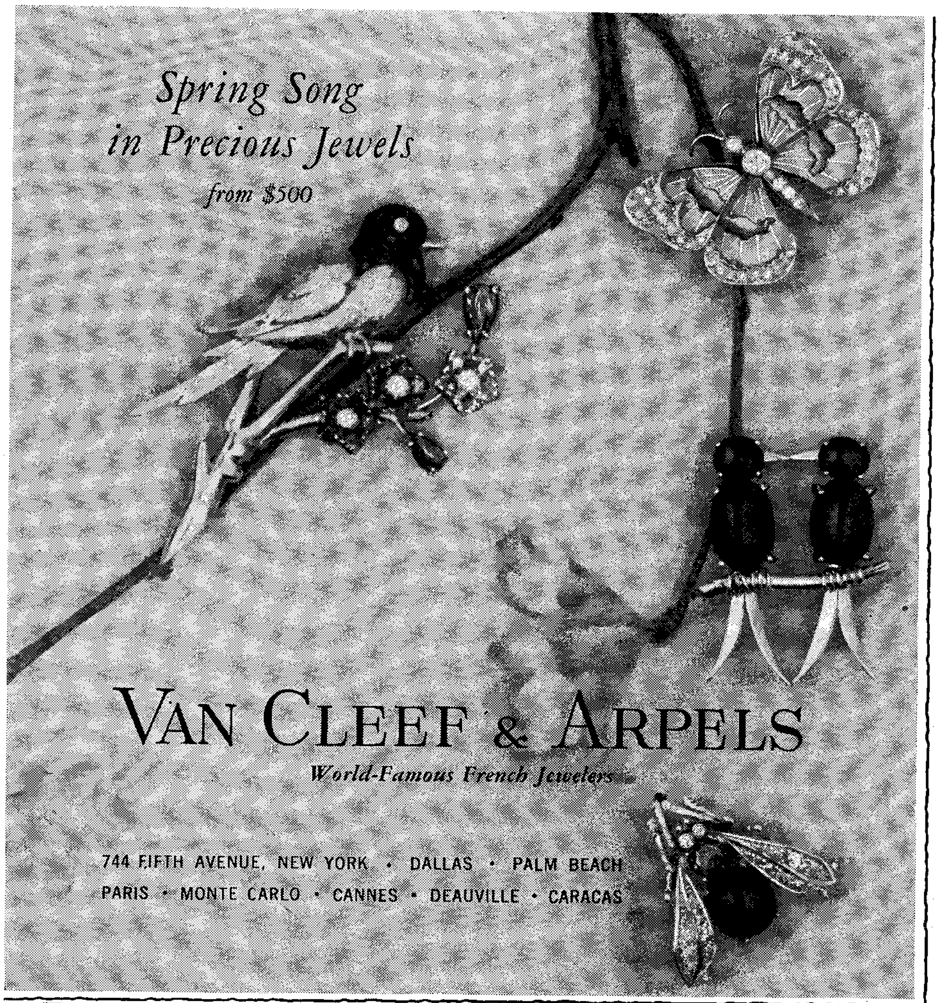
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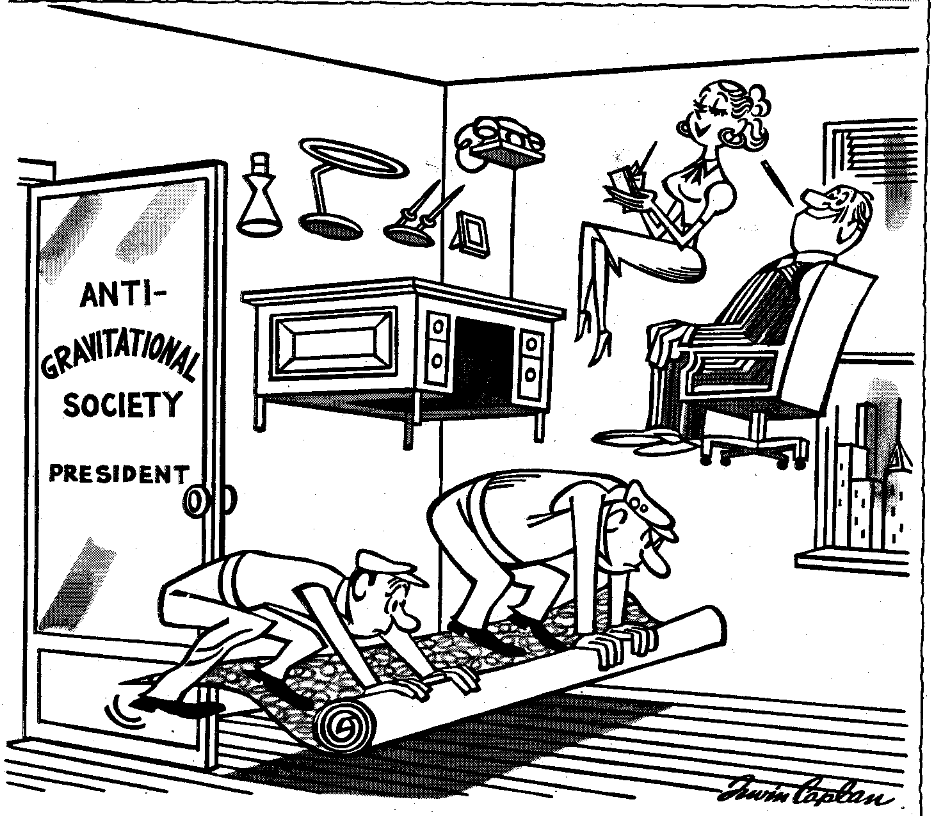

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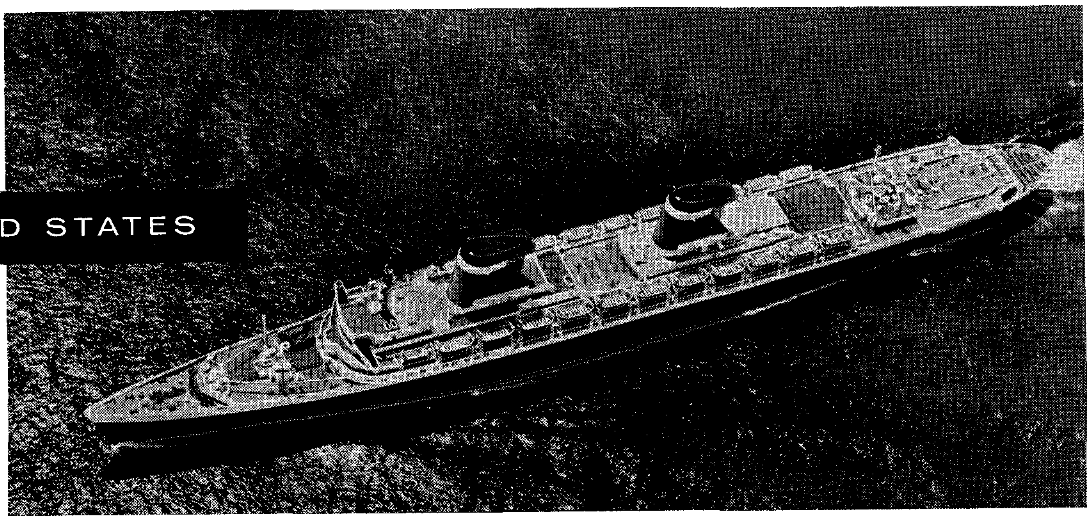
familiar fixture of all South American plazas, the little shoeshine boy, and an equally small and ragged peanut vender, carrying his hand oven. They both stood near me, eying me gravely. The shoeshine boy had the good grace not to offer to shine my shoes—field boots—which were so prominently displayed, and the peanut vender offered me solace by holding out a grubby fist filled with peanuts.

Word must have soon spread that an Americano was in the stocks, for a number of people gathered around me, all questioning me volubly in Spanish. This went on for some time, and I was beginning to feel a youthful importance in being so much the center of attention when a loud commotion started. It was the Jefe Civil propelling a drunk toward me. The newcomer, who was a big man, had on his head a battered old sombrero and on his feet a pair of enormous *alpargatas*, or sandals, soled with pieces of old automobile tires. Feet and *alpargatas* were soon locked alongside my field boots. The Jefe Civil departed. Then, with a composure that showed he was accustomed to this treatment, my companion dropped his chin on his chest, pulled his sombrero over his face, and promptly went to sleep.

Now there was more noise, and I saw that the Saturday beer barrel had arrived. The plaza filled up quickly, and as usual there were some American oilmen in the crowd. When my countrymen saw me in the stocks, they laughed, instead of giving me the sympathy I felt I deserved. The Lagunillans were now chiefly interested in my companion. From time to time he would rouse and, with a wild wave of his arms, shout, "*Abajo Gómez! Muerte a Gómez!* [Death to Gómez!]" Then he would calmly fold his arms on his chest and relapse into silence. This amused the crowd vastly, and they yelled "*Más Gómez!* [More Gómez!]" while glancing around apprehensively for the Jefe Civil.

With the opening of the beer barrel came the sound of the shaking of maracas—those dried gourds with seeds or shot in them. Suddenly, a cloud of midges began sweeping across the town. Everybody dashed for shelter, and the rhythm of the maracas was replaced by the rattle of the kerosene cans in the houses. My companion merely pulled his sombrero firmly over his face and huddled into his clothes. I pulled my hat down, too, but I was still extremely uncomfortable. Fortunately, however, Osalita, the tavern-keeper's daughter, came to my rescue. Carrying a burn-

S.S. UNITED STATES



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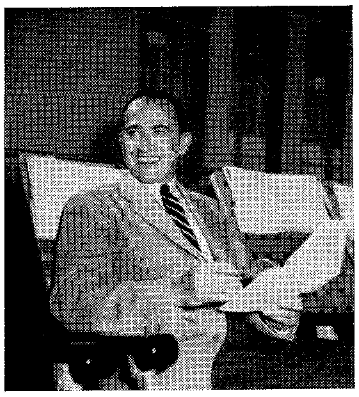

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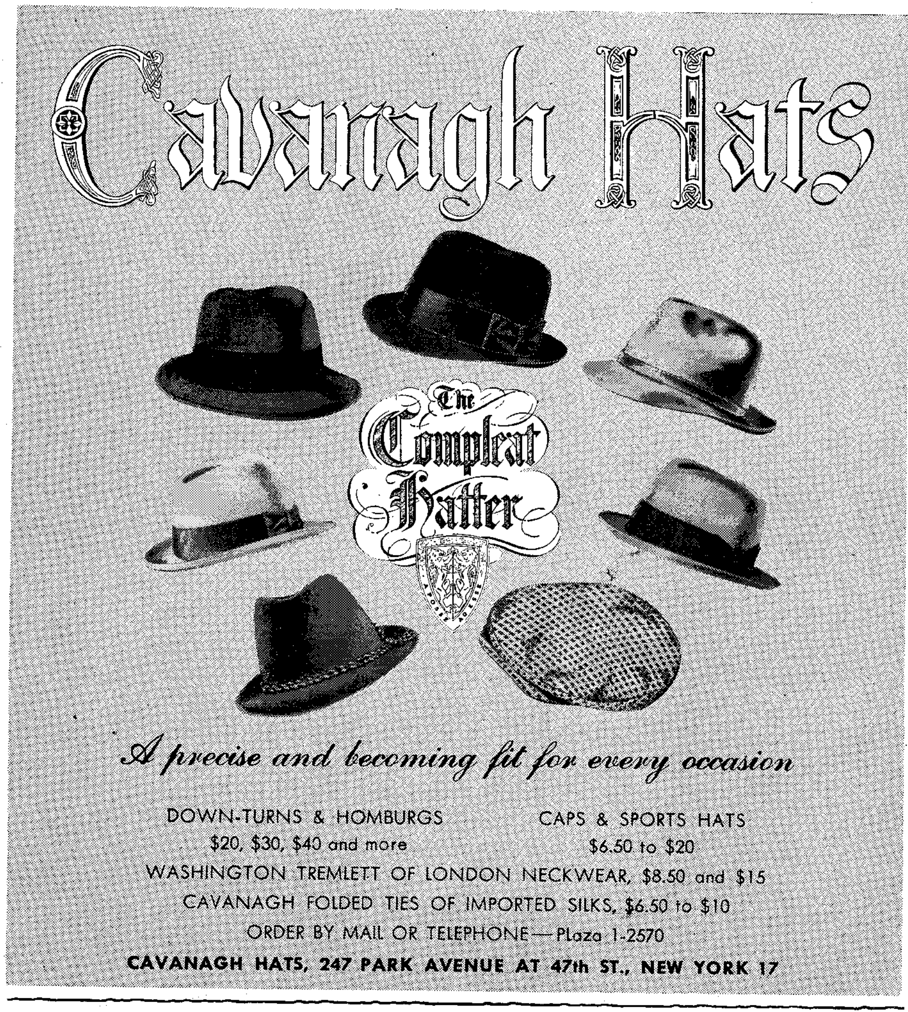

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ing incense cone, she ran swiftly across the square and, smiling encouragingly, placed it under my stool, and then ran back. I was very grateful.

By this time it was almost dark, and lanterns were being lighted in the square and in the houses. I was beginning to fear that I would be kept in the stocks all night, but just then I heard the sound of a motor launch and, soon afterward, the voice of the chief engineer from Maracaibo. With him came the Jefe Civil and the company doctor, and I was released.

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I NEVER saw the Jefe again. Malaria fever took me out of Lagunillas shortly afterward, and I didn't return. I heard, however, that he was soon transferred. With the opening of the oil fields, Lagunillas had become too important for him, and his place was taken by a smart young lawyer from Caracas.

—RALPH WATSON

•

Donald O'Connor, with Sidney Miller Co. at the Sahara, demonstrated nothing but beaucoup talent. O'Connor does "The Buster Keaton Story" at Paramount after a siesta. He has also had a dry-run, incidentally, of his own soon-due nuptials, when he "stood up" for his longtime pal and partner, Sidney Miller, who married line-beaut Iris Burton at boniface Morris Prell's Vegas home.

Performed by a rabbi, it had O'Connor in the secular skull-cap, and for a surprise jam-session the Louis Prima band with Keely Smith (Mrs. Prima) strutted in, all also wearing the religioso skull-caps, to the tune of "When The Saints Come Marching In." Paradoxically, it did nothing to impair the solemnity of the occasion, only adding to the gaiety and, it so happened, was a lifesaver for the sentimentally weeping bride.—*Variety.*

With her offbeat tears.

•

Only shareholders of record at the close of business on February 21st, 1956, will be entitled to vote at the annual meeting, except that no preferred shares converted into common shares after said date may be voted but the common shares which are issued on conversions to holders of record on said date of preferred shares converted after said date and which are held of record by the same holders at the date of said annual meeting may be voted.—*Notice of shareholders' meeting of the California Water Service Company, San Jose.*

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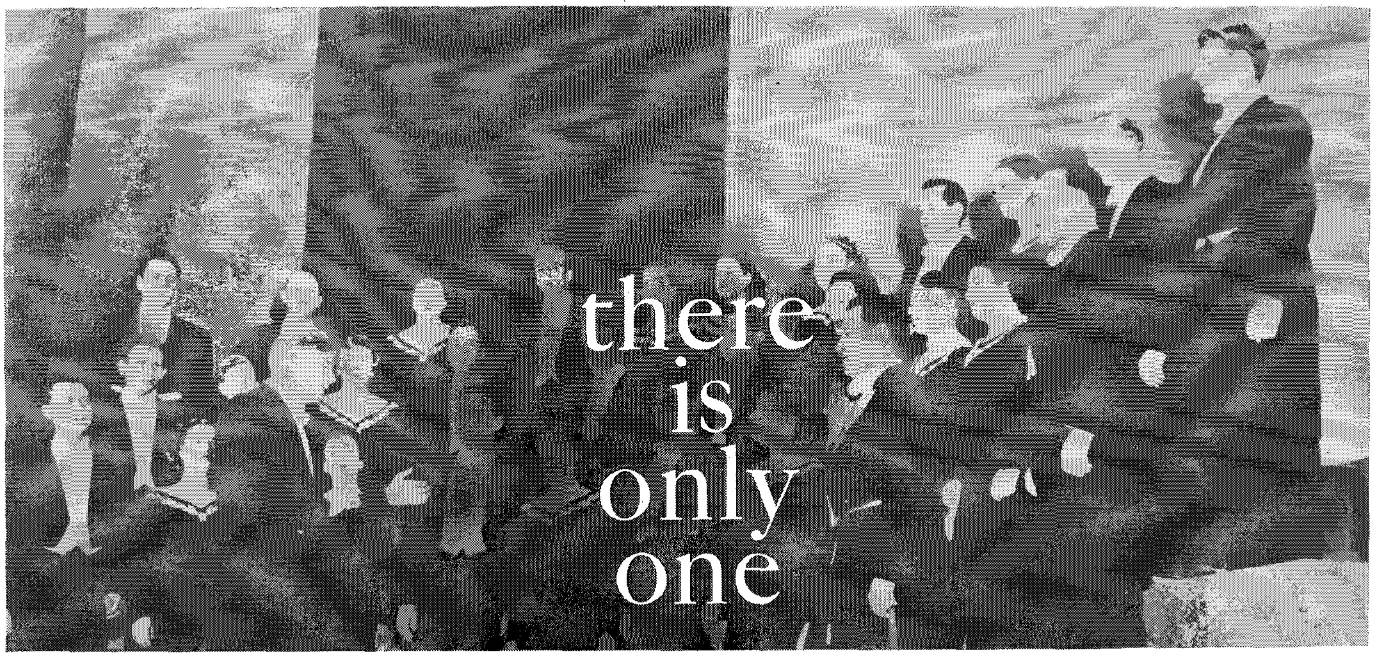
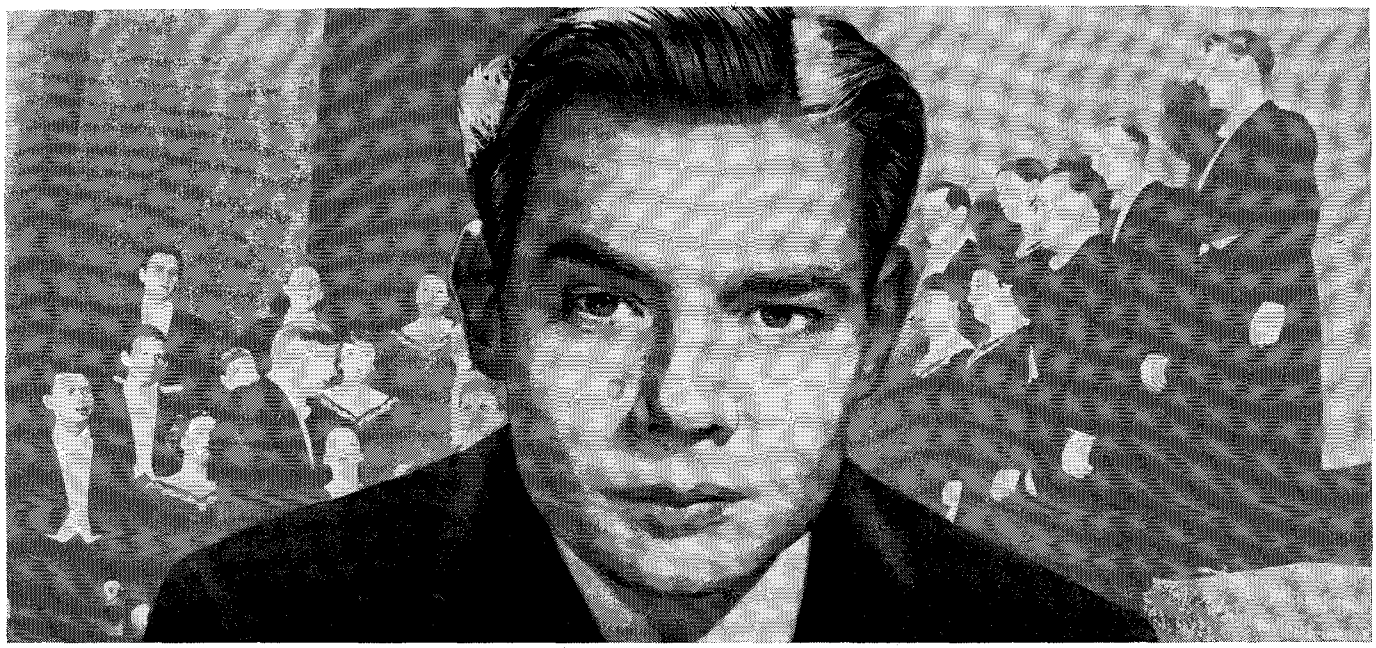

there
is
only
one

Robert SHAW



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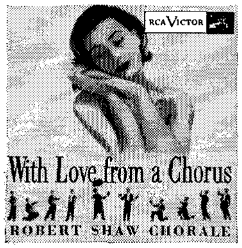
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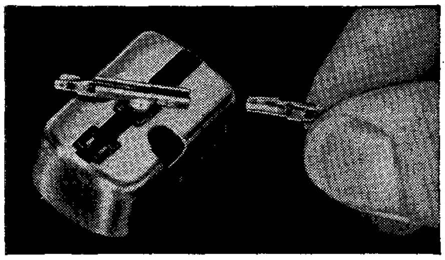

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THE ART GALLERIES

Paris la Nuit

LIKE a good many other artists who were destined to die young, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, the subject of a comprehensive loan exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, was extremely precocious. Born in Albi in 1864, of an ancient and aristocratic Gascon family, he was drawing, apparently, as soon as he could talk, and his interest was turned more fully toward the arts by two crippling accidents, in his middle teens, which, as even most moviegoers now know, left him more or less dwarfed, with both legs grotesquely shortened for life.

The show doesn't go quite that far back into his beginnings. But the first item on display, the famous "Sketchbook," dated 1880-81, from the Art Institute of Chicago's collection, must cover part of his long convalescence, and the drawings it contains, though he'd had hardly any formal instruction yet, reveal him to be already an unusually deft and observant craftsman, with the gift for quick, vivid, and vigorous line that was always to remain one of his outstanding characteristics. His early oils, beginning with "Man with a Beard," dated 1881, indicate an even more startlingly rapid development. He had moved to Paris and had entered one of the established ateliers, and, as one might expect, this first effort, like a few that followed it—"Woman with Pink Bow," "Woman in a Studio," and so on—is an obvious "school subject," docilely academic in the prevailing Munich manner and remarkable principally for the technical facility he even then commanded. But there is also a parody, dated 1884, of the then enormously admired "The Sacred Wood" of Puvis de Chavannes (in Lautrec's version, a group of contemporary French citizens are crowding, goggle-eyed, into the misty green clearing where Puvis's romantic nude maidens are disporting themselves) that reveals his fundamental irreverence. And there is "Masked Ball at the Elysée-Montmartre," of 1887, which shows both the beginnings of his predilection for café and night-life subjects and the first impact of Impressionism on his painting technique, and "At the Cirque Fernando: The Ring Master," done as early as 1888, and swift, vivid, broadly, boldly patterned, and tremendously assured, in which one finds him bursting suddenly, almost explosively, into full maturity.

This last, to my mind, is a notable picture, for in many respects Toulouse-Lautrec never went beyond it. Save for his choice of subjects, and the point of view he brought to them, he can hardly be classed as one of the major innovators, at least in his oils. In his posters, he was more daring, and with his use of flat color areas, strict suppression of unnecessary detail, and extreme simplification of line—qualities he adapted from the Japanese—he introduced elements that revolutionized this branch of the arts. In his oils, he experimented less. Even his approach to Impressionism was cautious. What he took from it, for the most part, was an increasing tendency to use heightened, undiluted color, applied in visibly separate brush strokes, together with a system of overlapping crosshatchings of contrasting tones, green on purple, blue on orange, and so on (see "Berthe la Sourde" and "At the Moulin de la Galette"), that gave both richness and depth to his surfaces.

But to Lautrec's mind, I think, the greatest art was always to conceal the art, as is evidenced by the deliberate, deceptive effect of sketchiness he gave to even his most ambitious compositions. The circus picture, to come back to that, is remarkable because, for once, one finds him experimenting openly. The whole picture is a swirl of swift, circular movement, and there is something almost Futuristic in the violent stylizations—from the abrupt foreshortening of the performing horse, plunging off on its circling course, to the exaggerated lean of the ringmaster's figure at the center—with which he sought to make that movement evident.

Otherwise, the man's greatest innovations were his efforts to suggest the luridness and glare of night scenes, in cafés, theatres, brothel parlors, and the like, and again he succeeded so well in both achievement and concealment that one is scarcely conscious of the extent of the problems he encountered or of the expedients he devised to surmount them. Yet this was one of his biggest triumphs, and it's interesting in the current collection to follow the steps by which he perfected his method—from "At the Moulin de la Galette" (in which the effect of interior illumination is indicated, a bit mechanically, by a highlighting of the faces) to the truly wonderful "At the Moulin Rouge" (in which the masklike green-lit face of the girl walking out of the picture seems a symbol of all night-life garishness), and then on to such later examples as "La Goulue at the Moulin Rouge" and the stage scene called "Chilpéric."

Yet something is lacking in Lautrec's work, and the main atmosphere is one of disillusionment and sadness. To be sure, he had an almost unequalled eye for the revealing glance or pose, and in a number of the pictures he displays a depth and sharpness of understanding that are amazing. In "Nude Before a Mirror," the girl stands planted before the glass, taking stock of her slightly sagging figure with a practicality that the pose itself clearly conveys; in "The Clowness Cha-U-Ka-O," the face is shown—pale, soft-skinned, young, and yet already a little weary—with an exact accuracy; while in "Profile" and "Woman with Red Scarf" there's a combination of youthful freshness and hardy toughness that is astonishing. But throughout it's an understanding without real sympathy, and the observation (even of himself, when he appears in the paintings) is wry rather than sympathetic. What is lacking, I think, is true affection. Lautrec passed no judgments on his characters, and in this respect he was superb as a portrayer of both their persons and their lives. But I can't escape a feeling that he didn't like them, either—any more than, as his own life's tragedy unhappily shows (he died, an alcoholic, at the age of thirty-six), he really liked himself.

SPEAKING of the Modern Museum, Alfred Barr, its Director of Collections, has informed me, not unkindly, that I was wildly in error when I said a few weeks ago that the exhibition of collages at the Rose Fried Gallery was "the first showing of its kind ever to be put on anywhere." There were at least two preceding it—one in 1930, at the Galerie Goemans, in Paris, and the other at the Museum, in October, 1948. It's strange that I should have overlooked *that* one, for I reviewed it myself, and I recall that, as arranged by Margaret Miller, of the Museum, it was a completely charming affair. Absent-mindedness, absent-mindedness!

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

HAVING separated, I am no longer responsible for any debts incurred by my wife, Helen, 73-49 260th St., Glen Oaks, Queens. Alfred Camitta, 752 West End Ave., N.Y.—*Adv. in the Times.*

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LETTER FROM PARIS

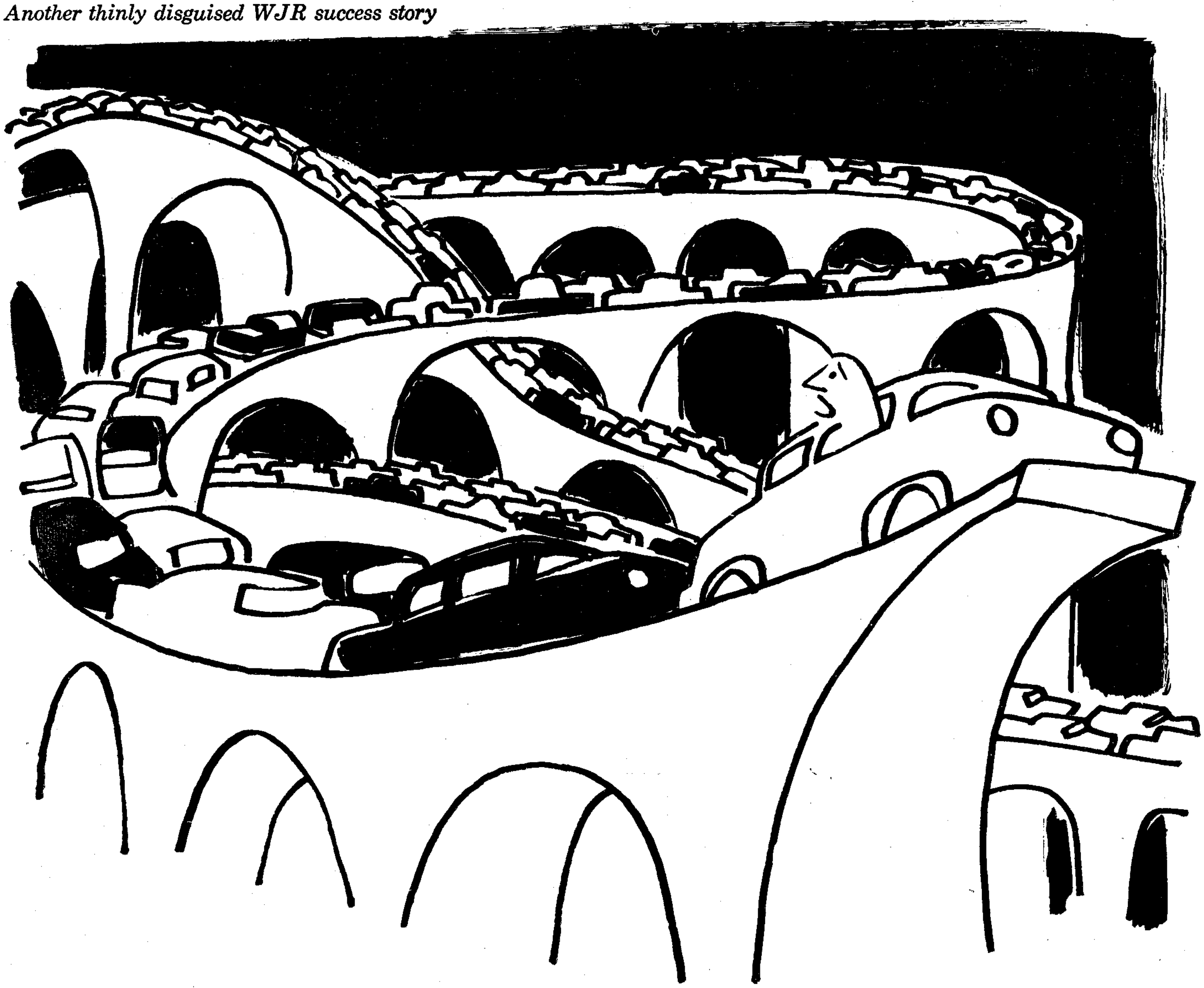
March 20

THE spring novel that aroused the greatest advance curiosity, principally as to whether it could repeat the daring talent that had made its predecessor such a shock, was the second book of Françoise Sagan, now just published. After "Bonjour Tristesse," written at the age of eighteen, "Un Certain Sourire," written at twenty, proves what her first book implied—that she is a born French novelist of style and quality, whose performance is unconnected with her calendar. Fortunately, her material is still tied to it. "A Certain Smile," recounted, like the other, in the authoritative first person, is the brief, private history of unavoidable love experienced by a twenty-year-old girl, Dominique, for Luc, a man of twice her years, and their fortnight's liaison in a Cannes hotel. What gives this small book its remarkable pulse is the analysis of the girl's feelings—a stoical analysis of unrequited love that is sensed without illusion before it starts as inevitable, and whose ending in natural and civilized feminine anguish is seen with equal lucidity. As in Mlle. Sagan's first book, there is evident the exceptional bifocal scope of her observation of two generations at once—of her own watchful youth and of the experienced adults who attract her vision. Of the two principal adults here, the warm character of the lover's wife is the clearer, carefully delineated with comprehension, fondness, and respect. Luc's portrait is darker, recognizable mostly through his French despair at the emptiness of life, a feeling of vacancy that Dominique shares. Probably the third main character in the book is the literary presence of the author herself, who has personally created Cécile of "Bonjour" and Dominique of "Sourire" as a modern French sorority, without tears, without complaints, but endowed with truth and with experience. The opening Paris framework of the novelette—Dominique's vague Sorbonne studies, and the friends, lovers, whiskeys, and night clubs—is negligible, negligent; Mlle. Sagan's interests and gifts are sensuous and analytical, not ocular or descriptive. Her psychological climate here is the same penetrating minor melancholy and endurance that found their perfect title in "Bonjour Tristesse." After Dominique's adventure is ended and she is alone in her Paris room, she finds her name for it through hearing a neighboring radio's sudden gift of music—a strain of Mozart, "evoking, as always, dawn, death, and a certain smile."

The novel's critical reception has been extraordinary. Though deploring the amorality of the book, *Figaro Littéraire's* critic has called it "*un petit chef-d'œuvre du roman d'analyse*." *Le Monde's* solid academician Emile Henriot gave it his whole weekly half page, called the author Mlle. Radiguet, declared her new work greatly superior to her first, and hailed her as a writer now proved and of undeniable talent—"mistress of her own style, a little dry but vigorous, with wings." Mlle. Sagan dedicated her book to her friend Mlle. Florence Malraux, daughter of André Malraux. Brought out in an edition of a hundred and twenty thousand copies, larger than is usual even for the average Goncourt Prize novel, it is already a best-seller. Mlle. Sagan says that this is her last novelette, and that her third book will be full-scale—a large, objective, analytical novel of many characters, and her first major opus, which will probably be finished when she is twenty-three.

A DOCUMENTARY underwater film in color, containing neither trickery nor onomatopoetic music and noises to make the undersea creatures or the flying fish seem cute, bathetic, or semi-suburban, is the popular movie success here at the moment. It is called "Le Monde du Silence" and was made by a team of Frenchmen headed by Commandant Jacques-Yves Cousteau, who in 1936 became the father of, and ever since has been the reporter on, French frogmen. As captain of the motor vessel Calypso, equipped for submarine exploration, he was aided in making the film by his crew, including the brilliant young cameramen Louis Malle and Edmond Séchan, plus fishermen, technicians, and, above all, patience and courage. Over three years of risky diving for photography in distant warm waters at a depth of seventy-five metres has resulted in over a mile of choice filmed views of this silent, beautiful world, unknown to most of us. Among the picture's high points of sheer natural gaiety

Another thinly disguised WJR success story



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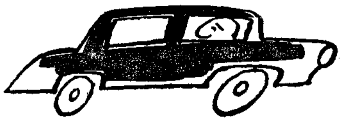

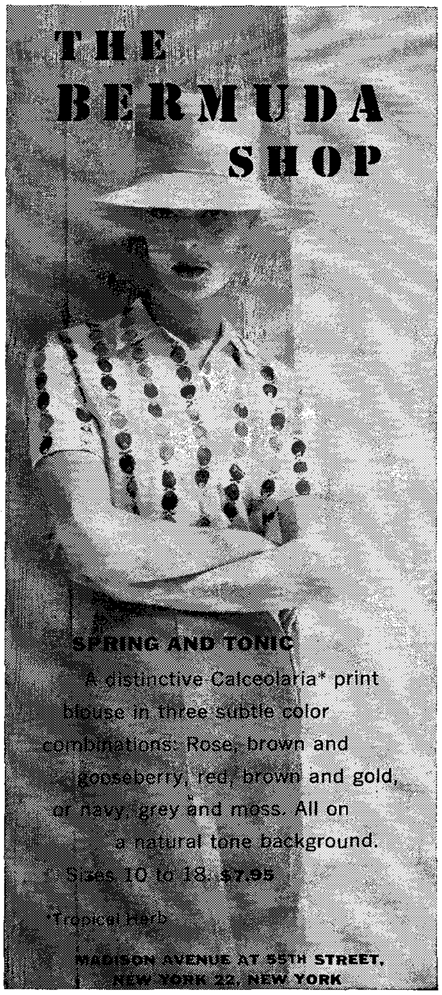
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is a vast, amorous population of porpoises keeping a rendezvous in the Gulf of Aden and curvetting by the hundred, high in the air, in a kind of courtship ballet. There is a touching scene in the Indian Ocean of a school of sperm whales, among them a young one that the Calypso ran into and mortally injured, and the ensuing awful feast of sharks. On Assumption Island, the Calypso crew filmed the egg-laying of a matron sea turtle, weeping in her labor, and off the island they investigated a submerged wreck. Then comes a month's photographic intimacy with merely beautiful fish, ancient in form but colored in modern blues, blacks, and yellows. There are fish of all colors, shapes, sizes; flora, fauna, coral, and lobsters; and undersea landscapes explored by underwater men with lighted lamps in their hands as they advance in submarine formation, propelled by undersea electric scooters—a strange traffic sight. The film's exhibitor here is the English company of J. Arthur Rank, and this fact has called forth the classic French nationalistic and xenophobic complaints that occur whenever a French chef-d'œuvre is created and, as usual, somebody non-French makes the money on it. Whoever exhibits "Le Monde du Silence," it is a wonderful French film, and worth seeing by everybody from children to grandparents.

THE marriage in April between Prince Rainier, of Monaco, and Miss Grace Kelly, of Philadelphia and Hollywood, has naturally caused Paris society, always concerned with genealogy at such a moment, to revive its recollections of the Monaco family tree, apparently more spectacularly deciduous than the family trees of most of the small princes of Europe. The one outstanding intellectual among the recent Monaco rulers was old Prince Albert, great-grandfather of Rainier, and a distinguished oceanographer, who aided the Allied navies in the First World War. It has not been a family of permanent marriages; Albert's first marriage, to Lady Mary Douglas-Hamilton, mother of his son Louis, was annulled in Rome, and he was separated from his second wife, the dowager Duchesse de Richelieu. Prince Louis's only bachelor fame came from persuading his father to legitimize his daughter Charlotte, whose mother was a laundress's daughter, so that she could become Princesse Charlotte and thus be in a position to carry on the princely line. A few years before his death, as an oldish man, he married a pretty lady,

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far younger than he, who is now Princesse Ghislaine de Monaco, née Dommanget. Her father, Colonel Robert Dommanget, was until recently a crack dog trainer in Paris; her first husband was the actor André Brulé, identified with the Arsène Lupin police thrillers. Princesse Charlotte's marriage was arranged by the powerful American Princesse Edmond de Polignac, née Winnaretta Singer, of the Singer sewing-machine fortune, who made the match with her husband's young relative Comte Pierre de Polignac, a member of a poor branch of that extensive great family. On his marriage, he took the title of Son Altesse Sérénissime Prince Pierre de Monaco. Princesse Charlotte and Prince Pierre became the parents of Prince Rainier and of a daughter, Antoinette. Today, the Monaco family is highly dispersed. Prince Rainier lives in a villa in Beaulieu, across the French border, but also has quarters in the Palace of Monaco. His sister was recently separated from her husband, a Monégasque lawyer, and lives in the palace. His mother, Princesse Charlotte, long separated from her husband, lives in one of the many Monaco properties, the Château de Marchais, in the Aisne; she gives part of her time to good works in the French prisons, teaching the prisoners how to make brushes. His stepgrandmother, Princesse Ghislaine, now in her fifties and still very blond and handsome, lives discreetly in Saint-Léger-en-Yvelines, outside Paris. His father, Prince Pierre, now in his early sixties, has an apartment in Paris and a villa in Monaco. Prince Rainier is one of the most titled rulers in Europe, with five titles of duke, two of prince, three of marquis, and five of count, plus various baronial and seigneurial grades, so Miss Kelly will be the Duchesse de Mayenne and the Princesse de Château-Porcien, among many

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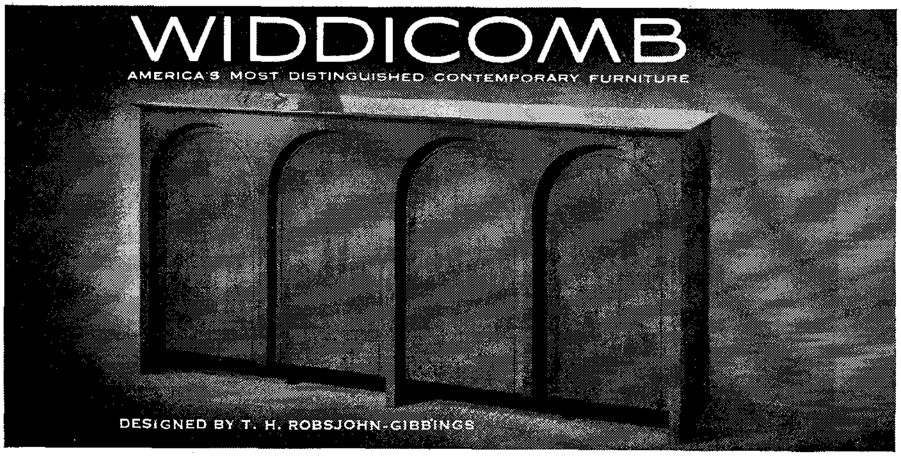
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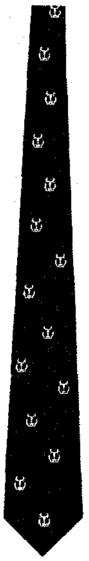

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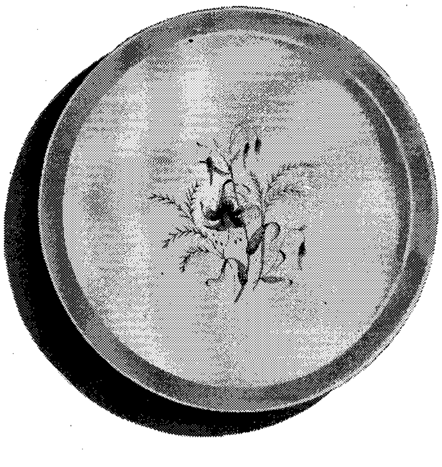
other forms of address. Owing to the dilapidated state of the Monaco family tree, none of the Monaco family were invited by their noble compeers the Fürstenbergs to the wedding in Venice last September that was the princely social event of Europe. The highly marriageable Prince Rainier represented one of the last four princely Catholic ruling houses in Europe, King Baudoin, of Belgium, alone being available now, with the eleven-year-old heir apparent to the Liechtenstein throne and the recent baby Luxembourg prince coming along years from today. Rainier's marriage plans caused consternation among the multitude of unwed Catholic princesses of Europe.

The musical program for the Monaco wedding will be in the hands of the distinguished Paris musician Mme. Nadia Boulanger, for years the Maître de Chapelle of the Prince's household. She has chosen and, as *chef d'orchestre*, will direct works by Thomas Tallis (the pre-Purcell Elizabethan composer), Bach, Haydn, and Stravinsky. The tax-free Monégasques' great interest in the wedding is frankly based on the hope that it will eventually provide a child (even a girl would do nicely in the Monaco family) to carry on the princely line, since its extinction would turn Monaco over to heavily taxed France—a fate the country was saved from the last time only by the laundress's daughter.

ONE of France's many worries in connection with the rising tide of the Arabs in North Africa has been Washington's silence as to which foot it is standing on—our historic anti-colonialism or our modern anti-Soviet policy that ties us to our allies and our North African military airfields. The decisive speech just made at this week's diplomatic-press luncheon by our Ambassador, Mr. C. Douglas Dillon, has been headlined in the Paris papers for his statement that France's search for liberal solutions to insure the continuance of the French presence in North Africa "has the wholehearted support of the United States government." In thanking him for "this remarkable intervention," *Le Monde* added, "One can imagine the resistance he must have overcome in Washington"—a reference to the rumor here that the Ambassador had to fight his way up through the State Department to the President himself for permission to make any positive declaration.

This week, the independence of Tunisia has been recognized by France,



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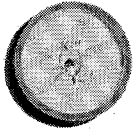

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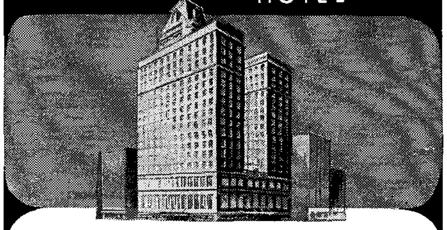

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as the independence of Morocco was two weeks ago. As French colonies, they have ironically and suddenly won where Algeria, regarded as an integral physical part of France located across the Mediterranean, is in the position of our South in the Civil War in rebelling to obtain the same independence; its *fellaghas* are fighting for secession, which is illegal. The Mollet government has now reached the peak of its effort in the dual consignments it is sending to Algeria, either to enforce peace or to negotiate it. It is transporting an enormous French army to fight the rebels, and it is repeating to the natives its promises of a better new life, of more government jobs, of agrarian reform, of higher wages, of more employment, and of fair elections. Had previous French governments offered the reforms two years ago, many French parents of sons being sent to kill or be killed in Algeria feel, the present government would not now be involved in this Moslem-Christian civil war. —GENÊT

•

BEATING THEM TO IT

We'll call attention to our own lapses, thank you.

As every newspaper reader knows, a linotype machine can occasionally pursue an erratic course.

It happened the other day in our model newspaper in an account of how a Kansas City firm which stands treat to its employes at coffee-break time has dispensed a million beverage orders in the past 20 years. Having conveyed this intriguing statistic, the story concluded with the following sententious line:

"Sokudiwo. Eaee tkar."

The New Yorker Magazine loves to pick up things like this and to add a pugent line of comment.

We don't know what they would say about this example of kitten-on-the-linotype keys. Our own observation would be: "Oops! That last swallow of java must have gone down the wrong way." —*Waterbury* (*Conn.*) *Republican.*

Very pugent.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Pasadena Independent*]

BROOKINGS, S.D. (INS)—Mrs. Grace Rodee was trying to change a flat tire on her car when a kind-hearted motorist came to her aid.

She asked him where he came from. "Pierre, since January," he replied. "What do you do there?" she wanted to know. "I work in the state house," was the answer.

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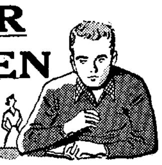

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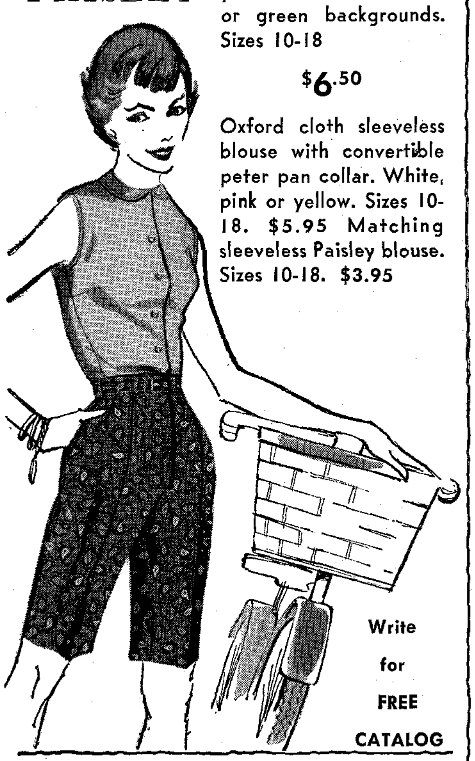

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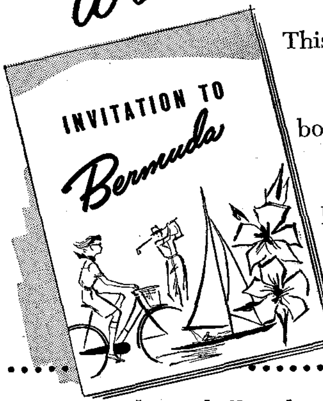

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Salute to the Elders

THERE are times when it seems to me that most of the really magnificent performances now heard in our concert halls are being presented by white-haired patriarchs whose memories reach back to the time of the Hapsburgs, the Hohenzollerns, and the Romanoffs. This impression is not, of course, entirely accurate, and a suspicious reader might conceivably be led to blame it on the fact that I myself am an undeniably middle-aged critic, with certain nostalgic feelings about the good old days. Still, the phenomenon is a rather striking one. Over and over again, some hoary ancient appears on the stage of Carnegie Hall, tackles one of the supreme masterpieces of music, and demonstrates qualities of poise and musical perception that concertgoers look for in vain in the playing of most of his juniors. I have heard it happen this season in the Mozart performances of Sir Thomas Beecham, in the majority of the Mozart performances of Bruno Walter, and in the Beethoven performances of the pianist Wilhelm Backhaus. In each case, I felt that I was face to face with a survivor of the grand tradition—a man to whom musical interpretation was neither a matter of mere technique and polish nor a matter of finicky scholarship, but something involving the profound personal authority that is to be found only in the work of a great artist.

At last Thursday evening's Philharmonic concert, the same thing happened when Walter Gieseking, a pianist who is now sixty years old, embarked on a performance of Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto. Mr. Gieseking has, of course, played Beethoven's concertos here many times before, and there was nothing particularly new or unexpected about his reading of the "Emperor." The combination of forcefulness and exquisite delicacy that he brought to it was familiar. So were the scintillating and nearly flawless approach to finger work, the noble feeling for climax, and the mixing of thundering virtuosity with intellectual restraint. However, the occasion, for me, was not one to invite the sort of analysis that is commonly considered the critic's business, and I am afraid that long before Mr. Gieseking got to the second movement I had given up taking the details of his playing apart and was permitting myself the luxury of simple and confident enjoyment—the response that great music, superbly performed, is, after all, fundamentally supposed to induce.

RICHARD WAGNER'S "Parsifal" is perhaps the outstanding monument to one of the most confused ideas that afflicted the thinking of the nineteenth-century romantics—the idea that art is a branch of, or a substitute for, religion. The music drama is obviously intended as a deeply religious work, and it is filled with the trappings of piety. But to my mind there has always been something slightly fatuous about its overwhelming pretensions to spirituality. Possibly this is because the issue around which its plot revolves is chastity, a virtue of minor theological significance, and one that is blown up by Wagner into such heroic proportions that we are left in doubt as to whether his opera is really about religion or about sex. After all this has been duly noted, however, the fact remains that "Parsifal" is, musically, a work of extraordinary genius, containing great floods of the most enthralling melody and counterpoint, and one can easily be cajoled by the sheer eloquence of its score into forgiving its creaky theology and its preposterous insistence on the vast dignity of Parsifal's woolly-headed innocence.

On Saturday afternoon of last week, the Metropolitan Opera gave "Parsifal" an entirely new production, and though I was conscious of the reservations that I have always had about the work, I must say that it came off pretty impressively as a theatrical spectacle. Much of this impressiveness was due to the staging, by Herbert Graf, and the new scenery, designed by Leo Kerz. These gentlemen have discarded the air of crushing formality and the Romanesque upholstery that weighed down the Metropolitan's previous production of "Parsifal." The knights and the flower maidens performed as if they were taking part in a human drama, rather than in a perfunctory ritual, and the sets, making use—very successfully, I thought—of the Met's new technique of providing backdrops by projecting light onto a screen, were engagingly simple and harmonious. The result had an unexpected intimacy and charm, and the shadowy atmosphere necessitated by the projected scenery had a way of rubbing the realistic edges off

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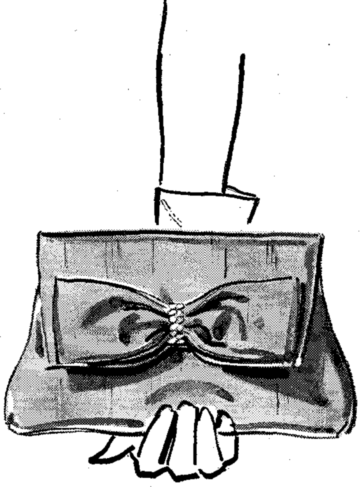

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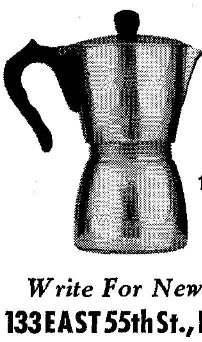

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the props and costumes, thereby throwing the visual side of the performance into the dream world where it properly belongs. For the first time in my experience, the scene in Klingsor's garden was completely graceful and the seductive doings of the maidens surrounding Parsifal failed to elicit a single titter.

From the purely musical point of view, this was not by any means the finest "Parsifal" I have witnessed. Though the Metropolitan's orchestra played with notable smoothness and the brasses, in particular, did an excellent job on the imposing, organlike sounds allotted to them, I found Fritz Stiedry's conducting of the work occasionally somewhat unimpassioned. Set Svanholm's Parsifal had a rather touchingly boyish and slightly awkward element that was quite appropriate, but vocally he did not seem to be up to the ringing requirements of the part. Margaret Harshaw has not yet acquired the temperament or the emotional vigor that a great Kundry must have, and Paul Schoeffler's Amfortas was scarcely more than adequate. Gerhard Pechner, on the other hand, turned in a stirring dramatic portrayal of Klingsor, and Otto Edelmann, as Gurnemanz, provided singing and acting that were worthy of the finest traditions of the Wagnerian music drama. Despite such flaws as I have mentioned, the Metropolitan's new "Parsifal" is a highly interesting affair, and something well worth going to see and hear.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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And a bottle of Geritol.

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The Summing Up," by Somerset Maugham*]

A year later [1895] I went to Italy again, travelling as far down as Naples, and discovered Capri. It was the most enchanting spot I had ever seen and the following summer I spent the whole of my vacation there. Capri was then little known. . . . Few people went there in summer and you could get board and lodging, with wine included, and from your bedroom window a view of Vesuvius, for four shillings a day.

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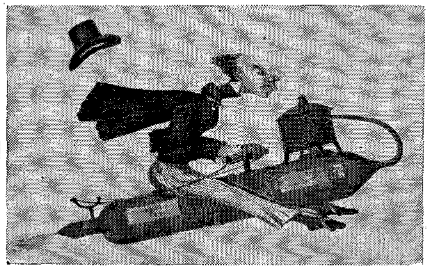

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4th RACE
SCRATCHES

THE victory of Needles in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park last Saturday leads one into all kinds of profound reflections—such as how clearly superior he is to the other three-year-olds that have run this season, and whether they are really much good. At any rate, it was a most impressive performance, and augurs well for his chances in the longer races to come. Needles got away slowly, as he usually does, and by the time the leaders had passed the first turn he wasn't in the picture, being at least a dozen lengths behind. The fact is he is the sort that won't be hurried in the early part of a race (if he is, he sulks), and I must say that Dave Erb, who rode him, handled him with skill and assurance. Needles didn't settle down to running until he had covered about half of the mile and a furlong, but once in his stride, he began to close the gap, and halfway down the homestretch he had the Derby won. His margin wasn't as wide as it had been in the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah—in the Derby, he beat Count Chic, who is owned by Dino Lozzi, a pizza-maker from Seattle, by less than a length—but he was going strong. Pintor Lea, a dark horse from the Calumet Farm, was third. Needles, who has grown into a very attractive fellow—medium-size, with good length for his height and plenty of quality—picked up $95,200 in the Derby, and that increased his total prize money to $338,605, which is a tidy start for any three-year-old. Incidentally, he is the first Florida-bred to win so much money or such important races. His next big engagement will be the Kentucky Derby on May 5th. If you're wondering why you've heard so little about Erb, the boy has done most of his riding in California and the Middle West. Among the horses he won on last summer were Swaps (that was when Shoemaker, who usually rides Swaps, was serving out a suspension) and a fast youngster named Swoon's Son.

As for the also-rans in the Florida Derby, I was particularly disappointed in Terrang, winner of the Santa Anita Derby, who went well for nearly a mile and then gave out, and it seems to me that Reaping Right, winner of the Louisiana Derby in New Orleans, was no great shakes, either. Let's just skip the others. And while I'm complaining, I might add that I wasn't enchanted by the television show the Gulfstream management put on. I'm sure that the horseplayers who tuned in on the race didn't give two hoots about the University of Miami band, even in mass formation.

I ALSO caught the B.B.C.'s radio broadcast of the Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool last weekend, and that was well done. There is no race in the world more trying for both horse and rider, or more exciting to watch (though you never see all of it, because of the size and shape of the course), or more difficult to describe. One could hardly blame the announcer for losing his B.B.C. poise when Devon Loch, owned by the Queen Mother, took the lead in the stretch and looked the winner all over, then stumbled and nearly fell (tiring jumpers frequently do that) less than fifty yards from the winning post, and was beaten. Too bad. After that, an animal named E. S. B., who had been well up throughout the nearly four and a half miles, went on to win by ten lengths from Gentle Moya. Royal Tan was another ten lengths behind. Of the twenty-nine starters, nine finished, which is a lot for a Grand National.

AS I may have reminded you after Joe Jones won the Southern Maryland Handicap at Bowie, that track is a great one for repeaters. Well, last weekend Joe Jones came right back and won the Bowie Handicap, beating Switch On, Alternative, and seven others. Now, I'm told, he is going to try for the John B. Campbell Memorial purse there next weekend. Fair enough. However, among the other starters he may meet Nashua and Swaps.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

TODAY'S QUIZ for mighty memories: No. 1. In what North Carolina city is Duke Univ. located?

ANSWERS TO TODAY'S QUIZ: No. 1. Drake Univ. is at Des Moines, Ia.—*Boston Traveler.*

Next question.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Budd Schulberg in Holiday*]

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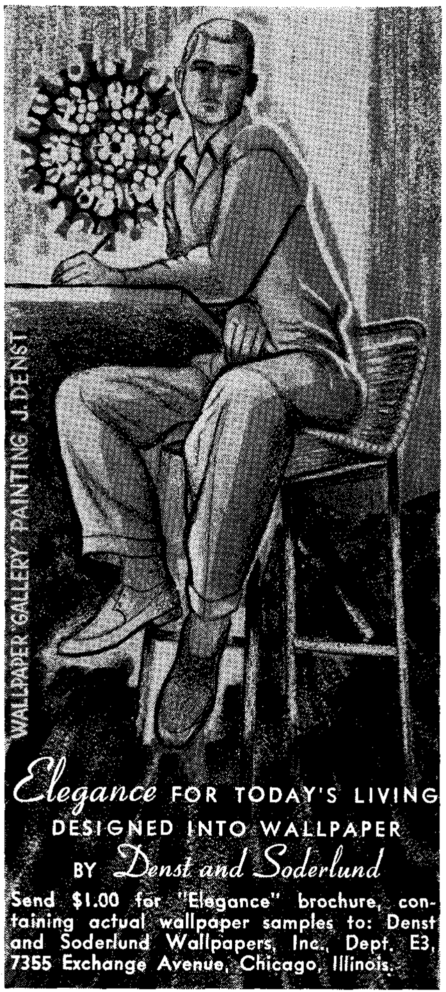

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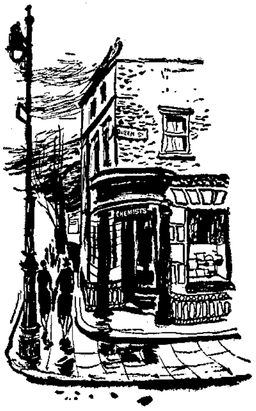
LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 20

FOR what it is worth—and the Conservatives are taking comfort in the thought that political climates can warm up as fast and as surprisingly as they can cool off—the Government is now at its lowest point of popularity since it returned to power in a fine springtime flush of enthusiasm last May. Its dejected supporters say that if an election were held tomorrow, the result would be a mighty heave over to Labour by a disappointed country that feels something has gone seriously wrong between last year's hopes and this year's performance. While this reading of the general mood may not be absolutely accurate, it is not the Government's intention to test it out one moment earlier than it has to.



During the past few months, most of the disappointment has centered on things at home—on what was politely called an absence of leadership from the top and less politely downright dither. Right now, however, everybody's anxious gaze is turned on the remains of British influence in the Middle East after one humiliating rebuff and one show of force, both of which caused profound public shock. What was said by most resentful Britons after Glubb Pasha had been sacked from his long command of the Arab Legion by King Hussein, of Jordan, who thus seemed to cast British cash and moderating counsel aside and move over into the warlike camp of Egypt and Saudi Arabia, was considerably less tolerant than the comments made by Sir John Glubb himself, who came home urging restraint in jumping to conclusions. The alarmed conclusion already jumped to by most people was that peace in the Middle East and the flow of its oil to the West were now more precarious than ever, with only Russia standing to gain from the final crash.

In the debate that the House of Commons hastily called on the subject, the Government turned out to have practically nothing to say in answer to the Opposition's angry injunctions to be strong, to face the changed situation with realism, and to go ahead and supply arms to the Israelis and possibly give them a treaty of mutual defense into the bargain. The Prime Minister, whose oddly halting, irresolute speech in the debate provoked an unusually ill-mannered Parliamentary tumult, now faces trouble from the section of Tory backbenchers known as the Suez group—a minority of diehard Empire-sitters who deplored Britain's withdrawal from the Canal Zone, clamor for strong action on all occasions, and may henceforth attract other disgruntled elements of the Party. Sir Anthony's failure to dominate the debate, or even to keep it quiet, was a particularly dismaying jolt to Conservative opinion, because the field of foreign policy is, of course, the one in which he is best known and most admired; his prestige, as well as Britain's, appeared to receive a damaging knock from the events in Jordan.

The strong action the Government took in Cyprus was apparently a shot in the arm for its drooping supporters in Parliament—and not only the Suez group. Although some Conservatives admit that they have uneasy reservations about whether it was an improvement of a bad situation to remove Archbishop Makarios and his colleagues into exile, the general feeling among Party members seems to be that the Government has, thank goodness, made a positive gesture at last, that they approve it, and that they do not believe that the deported prelate had had any intention of helping along the negotiations that recently broke down again so dismally. In a way, perhaps, the Government's move was psychological balm to the sore spot in the national pride left by the behavior of Jordan; a Makarios for a Glubb made a great many smarting Britons feel obscurely better. What is certain is that the country has been sharply divided into two argumentative schools of thought, with the Labour Party and the Liberals holding the view that silencing archbishops and jamming the Athens radio is too close to standard totalitarian practice for comfort, that the evidence of Archbishop Makarios's terrorist activities would not, as listed, stand much chance of impressing a jury in a court of law, and that the Government looks as if it were cooking up a second unforgiving Irish problem for itself and its heirs in Cyprus, with local hatred steadily growing and the antagonism of its old friend Greece thrown in. There is such high feeling here over what is regarded as either a gratifyingly brisk Government riposte or plain dis-

"I was pickin' pansies in Belleau Wood"

THEY WERE only a handful of dirty, haggard Marines. Paralyzed, they hugged the earth outside Lucy le Bocage as murderous German fire poured at them. And then they heard their little, middle-aged sergeant:

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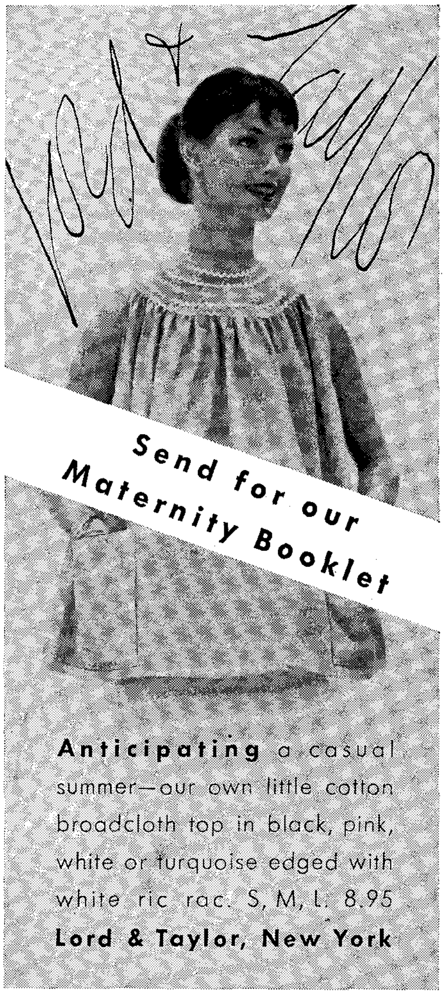

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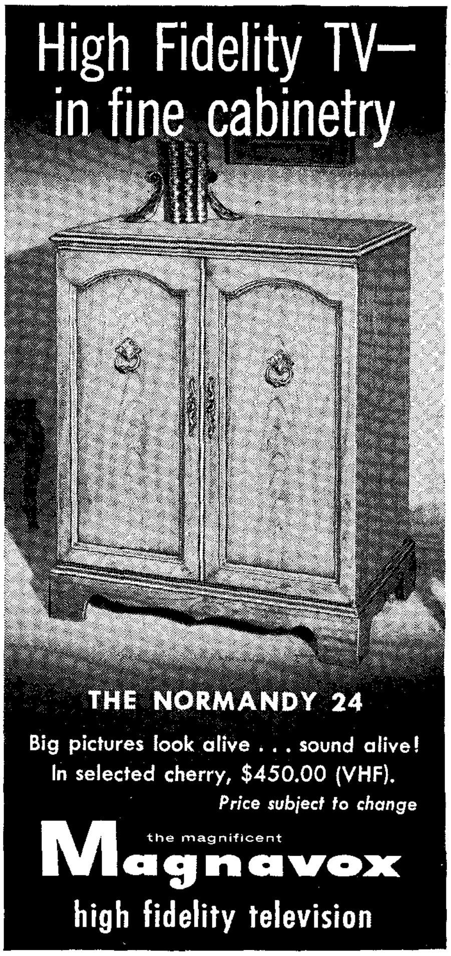
aster that the House of Commons debate last week (for which huge crowds patiently lined up in the bitter wind to wait their turn to get into the public gallery) seemed surprisingly calm. In contrast to the tempestuously rowdy session on Jordan, caution was the keynote of all the speeches. Even Mr. Aneurin Bevan, who led off for the Opposition in his new, respectable role of Colonial Secretary-elect in the Labour Shadow Cabinet (the Labour Party's nominations for ministerial rank when it comes to form a government), spoke with unusual restraint, confining himself to two or three digs, such as twitting the Tories on having received the news of Makarios's deportation as though it were a second glorious Battle of Trafalgar.

The speech that stirred up the most public interest last week was the Archbishop of Canterbury's in the House of Lords debate, in which he not only expressed the grave concern of the Church over the exile of Archbishop Makarios but also put forward a vigorous worldly plan for bringing him back under certain conditions to resume the negotiator's seat he so abruptly quitted for the Seychelles.

All in all, this looks like the most severely testing time that Sir Anthony Eden and his Government have had to face so far. Many people consider that the public dissatisfaction with them right now is the inevitable reaction to last year's mood of unreasonably optimistic expectations (a mood that was not discouraged, as the Socialists irritably point out, by Conservative Ministers at the time of the election), and that the reaction to Sir Anthony's leadership is inevitable, too, since he is following a figure of such magnitude as Sir Winston Churchill. In the past few months, however, some criticisms of the Prime Minister have been issuing from unexpected quarters, such as the Tory *Daily Telegraph*, which rarely chucks a stone through its own glass house. Other tart remarks are currently appearing in the less unexpected setting of Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*, which has been running some lambasting articles by Randolph Churchill, still, in middle age, a professional *enfant terrible*, who explained that in spite of old friendship and family feeling (Lady Eden is his cousin), he could not stifle his opinions of Sir Anthony as a Prime Minister, and forthwith didn't.

It is the opinion of many experienced political observers that, Gallup polls and other portents notwithstanding, Sir Anthony, as leader of his party, will sur-



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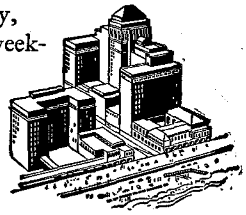

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vive the whole barrage without much difficulty. For one thing, there is no one else, since Mr. Butler, the next in succession and the former favorite of the intellectual younger Conservatives, has in recent months retreated inexplicably into the political background. At the moment, there is a good deal of glum talk circulating among the Tories, and corresponding cheerfulness, needless to say, throughout the Opposition, which is much rejuvenated under its new leadership and already has its eye set confidently on those distant elections.

NEXT month's visit to this country by the Messrs. Bulganin and Khrushchev is casting its shadow before it and causing a lot of agitated discussion. The discussion was started off when Malcolm Muggeridge, the editor of *Punch*, decided, as a result of an after-dinner conversation with a group of friends, to hire a London hall and call a meeting where that section of the British public that does not regard the visit with any pleasure—including, of course, numbers of refugees from Iron Curtain countries, who have their special reasons—could air its views. Mr. Muggeridge and his friends booked the Albert Hall, but then its management suddenly recalled a clause in its bylaws about possible disturbances within its stately precincts, and cancelled the booking. Other suitable London halls having been equally inhospitable, the meeting will now take place on March 26th in the famous Liberal setting of the Free Trade Hall, in Manchester, a city that still preserves the northern liberty of blunt speaking by all comers. *Punch* is planning a special Russian number to coincide with the controversial visit. Numbers of Britons, it should be added, think it is a good thing that Bulganin and Khrushchev are coming here. Left Wing Socialists hope for a useful exchange of Anglo-Soviet views between sightseeing trips, and there are some fairly naïve expectations in other quarters that after a look at Buckingham Palace and the British way of life the travellers will return to Moscow changed men. It would be nice if that proved to be so, but meanwhile most people, certainly including the London police force, wish that they were already back there.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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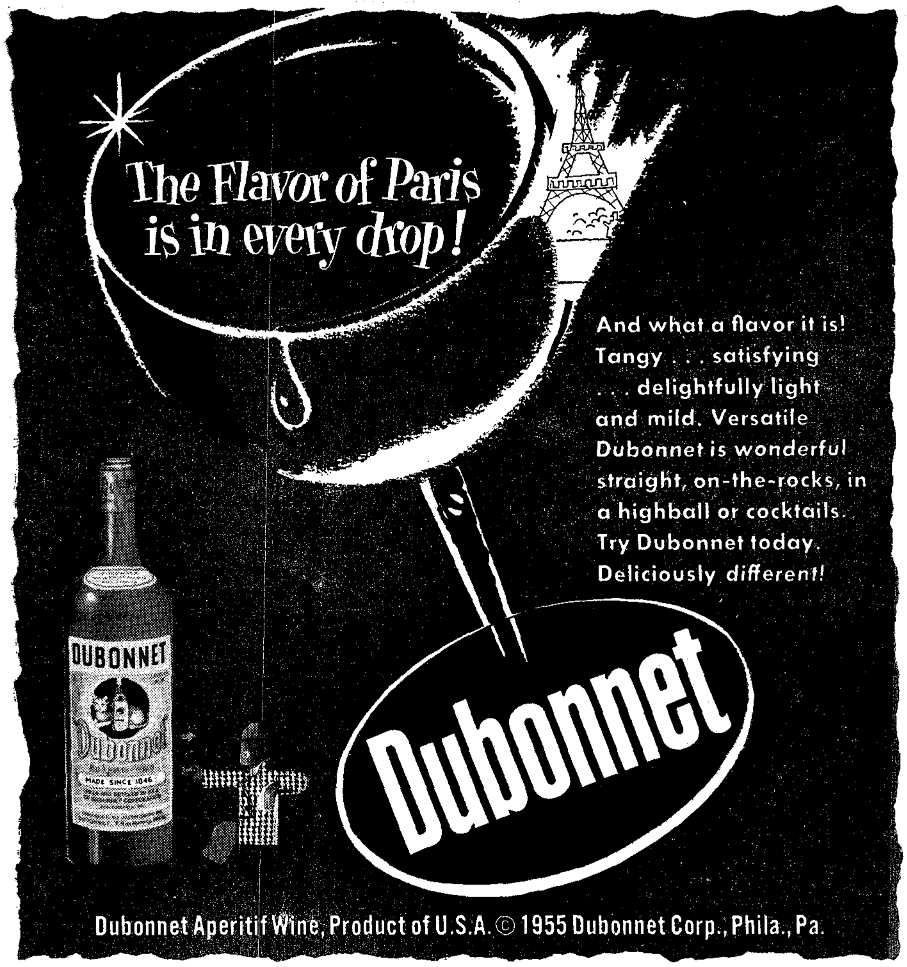
FATHER SHOULD BE INCLUDED
IN PLANNING FOR FIRST CHILD
—*Headline in the Richmond* (*Va.*) *News-Leader.*

Oh, bother!



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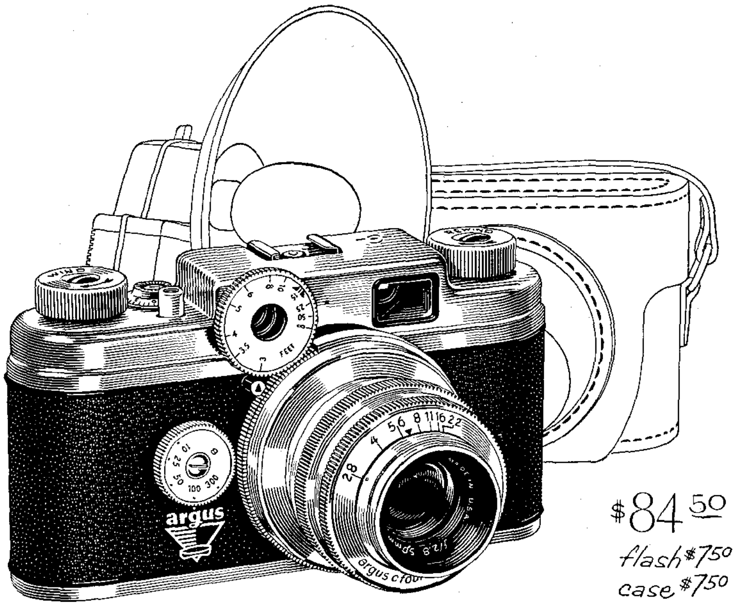

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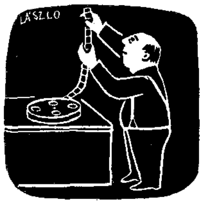
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Songfests



"SERENADE," an étude for tenor and castanets by James M. Cain, has been extensively watered down in its adaptation for the movies. The novel, you may recall, dealt with homosexuality in the American male, impotence in the same, and prostitution as practiced in shantytowns in old Mexico. It also included a lot of inside stuff about singers and their problems, after which a doxy from below the Rio Grande stabbed Fancy Dan in the course of a mock bullfight in a penthouse in New York. For the hero of the book, a tenor whose voice had become pretty reedy, this bloodletting was somehow mystically purifying, and before you knew it he was thundering away at the Metropolitan, no less manly than a lion-tamer. That wasn't *all* the story, but even that much was obviously too much for Hollywood to take on straight, so in the film we find Mr. Cain's questionable fellow, now virile as all outdoors and played by Mario Lanza, working as a singing *paisano* in a grape-growing area of California. Owing to a chance meeting with a cutie who is very rich and is crazy about curling up with promising young men, he is presently introduced to a voice teacher so talented that he can teach practically anybody to shatter a glass with a high C. Under his tutelage, inevitably, the hero lands a role at the Metropolitan, where he promptly blows a gasket as Otello because his cutie hasn't shown up to see him. As it happens, the vixen has headed off for Europe or somewhere with a promising sculptor (the successor to a promising middleweight), and this leaves our boy so distraught that his voice starts going back on him. Just why a simple case of jilting should have this effect on a big, bouncy field hand is something that I'll leave to the analysts; as it goes here, he heads for Mexico and, after a bout with some rare virus, winds up snug, secure, and in resonant voice, a condition induced by a Mexican beauty who is the daughter of a defunct bullfighter.

We won't go into any more details of this interpretation of the Cain plot, but I can assure you that both before and after Mr. Lanza finds his pipes a trifle rusty, he lines out all kinds of operatic airs, most of them pleasant to listen to. On the other hand, he also tries to make something of a couple of new pop numbers, called "Serenade" and "My Destiny," and that's too bad. Moreover, I'm afraid that his notion of what acting is all about is still rather primitive. Mr. Lanza has the help of Joan Fontaine, as the rich girl; Sarita Montiel, as the bullfighter's daughter; and Vincent Price, as a cynical entrepreneur. Mr. Price delivers the jokes. They are no good.

FURTHER songs without witty patter are provided in "Anything Goes," the Cole Porter musical that was last screened twenty years ago. In the old version, Bing Crosby was the star, and, possibly as an exercise in geriatrics, he's the star again in the new version. He sings right well, too. The plot of the new picture has to do with a pair of topflight entertainers (Mr. Crosby and Donald O'Connor) who hire two girls for the role of leading lady in a show they're going to do on Broadway. The ladies are picked up in England and France, respectively, and are played by Mitzi Gaynor and Jeanmaire. The problem is, of course, which of the ladies will get the job. But I wouldn't trouble my head about that if I were you; it's enough to sit back and listen to "You're the Top," "I Get a Kick Out of You," and all the rest of the lovely tunes. Mr. Crosby and his associates are somewhat self-conscious in their attempts to be funny, but they sing and dance quite ably.

WILLIAM ROSE, the writer responsible for the delightful "Genevieve," also wrote the screenplay for "Touch and Go," another English film, and I'm sorry to say the result is a letdown. The film has to do with an English businessman who wants to go to Australia and start anew but whose plans for emigration are addled by his daughter, his cat, and a couple of other things. Jack Hawkins is the beleaguered businessman. He works hard for laughter, but in vain, in vain.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*Headlines in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch*]

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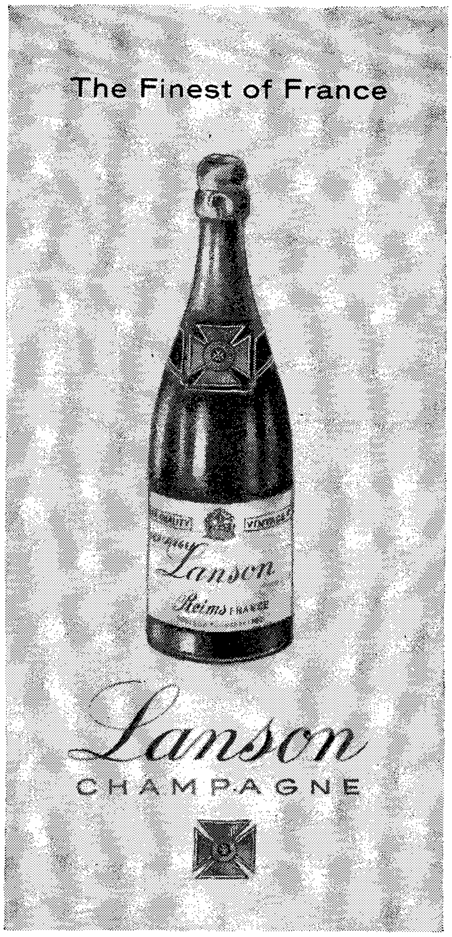
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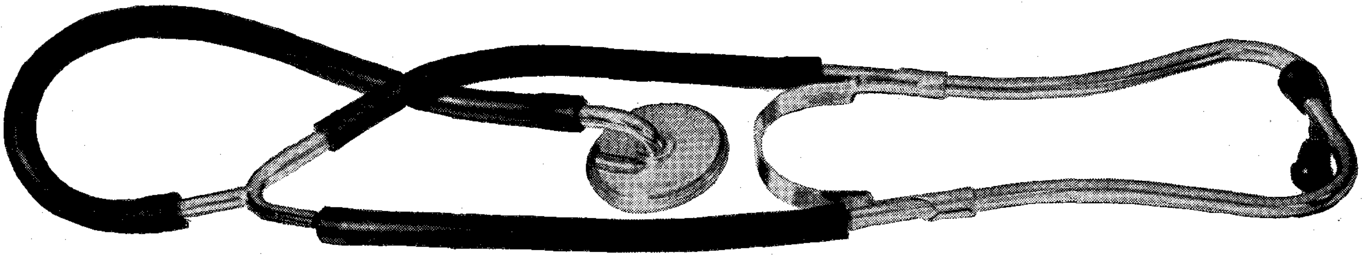

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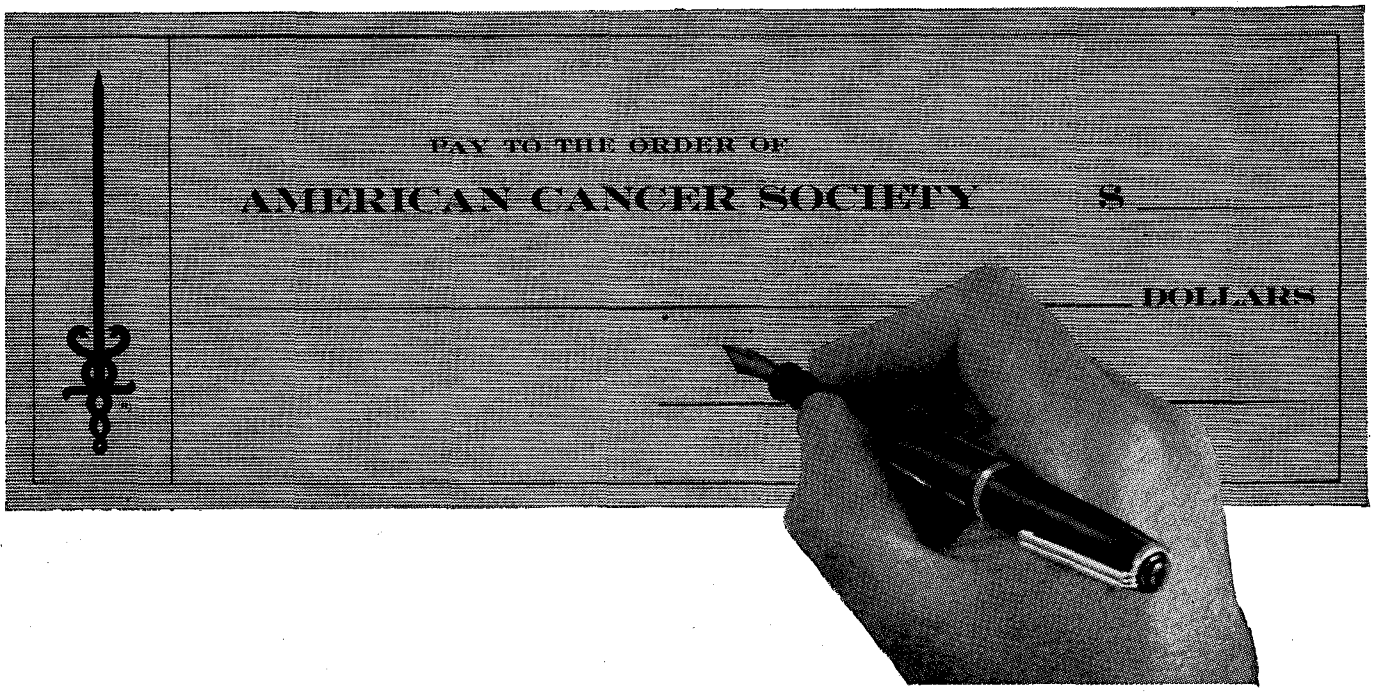


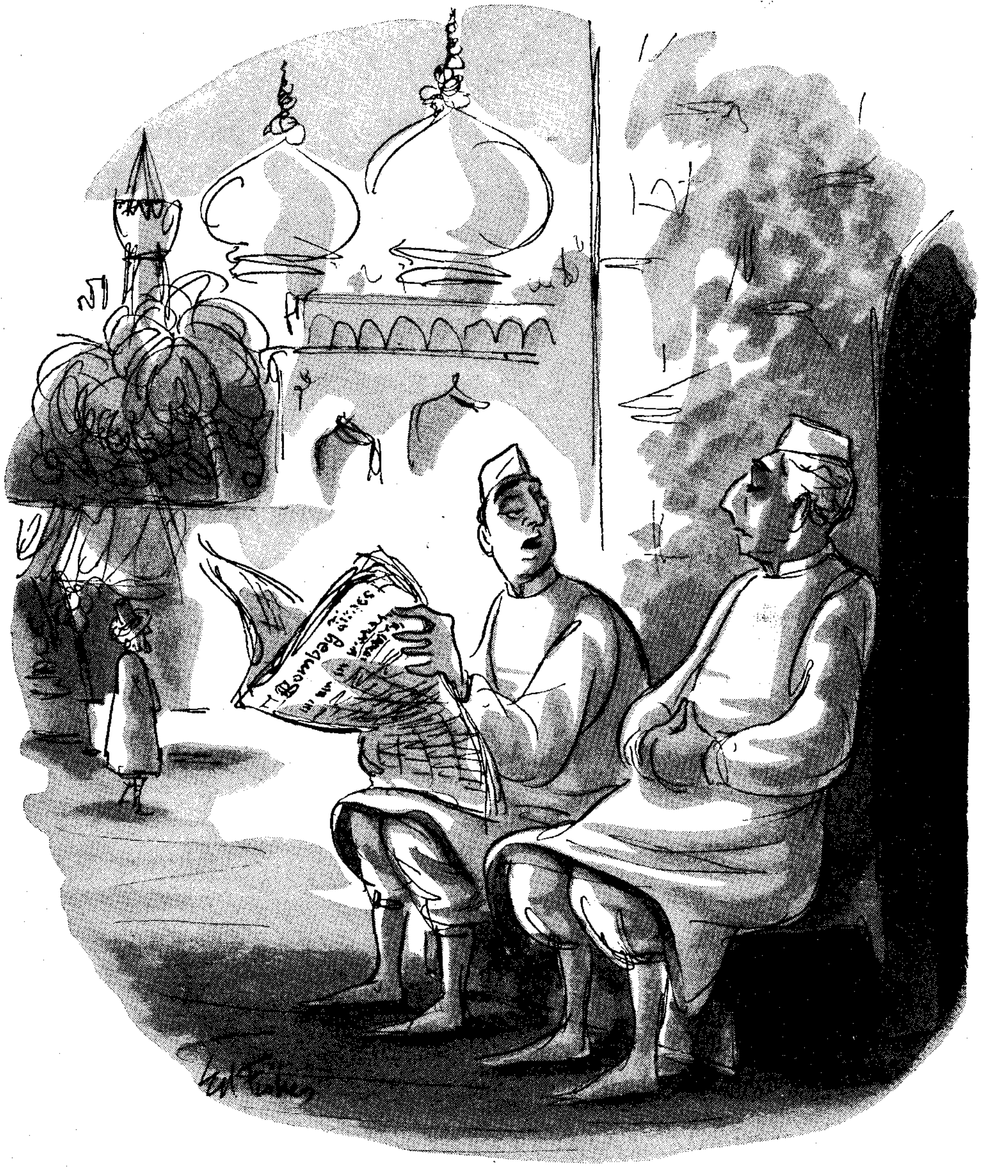
BOOKS

Man Against Man

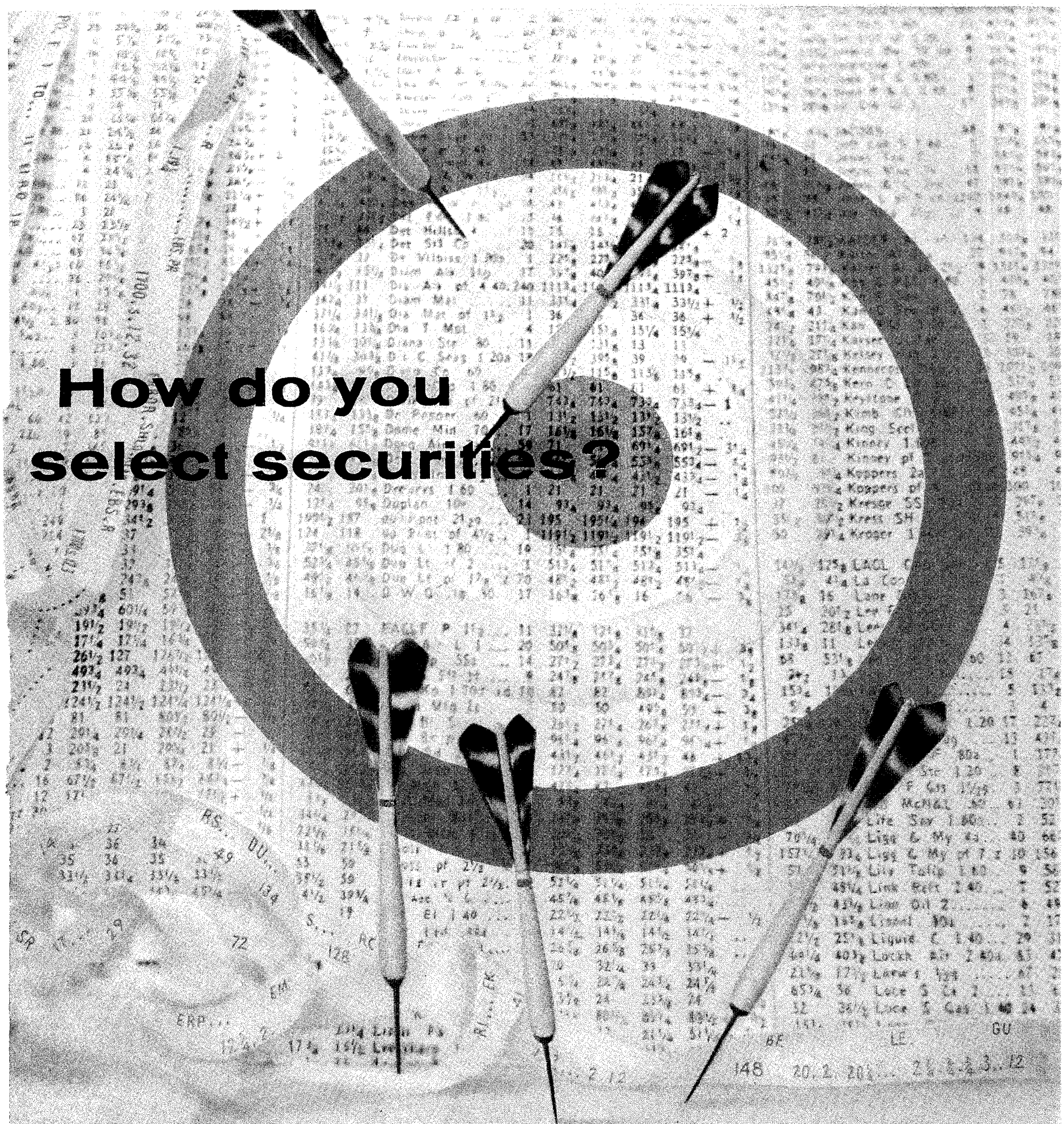
Although Marcel Aymé's splendid novel of French country life, "The Green Mare" (Harper), was first published in Paris as long ago as 1933, it has retained all its freshness and vitality. The subject of the book is a village feud that began at the time of the Franco-Prussian War and has been slowly warming up in intensity for fifteen years. Someone in the Maloret family had told a German sergeant out on patrol that several sharpshooters were hiding at the Haudouin farm, and during the consequent search of the buildings one of the Haudouin women had been raped in circumstances peculiarly humiliating to two of the Haudouin men. The unhappy woman died two or three years later, and the men, their grief and their humiliation festering within them, tried to find some way of catching up with the Malorets. Aymé describes the accumulating hatred of the Haudouins, and their arrival at the point of vengeance, in terms of broad and extravagant farce, so the savagery of his conclusion hits the reader with Elizabethan force. Lulled into thinking himself safe in the cheery unreality of the Clochemerle country, he is suddenly faced with verities that Zola and the other contributors of the "Soirées de Medan" never approached. The Haudouins, medieval peasants at heart, who have become involved in the expanding life of their century without the least understanding of what has happened to them, handle their discomfort by exteriorizing it and attributing it to the malignity of the Malorets. All their fantasies about evil crystallize upon "them," the enemy, and in return the Malorets believe that the Haudouins practice all the secret vices that they themselves only dare to dream of. The families do not hate each other; they detest the figments in their minds. In pursuit of the wraiths they have conjured up, they do each other one irreparable injury after another, and they finally cut their own throats and bankrupt themselves in the fulfillment of their ancient quarrel. The story, on the surface so lighthearted and so slight, was a trenchant allegory of the state of Europe when Aymé wrote it, each nation imagining evil of its traditional enemies and preparing to turn ugly dreams into even uglier realities. Human nature has not changed, and the allegory has lost none of its force in the twenty-three years since it was written. The sequel to it can be added by anyone; the Malorets and Haudouins are now sitting by and watching, with malicious pleasure, the promising development of the feud between the two newly rich proprietors of the big farms at either end of the village. When that flares up, they will find new opportunities to do each other harm.

Even if Aymé's allegory were not valid, the book would retain its power by virtue of being true to the facts of human character. Its people are all brilliantly created as complex human beings, and the scales are never weighted by arbitrary decisions that some of them are good and some bad. The original Maloret act of treachery is presented as the thoughtless, almost innocent instinctive action that in the stress of the moment it must have been; the atrocious act of vengeance that equalizes the score and insures that the feud will remain alive for another generation at least is the work of a thoroughly decent and kindly man. Of that there can be no doubt; one needs only to consider an episode in which the kindly man's son, detected in a childish peccadillo, runs away and hides—an episode that gives the flavor of the whole book:

> He thought of his son's terror, all by himself in some corner of the darkness, or perhaps prowling up and down the river bank. He took off his sabots in order to run faster. Reaching the communal pasture he could at first see nothing. Night had almost fallen, and a mist rolled out from the river over the plain. Suddenly



"More controversy in Alabama! You'd think those people were being asked to send their children to school with untouchables."



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their dog, subdued and mistrustful, appeared out of the darkness and sniffed at him. Honoré was afraid to call lest there should be no reply. At length he came upon the cows lying in a line on the damp grass, as though they were in the cowshed. Alexis was huddled against one of them for warmth. He watched his father's approach, at once comforted and apprehensive. Honoré took him in his arms, holding him tightly to his heart, which was still pounding from the exertion of running and because of his fear.

"You must never be afraid of me," he said.

Finding the boy unresponsive, because he was still ashamed, he said:

"You mustn't do it again, that's all."

They went back hand-in-hand, following behind the cows, who were somewhat puzzled by this nocturnal excursion but made no comment, since the master was there. They could not see one another's faces, and the mist made the grass so soft that they could not hear their footsteps. They were father and son, hand-in-hand and happy to have been afraid, each on the other's account. From time to time Alexis felt a slight tremor pass through his father's large, warm hand, as when one recalls a great disturbance.

"I won't do it again," he said. "You can be quite sure."

"I know," said Honoré.

He was thinking that he had found his son again and that the rest did not matter.

"A William March Omnibus" (Rinehart), which has been compiled by Mr. Robert Loomis, is by way of being an obituary tribute to the author of "October Island" and "The Bad Seed," who died in May, 1954. The omnibus is composed of his war novel, "Company K," some of his fables, a number of his short stories, and the original version of his "October Island," so it gives an admirable cross-section of his work, providing samples of what he produced at every stage in his career. The full extent of his gift, and of its limitations, is exemplified by a story called "She Talks Good Now," which is dated 1944, approximately midway between his first novel and his last. It deals plausibly with a triumph of personality in possible circumstances. A woman of marked character and determination has been left in charge of a small girl with a speech block while the child's parents, an American professor of archeology and his English wife, take a holiday, and in a mere three weeks has conquered her fears and taught her to talk. The woman's achievement is a great one, and she hopes that she will be given the care of the child when the delighted parents return. She has taught their child this little speech of greeting:

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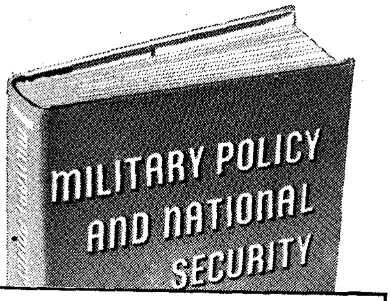

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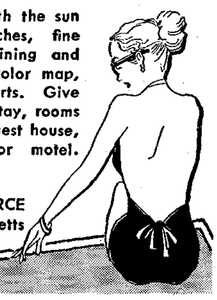

there where you been at, 'cause Lula and me sho had us one fine time here in the city. Now, ain't you all surprised to hear me talkin' good? Well, sir, it was Lula what learned me. She done it all by herself, as sho as God made little apples. So why don't you jus' let Lula be my nurse from now on, and keep learnin' me like she started out to do?"

There are those who would have it that this neat contrivance is a safe-area tragedy, of the sort designed to protect the deeper feelings by occupying the active upper levels of the mind with negotiable distresses, and that the small irony of Lula's certain disappointment is being handled sentimentally for the sake of drawing a ready tear. But what March was after was the brutal wrong that has condemned a colored woman to go through life, in spite of all her gifts, as a clown and nothing else. March, as William March Campbell, was born in Alabama, and this kind of moral wrong affected him deeply. One of the earlier stories in this collection, written in 1931, deals with the mutilation of a colored man who is discovered to be living with a white woman. What is horrible for March is not so much the mutilation, though this is indeed hateful to him, but that only one man in the community where it takes place minds it, and that his minding it establishes him as crazy in the estimation of the town. March's best book, "Company K," is concerned with the same order of moral question, and its pivot is the same order of event—the massacre of twenty-two German prisoners of war. Again the outrage, hateful though it is, is less important to March than the larger issue that ordinary men, of the kind he served with, should have been so debased by the pattern of what had caught them up in its processes that they could commit such an act and, having committed it, live with it. The strength of his work is this passionate engagement of the moral sense, but the limitation of his work is not far off, in his means of expression. While all his writing gives the impression that it represents the genuine feelings of an honest and honorable man who is taking pains to say exactly what he means, it never for one moment seems to be the work of an artist. The story about Lula and the child is typical in the naked way that it is a constructed piece; it is as if March had struck on the scheme of the story and had said to himself that it would be good enough to carry the idea he had in mind. There is nothing to make the reader feel that the form is an inevitable growth from the idea and that a creative necessity was at work. In a persuasive introduction to

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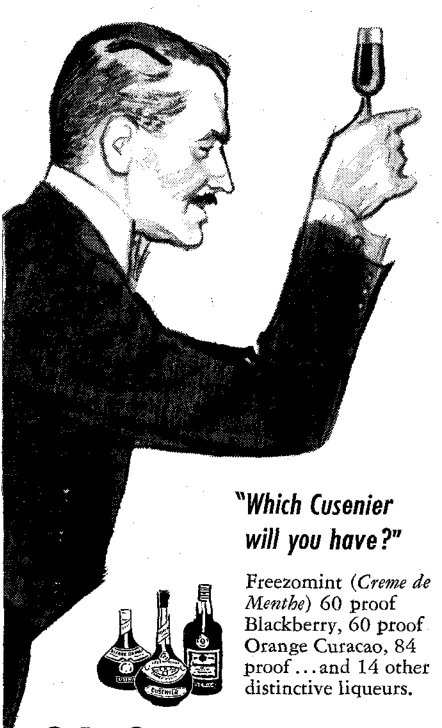

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the omnibus, Mr. Alistair Cooke says that March was one of the most underrated of contemporary American writers of fiction. It would be fairer to say that he was an intelligent, scrupulous storyteller, with a respect for the truth, who set himself moderate goals and usually achieved them, saying what he wished to say interestingly, calmly, and without breach of literary convention.

L. P. Hartley's "A Perfect Woman" (Knopf) can be cordially recommended to Anglophiles of the type who like Trollope and a nice, chewy read:

> "Why, Alec!" he said. "Fancy finding you here—though Isabel did tell me you were in these parts. How are you? Quite fit again?"
>
> His dark eyes probed Alec's light ones searchingly....

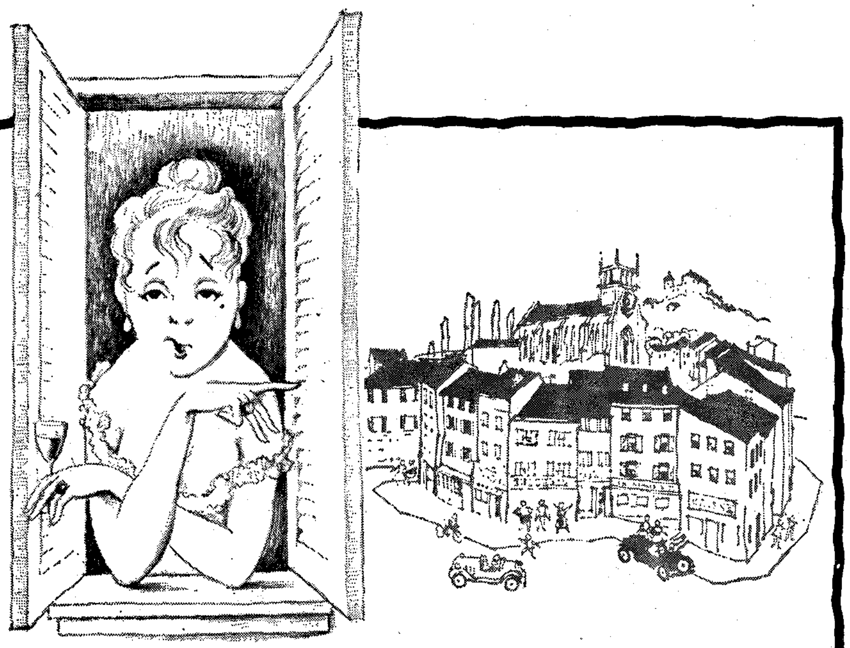
Harold Eastwood, who does the probing, is a chartered accountant, and Isabel is his pretty wife. Alec is a writer who rather fiendishly cultivates them with the wicked intention of putting them into a book. He finds them somewhat dull material and decides to ginger them up by bringing a pretty European refugee, who works as a barmaid in their town, into their lives. While Alec is writing the story of what he thinks the double contact between these nice, ordinary people on the one hand and the exotic stranger and his brilliant and fascinating self on the other might bring about, his material gets badly out of control, so much so that—luckily, after his book is finished—one of the very minor characters, a person he has almost entirely overlooked, shoots him and the refugee girl. So the surviving characters, tremendously enriched by their exciting experience, are left to mourn for their author. While the smooth working of the extremely elaborate machinery Mr. Hartley employs to bring off this little joke, and the patience and loving care with which it has all been put together, are admirable, it is possible to feel that something much more economical could have done the trick.

—Anthony West

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

This Green and Pleasant Land, by Dudley Barker (Holt). An agreeably substantial novel, richer in incident and atmosphere than in characterization, about the changes that take place in a tiny English fishing village when construction starts on a great steel mill on its outskirts. In



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There in the crowd, you see that skinny old fellow laughing his head off? That is the sexton who last week looted the collection box to pay for a fling with Mlle. Zozotte. What a bell ringer the church lost in that man!

And that girl in the Paris dress, what there is of it? A famous movie star – may I sink into the earth, it's true. You'll hear a lively tale about *that* one.

Look – the tall, grand looking lady, you see her? A real baroness. She doesn't associate with the rest of the people. Gives the village class. I tell you, Clochemerle is one wonderful place. What characters! What name-calling! What tale-telling!

Some years ago, thousands of Americans came here via *The Scandals of Clochemerle.* They will doubtless make a second visit by way of this new novel, The Wicked Village – if only to see how the years have treated la belle Adèle, eh gentlemen?

However, if you are coming to Clochemerle for the first time, I advise you with all my heart: wear loose clothing for maximum comfort while laughing. Believe it, you will never want to leave, once you are in

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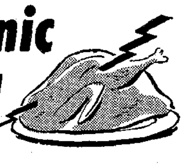

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opposite corners in this struggle of tradition vs. progress are Russell Gazzard, the wealthy social climber who is building the mill, and Colonel Melmoth, the impoverished, disheartened local aristocrat who hates the mill and everyone connected with it. When Gazzard's son Andrew marries the Colonel's daughter Elizabeth, it seems as though things might start to hum, but Elizabeth is an unappealingly cool creature, incapable of loyalty or of love—incapable even of feeling nostalgia, it seems. It is her emotional lethargy that prevents the human conflicts around her from becoming facts instead of statements, and so the plot unrolls placidly until, on the day of the opening of the mill, the book is over.

THE REWARD, by Michael Barrett (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). Mr. Barrett, a writer who is gifted with honesty and directness and a sense of adventure, describes the corruption brought on by greed for money and, in the case of at least two of his characters, by need for money, especially when this greed and this need are transformed into panic. The panic here is engendered by a long and fear-struck trek across the Argentine desert. In the unhappy group are two Englishmen—a kidnapper and the man who has betrayed him to the police in hopes of a reward—who are in this plight because they found themselves, separately, broke and desperate. Accompanying the two wretches are a police inspector and his four men, and they, perhaps, never thought of becoming criminals until they saw a chance of keeping the reward themselves. The one conceivably innocent member of the group is the kidnapper's wife. The cards are stacked against all of these, and the story ends in a way that may be inevitable, although it would have been interesting to see what Mr. Barrett might have achieved if he had kept the conflict between the Englishmen alive and allowed them to work it out to a finish against a less inflammatory background.

TEN DAYS IN AUGUST, by Bernard Frizell (Simon & Schuster). An impression of what the heart and mind and body of Paris were like during the last ten days before the arrival of the Allied armies in 1944. Mr. Frizell's subject is limitlessly exciting, but no life has been breathed into the picture presented here, or

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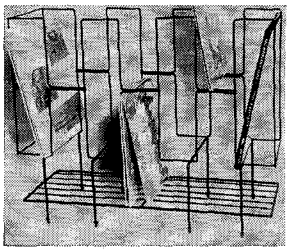

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into the men and women, representing various causes and passions, who crowd the foreground.

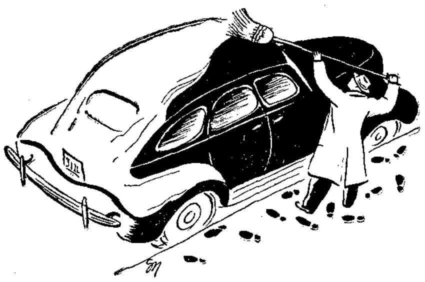
The Great Captains, by Henry Treece (Random House). In surging spirits, Mr. Treece gives us his idea of the sort of man King Arthur really was. His notion—likely or not—that the first knight of chivalry was in fact a notably ill-mannered brute makes an engrossing, if violent, tale.

Tubie's Monument, by Peter Keveson (Dutton). This account of the creation and the monstrous flowering of a popular television personality is seedy in tone, feverish in pace, and diverting if read very hurriedly.

Modern Italian Stories, selected and translated by W. J. Strachan (Philosophical Library). Fragments of brilliance—but only fragments—by Italian writers whose preoccupations and methods vary as much as their birth dates do. The longest story in the collection is by Elsa Morante, who, although she is next door to being a genius, offers here an almost ordinary account of a boy obsessed and destroyed by his mother, a ballet dancer.

GENERAL

Heaven and Hell, by Aldous Huxley (Harper). A brief examination of visionary experiences—euphoric or hair-raising—and of the means by which they may be induced. Such phenomena, the author is confident, "enter our consciousness from somewhere 'out there' in the infinity of Mind-at-Large." That being the case, he concludes, the visionary "is not remembering scenes, persons or objects, and he is not inventing them; he is looking on at a new creation." While this is not a view to which all of us are readily drawn, it cannot be denied that Mr. Huxley is sufficiently wily to persuade us of its validity at least momentarily, and his discussion of the several avenues into the "Other World"—drugs, hypnosis, art, fasting, flagellation, carbon-dioxide intoxication—not only appears



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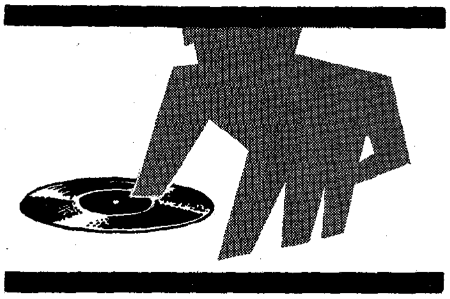

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to be scientifically sound but is wonderfully entertaining.

TOSCANINI: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT, by Samuel Chotzinoff (Knopf). Mr. Chotzinoff revered Toscanini before he met him in 1926, and soon after their meeting they became friends. Later, as a musical consultant for the National Broadcasting Company, he helped put together Toscanini's own symphony orchestra, and maneuvered and coddled his difficult Maestro through seventeen seasons with it. This memoir is concerned with Toscanini as a personality, rather than as a conductor; it doesn't try to define his greatness but takes it for granted as the background for lots of anecdotes about him. Since the raw material of most Toscanini stories is his terrible temper, there are tantrums and sulks galore. There are also illustrations of Toscanini's rudeness and his kindness, his love of practical jokes, his self-centeredness, and his ability to make everybody jump when he says "frog." Toscanini seems to have identified himself so completely with his art that, as he sees it, to differ with him is to differ with music itself. Mr. Chotzinoff and all the people who appear in his book evidently accept that identification; at any rate, they go right on loving this exasperating old fellow as if he were music incarnate. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection for April.

THE COLOR CURTAIN: A REPORT ON THE BANDUNG CONFERENCE, by Richard Wright (World). An excited but by no means incoherent interpretation, by one of our least complaisant Negro writers, of the awesome politico-economic meeting in Indonesia in April, 1955, of representatives of China, India, Japan, Egypt, and twenty-five other increasingly troubled and truculent "colored" nations. "It was my belief that the delegates at Bandung, for the most part, though bitter, looked and hoped toward the West," the author tells us. "It was also my conviction that, if this call went unheeded, ignored, and if these men, as they will, should meet again, their appeal would be different. Bandung was the last call of Westernized Asians to the moral conscience of the West. If the West spurns this call, what will happen? . . . Mr. Chou En-lai stands there, waiting, patient, with no record of racial practices behind him." Mr. Wright's notions of the way in which the West might best respond to this last call are perhaps less compelling than his certainty that

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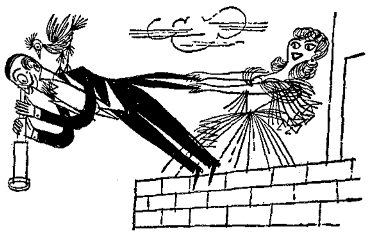

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a last call has been issued, but, if only because of his own split position in the mid-twentieth-century world, his book deserves a careful reading. Foreword by Gunnar Myrdal.

BANDIT, by Gavin Maxwell (Harper). This is a curious and, for a time, fascinating book. Ostensibly a biography of Salvatore Giuliano, the Sicilian outlaw-revolutionist who was mysteriously killed in 1950, at the age of twenty-seven, after a seven-year career of robbery, murder, and open civil war against the Italian government (Giuliano wrote President Truman in 1947 asking that Sicily be made a forty-ninth state), it is also a rich sociological grab bag on Sicily, and, in particular, on Sicilian banditry. The trouble is that Mr. Maxwell, who was apparently haunted to his marrow by the elusiveness of his subject—Giuliano remains an outsize shadow throughout the book—allows his narrative to lapse slowly into a kind of fervent soliloquy, in which, shaking his head in charmed bewilderment, he mumbles on interminably about the labyrinthine legend of Giuliano, the reader long since forgotten. Photographs.

HERBLOCK'S HERE AND NOW, by Herbert Block (Simon & Schuster). A hilarious, if also rather harrowing, cartoon-and-text prowl, arranged by the gifted Washington *Post & Times Herald* illuminist, through some of the dingier political slums that have come to light in the nation's capital during the black-homburg era. Among the several seamy sights over which we are required to linger are the operations of what our guide calls the "Dept. of Not-Too-Much Health, Education, and Welfare" and the "U.S. Govt. Not-Too-Much Public Information Section," the rubble of the Dixon-Yates affair, the rise and belated fall of Senator McCarthy, the struggle between "the yeggheads and the eggheads," the council chambers of the State Department ("What's our firm, unswerving Asia policy this week?"), and, of course, the security program ("That's the kind [of man] we want—you can see just what he's not thinking"). Mr. Block has a very low butterfat content, but his heart, his standards, and his hopes are high.

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EMILY DICKINSON: AN INTERPRETIVE BIOGRAPHY, by Thomas H. Johnson (Belknap Press of Harvard

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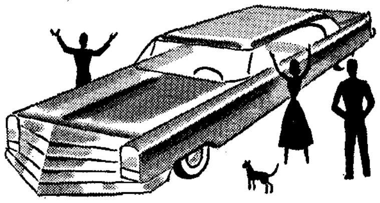

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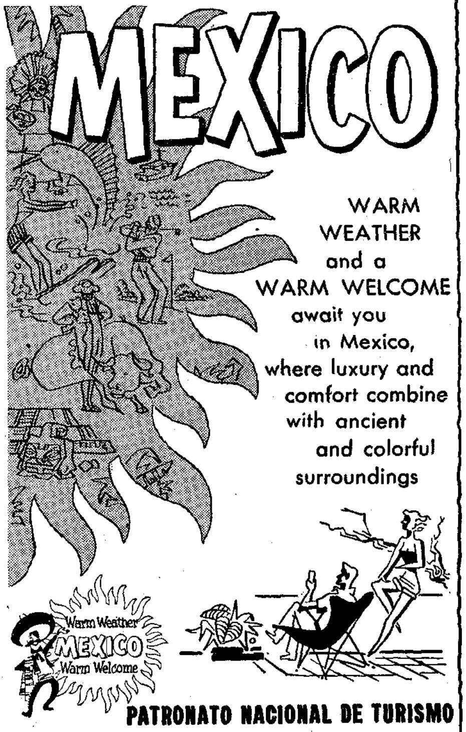

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University Press). The editor of the recent definitive three-volume edition of Emily Dickinson's poetry expands his preface to that edition into a critical and biographical discussion that effectively links the poet's life with her work. A good many enigmas disappear as Mr. Johnson reveals newly discovered facts, and his interpretations are always sensitive. An invaluable treatise for students of the poet and the period. Illustrations, chiefly portraits, as well as bibliographical notes and a chronology of important dates.

INSPIRATION AND POETRY, by C. M. Bowra (St. Martin's). Sir Maurice Bowra, who was for five years Professor of Poetry at Oxford, presented the title essay as the Rede Lecture at Cambridge University in 1951. Now he has gathered together studies of individual genius to illustrate the workings of the creative imagination in widely different times and places. His examples range from Horace, Dante, and Milton through Hölderlin, Pushkin, Lermontov, Thomas Hardy, and Rubén Darío. Bowra's formidable learning is constantly reinforced by true insight into both the ancient and modern fields.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF AMY LOWELL, with an introduction by Louis Untermeyer (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Untermeyer, in his introduction, brings to the fore Miss Lowell's virtues—her championship of what she considered to be the vigorous trends in the poetry of her time, her capacity for hard work, and her scholarship. The poems—the contents of eleven books, plus a few uncollected pieces, printed in double columns in a volume of over six hundred pages—are evidence of an indomitable will and an amazing energy put to the service of a talent that never exceeded the bounds of the mediocre. A certain pathos is apparent in Miss Lowell's grasping of one means after another—"originality" of form, exoticism of subject—in her drive toward expressive power. The collection also brings forcibly to mind the thinness of her surrounding cultural situation, which, in spite of perpetual and extraordinary efforts, she was unable to change or to escape.

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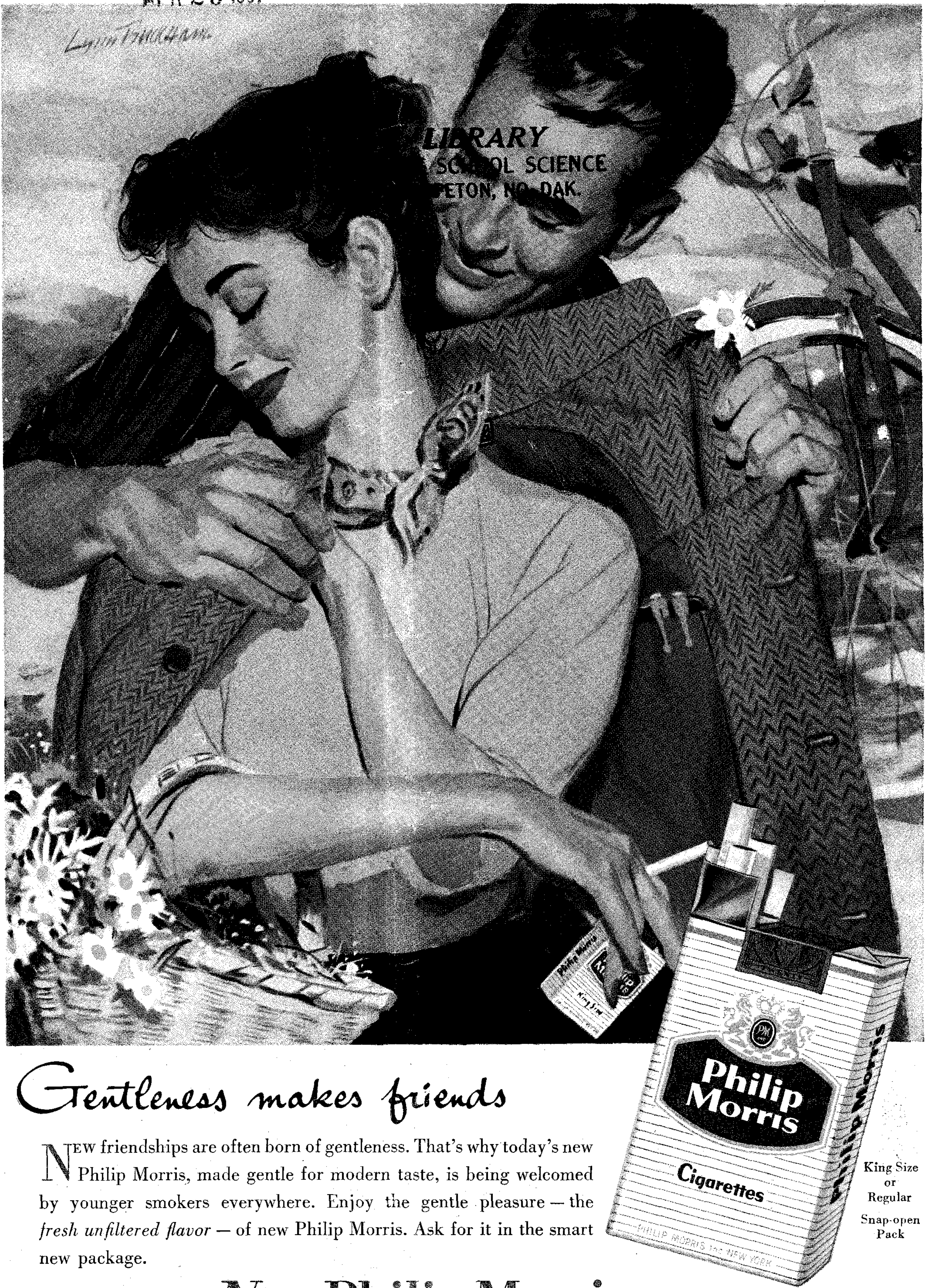
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